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J. W. Newman,

THE
LOUNGER'S •
COMMON-PLACE BOOK,
OR,
MISCELLANEOUS ANECDOTES.

BIOGRAPHIC, POLITICAL, LITERARY, AND SATIRICAL
COMPI LATION:

36 *A NEW EDITION,*

CORRECTED, AND AUGMENTED WITH A CONSIDERABLE
NUMBER OF NEW ARTICLES,

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

Parva sunt hæc; sed parva ista non contemnendo, majores nostri
maximam hanc rempublicam fecere.

CICERO.

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E. W.



TO

FRANCIS, DUKE OF BEDFORD,

MARQUIS OF TAVISTOCK, &c. &c.

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OF A RUSSEL; THAT WARNED BY THE INTEMPERATE CONDUCT OF HIS
HIBERNIAN ADVERSARY, AND CONVINCED BY HIS EXAMPLE OF THE
INEFFICACY OF GREAT ABILITIES, CLOUDED BY PREJUDICE, AND
OVERHEATED BY PASSION, HIS GRACE MAY UNITE MODERATION
WITH ZEAL, AND PRUDENCE WITH PUBLIC SPIRIT; THAT MEASURES
RATHER THAN MEN MAY BE THE OBJECTS OF HIS SENATORIAL INVESTIGATIONS, IS THE WARM WISH OF

HIS GRACE'S OBEDIENT

HUMBLE SERVANT,

THE EDITOR.

PREFACE.

TO the frequent and friendly enquiries for a fourth volume, I know not if the following edition will be considered as a satisfactory answer. To have continued the work in its original form and series, would have been more profitable and more pleasant; but respect to an indulgent public, entailed on me the duty of correcting error, combining scattered articles, giving substance to the meagre, and suppressing those which have been thought uninteresting. In aiming at improvement, materials accumulated, and, in defiance of indolence or self-denial, nearly one-fourth part of the present publication may be considered as additional matter.

A short statement of the design of this compilation seems necessary, for those readers who have not seen my first preface. The title, though it could not shelter me from censure, the title was chosen, that disappointment might not be produced by exciting expectation; deep observation, critical acumen, and extensive information, cannot be consistently required in a work, whose very name is synonymous, in the vocabulary of fashion, for trifling and superficial. To catch, ere it perish, the trifle of the minute; to give hasty sketches of men and things, which, though beneath the dignity of a biographia, deserve to be recorded; to select from the scene before me whatever appeared curious, amusing, or applicable to the purposes of human life; to *make a book* which might be perused without injury to morals or taste, is attempted in the following pages.

This

This collection is by no means professedly biographical; I have caught names only to identify fact, to impress sentiment, to give fashion and form to idea. I have endeavoured to unite the useful and the pleasant; for, in the present day, a book merely useful and instructive incurs the risk of being never perused, and a publication solely entertaining, without any view to improve the understanding or amend the heart, no one ought to write. Though not entirely a compiler, my pretensions to originality are slender. I offer the Common-place Book as an easy tooth-pick companion, for idle, dissipated, forgetful men, (and such, my friendly critic, there ever will be, in spite of wisdom and grey hairs) who pass their mornings in Hyde-park, the fruit-shop, *****'s, or St. James's-street; and yet, at the club, or after dinner, wish not to appear wholly ignorant of what has been said or sung on any casual subject of private converse, or public discussion. If, under the guise of literary bagatelle, I have occasionally called the attention of these gentlemen to important truth, or tried to rouse them by illustrious example, I assume the merit of *sometimes* usefully occupying a class more numerous than is generally imagined, who would start at a serious volume, yawn at a moral essay, and slumber over a sermon.

To select and lay before common readers, who, not fastidiously scrupulous or delicately nice, steal a few hours from business or pleasure, striking facts and interesting circumstances, which come home to the bosoms of us all; to point out a path, equally distant from vicious dissipation and unsocial seclusion; to cry down alike unwarrantable scepticism and debasing superstition; to find the happy mid-way between unconditional submission, and the mad licentiousness of anarchy; to point out, occasionally, the necessity of a timely reform, that sure method of preventing revolutions, always hazardous, too frequently fatal and infectious; to glean in spots which have been sometimes neglected, and sometimes forgotten; were motives which first seduced, and, encouraged by public favour, still invite, to encounter the teasing delays and irritating minutiae of the press.

MARCH 30, 1796.

THIS SECOND VOLUME OF A MISCELLANEOUS COMPILATION,
WHICH WITHOUT ANY PRETENSIONS TO EXTRAORDINARY LITERARY
MERIT, RESTS ITS CLAIM FOR PUBLIC SUPPORT, SOLELY ON ITS
INDEPENDENCE, IS SUBMITTED TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
LORD LAVINGTON,

AS A GRATEFUL MEMORIAL OF HIS LORDSHIP'S APPROBATION.

THAT IN A NEW FORM, AND FREE FROM MANY OF ITS ERRORS,
IT MAY PROVE NOT WHOLLY UNWORTHY OF HIS PERUSAL, IS THE
WISH OF

HIS LORDSHIP'S

OBLIGED AND OBEDIENT,

HUMBLE SERVANT,

THE EDITOR.

ALPHABETICAL ANECDOTES.

BERDALGIE, a parish in Scotland, to which certain and Constitutional Resolutions were transmitted for signature during a late season of alarm. period to which I refer, was before the tumultuous and untimely attack on his Majesty's age. To these resolutions, the Estates firmly refused their assent, though strongly recommended the pulpit, and enforced by a speech and other arguments, a noble Lord of considerable rank and property. The answer of the parishioners, "That they sincerely wished to the King and Constitution, but while there existed such a necessity for Reform, which could easily be put in practice, at danger to either, they could think of signing any paper, in Redress of Grievance, and abolition of Public Expence was the prevailing sentiment; nor would they on any account tie up their hands from endeavouring to do by all lawful and tranquil means, such desirable purposes." This declaration they left the
.. I.

church, I believe almost entirely, to the astonished clergyman, and the thunder-struck Peer, who, if I mistake not, was the Earl of Kinnoul.

ADDINGTON, Dr. a physician of Reading, in Berkshire, who first signalized himself by his acuteness in detecting, his zeal in apprehending, and his evidence in condemning a wretched female, the dupe of vanity and illicit intercourse, who was executed thirty years since, for poisoning her father, Mr. Blandy, by the advice and assistance of an honourable military paramour.

Our Doctor, equally keen and scientific in his knowledge of medicine, as well as the *meum & tuum* in money matters, could never submit to the inconvenience of a professional competitor, with temper, liberality, or moderation.

This disposition, and his availing himself of certain professional tricks and manœuvres to overreach his opponents, by establishing an interest with nurses and apothecaries, involved him in disputes with Dr. Piggot and Dr. Russell,

Russell, two physicians of repute in their day, who practised in his neighbourhood. On another occasion, by his busy interference, and rude language, he incurred the risk of a personal encounter; but, as his antagonist observed, "Dr. Addington loved a fee better than fighting." The only reason, or excuse, he could make for his gross deviation from propriety and good manners, in the third instance, was, that the gentleman he insulted, *had not taken a degree at Oxford or Cambridge.*

The enthusiastic political attachments of the Doctor, father to the present Speaker of the House of Commons, have been often mentioned, and his conduct compared to that of certain eccentric characters, who appear to be mad only on one subject. His general conduct and deportment in private life were consistent, moderate and proper, but whenever the name of Pitt or Burton Pynsent was mentioned, the meekness with which he commonly bore his faculties, instantly forsook him, and he broke out in a peculiar strain of high-flying rapturous panegyric, which nothing could moderate or arrest, however important the business, or solemn the occasion, in which he was occupied.

Yet in this madness, there was method as well as good policy, it acquired for himself, and secured to his family the friendship and patronage of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, procured by collateral connection, rich and respectable husbands for his daughters, and ultimately placed his son in that chair where Onslow once presided; Onslow whose shade,

whatever regret he might feel from *other sources*, would see with surprise and satisfaction, so young a man, moderating the counsels of a great assembly with dignity, spirit, and mildness, uniting a considerable portion of parliamentary information, and rigid impartiality, with the habits and manners of a gentleman.

The following has been for several years, the common-place, after dinner story of a bon vivant, who differed a little in politics with the physician, and has been accused of creating or improving by the force of a fertile imagination, those anecdotes, with which he so frequently entertains a certain circle, and sets their tables in a roar.

The subject of our present article having been sent for by a gentleman, whose son was supposed to be at the point of death; while the doctor was in the sick room, the family assembled below, in anxious expectation; and, after a long and painful pause, a near relation of the patient hurried out of the room, to enquire the reason of his delay. On the stairs he found the physician and the apothecary, who was unfortunately a shocking Foxite, involved in political dispute, and Dr. Addington, elaborately examining and comparing the obnoxious Bill of Mr. Fox, with the meliorated production of Mr. Pitt. "Dear Sir," said the young man, labouring with fraternal affection, angry with the physician, but fearful of offending him, "Dear Sir, there is no one in this house pretends to deny the transcendent merits of the heroes and demi-gods at Burton Pynsent,

"Pynsent, but my poor brother will, I fear, be dead before you get through the India Bill." The practitioner felt he was wrong, hurried down stairs, wrote his prescription, and left the house somewhat ruffled, galloped down the avenue after the apothecary, and rode two miles out of his road, to finish his argument, and returned with the triumphant idea, that he had made a proselyte.

ADAIR, ROBERT, a Surgeon, a good-natured pleasant man, a favourite of princes, of women, and of fortune, whose mediocrity of powers, and superficial acquirements have not been able to escape the industrious watchfulness of modern biography.

Detection in an early amour, drove him precipitately from Dublin, and he was fortunate enough, after practising as an army surgeon for some years, to attract the notice of Lady Caroline Kepple, a daughter of the late Earl of Albemarle, and sister to the Admiral, who fought, or would have fought the French handsomely, off Ushant.

His marriage with this lady introduced him into good company, and he was soon appointed inspector general of military hospitals, an office, in which his frugality in the expenditure of public money, was conspicuous and exemplary, while his affability and mildness of manners, were a happy contrast to the harsh severity and rugged peevishness, of some of his contemporaries in the profession. He was also the best friend of the private soldier, and of a rank of men who may often look with envy on the condition of a

private soldier, I mean those unhappy subalterns, whose parents having been mad and cruel enough to sink the whole of their son's fortune in an ensigncy, or a lieutenant's commission, have doomed him to *exist* in splendid poverty on three shillings a day.

Lady Caroline who died consumptive a few years after her marriage, ought not to be mentioned without a reflection on what are called great matches. That in many instances they conduct a private individual to honour and wealth, and that they are, as in the present case, often productive of nuptial happiness, is an undoubted fact; but the young and gay before they pass the Rubicon, should maturely weigh the *chances of the field*, and recollect that indifference, reproach and family discord are the probable consequence of unequal alliance; that enchanting form, immense wealth, and brilliant accomplishment, are by no means essential to happiness, that the woman most likely to bring peace and comfort at the last, is one with more humble acquirements, the useful domestic companion, whose fortune, rank, and intellectual endowments, are nearly upon an equality with her husband's.

I have said that Adair was a favourite of the fair as well as of fortune, and a hasty sketch of a lady is given in his life, which has perplexed the critics in amorous anecdote, and private scandal, to find out who was meant.

She is described as an early and generous friend of this fortunate Irishman, and as a woman of fashion, at that time well known in

polite circles, a famous demi-rep and free-thinker, on the wrong side of nine and thirty, who had spent the best part of her life in adopting every wild opinion, and gratifying every passion.

At this juncture, being accidentally at Bath during the season, she attracted the attention of an old Peer, and by virtue of a plump face, good spirits, and agreeable small talk, won the heart of a decayed rake at sixty-five; flattered by her attentions, and mistaking the pertness of dotage and the effects of a good fire and strong punch for vigour, he settled on her an enormous jointure; instead of an additional flannel waistcoat, took a wife to his bosom, and when he ought to have ordered a hot pan of coals, he determined on a bed-fellow; but his courage was superior to his constitution, and he sunk under this autumnal effort.

The widow submitted to fate without murmuring, and wore her weeds with decent composure; but advancing in years as well as infirmities, qualms for the sins of her youth came on, her spirits and infidelity forsook her, and she made a bold leap from Spinoza and whist, to Whitfield and coniac.

Adair having by a brilliant marriage, as well as by successful intrigue, attached a current value to his character among the women, many of them are said to have longed "to press the dear destroyer to their arms," not content 'till they had ascertained the irresistible powers of a hero, for whom the heart of the wife, the widow, and the heiress, had alternately throbbled with desire.

In his intrigues, he was often

rallied on the moderate share of beauty enjoyed by some of his fair favourites, but he preferred them to very handsome women, who devoting more time to perfections of the body, than those of the mind, seldom are agreeable companions.

Could I be permitted (says his biographer) in the choice of wife, to employ the arts of a magician; during her childhood and education, her person should be by no means attractive, but when marriage-rites had made her mine, I would exert the omnipotence of my talisman, to give beauty and expression to her form.

Although this writer does not pretend to deny the laxity of Adair's morals in these trying instances, yet he asserts with a degree of honest exultation, that his amours were never productive either of desertion or misery, that it was the policy of our fortunate Irishman, to pursue pleasure with the refined ardour of a rational voluptuary, and never to sacrifice the peace of a family, or betray and abuse that confidence which had once made him happy: a conduct well worthy the imitation of many right honourable seducers, who infect our streets, and crowd our work-houses, with wretched infants and unhappy prostitutes, a prey to disease, infamy and death.

On the death of Mr. Ranby the surgeon, a man of strong passions, harsh voice, and inelegant manners, the subject of this article succeeded him in a lucrative professional post, and is said to have prevailed on a good-natured King to break his word, as it had been promised to David Middleton, a veteran in the

vice of his master's family; notwithstanding, secured a thing, and David, as has the fate of many a greater died with a King in his

er the public had given him for saving the Duke of ester's life, and after enjoying his Italian journey with that wanderer, the friendship approbation of Ganganelli, has been called a protestant he returned to England, at an advanced age, for he upwards of seventy, an opinity offered of exerting his olence and philanthropy, singular efficacy and success. friend Mr. Hesse of the pay-office, and I believe a ussary of musters, a man of ng manners, general acquaintance in polite circles, and at a certime, of competent income, not of a solid understanding) unhappily been seduced by dissipating madness of the , to form habits and indulgences, inconsistent with his and fortune.

ough his affairs had for some been desperate, his pride d not suffer him to retrench, garded with dread the continuous sneer of the world, at that despicable dissipated drove h passes for it—a vile, unmanly, fear, which makes and keeps ols and beggars half our lives. ine, company, gaming, an ising round of amusements, her with certain chimerical s of advancing his fortune, ome time served to shut out ding thoughts, and support a ided spirit.

But evils which we ought to oppose with spirit and resolution, have never been long evaded by riot, folly, and dissipation; Premit atra Comes, sequiturque fugacem:

his expectations were disappointed, his creditors were urgent, and he retired with a smile on his countenance but mortal chagrin at his heart, to one of those nocturnal associations for getting rid of time, money, and reflection, which have been called "little earthly Pandæmoniums," where how bitter soever our disappointments, however hopeless our prospects, unprincipled our actions, or indelible our disgrace, we may be certain of meeting companions, equally miserable, dishonoured, or ruined with ourselves, alike smarting under the reproaches, falsehood, and ill treatment, of mankind or themselves, ready to receive us with open arms, and sympathy, and in the distraction of play, the tumult of wine, or the roar of merriment, setting at defiance, God and man.

Cards and dice, here level every mortifying distinction, and mix in familiar intimacy, the prince and prize-fighter, the peer and horse-jockey, the beggar and nabob, the gambler and the heir.

This unhappy man passed part of the night in one of these splendid receptacles of desperate adventure, which attract by their bulky magnificence, the wonder and sigh of the indignant public. With that timid caution which often accompanies fatal design, he exhibited nothing peculiar in his deportment or appearance, but at the usual time, and in the usual mode, taking leave of those he

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was to see no more, retired to his own house, once the seat of domestic bliss and endearment.

Mr. Hesse at a late hour had retired to rest, he locked himself in his dressing room, and in an agony of despair so naturally produced by hopeless pecuniary distress, and blasted irretrievable prospects, rashly ventured on that world unknown, "snatching from God's right hand, the instruments of death."

The frustration of a wife at once, and by a shocking catastrophe, deprived of husband, friend, and fortune, may be easily imagined, the struggle was too great, for a frame tender and delicate, but an interval of recovery from anguish, was happily afforded by temporary distraction. From the house of affliction she was conveyed by Adair to his own hospitable roof where she experienced every consolation that tranquillity, and the lenient hand of friendship could bestow, he was indeed the good Samaritan, the father and the friend:

"For this one deed be all his faults forgiven."

From the life of the subject of this article, says his biographer, the man who early in life, has made one false step, may learn not to give himself up to supineness, indifference, and despair, as by subsequent prudence and industry, difficulties may be surmounted, character restored, and success ultimately attained. The man of moderate capacity, without brilliant powers or attainments may also be taught, that pre-eminence and fortune for which we all are struggling through life, may be

attained by humbler gifts, by diligence, attention, gentleness, civility, and a constant watchfulness to turn the little accidents of life to good account.

From a consideration of this article, an oft repeated lesson, may also be brought home to the bottom of us all; though few, comparatively speaking, have opportunities of acting conspicuous parts on the great theatre of life, although we cannot all be heroes, statesmen, warriors, philosophers, and poets, yet we *all* have it in our power to fulfil the duties of private life, to obtain as far as human infirmity will permit from violence, folly and crime, and to diffuse in some degree the blessings of ease and comfort, to the unhappy, the sick, and the unfortunate.

ANABAPTISTS, a sect of Christians, so called from the peculiarity of their notions concerning baptism, apparently founded on the primitive practice of the church.

They contend, that baptism should be administered only to persons grown up to years of discretion, that the common mode of sprinkling, is insufficient and incomplete; they therefore re-baptize (by dipping, or a total immersion) those who are admitted into their society.

But to these, and other harmless institutions, neither injurious to the peace or welfare of mankind, they added doctrines of a most enthusiastic and dangerous tendency, which springing into action about the middle of the sixteenth century, not long after the successful efforts of Luther, were mentioned to his reproach
by

by the enemies of the reformation, though he attacked their irrational chimæras, as subversive of society and fatal to religion, with great strength of argument, and his usual acrimony of stile.

Having been driven by the vigilance of the magistrate from other parts of Germany, they had propagated their opinions with zeal and boldness at Munster, an imperial city of Westphalia, where they were attended with memorable circumstances, and productive of a temporary revolution, of which, an interesting narrative has been compiled, by the candid and perspicuous Dr. Robertson.

These wild enthusiasts maintained, that among christians, who had the precepts of the gospel to direct, and the spirit of God to guide them, the office of magistrates was not only unnecessary, but an unlawful encroachment on their spiritual liberty.

They resolved, that all distinctions occasioned by birth, rank, or wealth, ought to be entirely abolished, as they were contrary to the spirit of divine revelation, which considers all men as equal, and all earthly possessions as common; they openly avowed themselves friends to polygamy, both in doctrine and practice, declaring, that neither the laws of nature, nor the precepts of the new testament, laid any restraint on a plurality of wives, and that it was a liberty which God himself had granted to the patriarchs.

Two of their principal prophets, Matthias a baker, and Boccold a taylor, uniting confident plausible manners, and apparent sanctity, with a spirit of enterprize, and a

thirst for novelty, and making profelytes; had fixed their residence in Munster, where among many other converts, they had gained Rothman, who first preached the protestant doctrine in that city; and Cnipperdoling, a wealthy and respectable citizen. Stimulated by, or not contented with these encouragements, they were desirous of establishing their tenets by public authority, and caballing with the city guards, they forced the arsenal and senate-house at midnight, whilst their associates rushing through the streets with drawn swords, proclaimed to the terrified inhabitants, "Depart ye ungodly, or repent and be baptized."

The senators, canons, and nobility, with the more sober citizens, fled from the city, which was thus abandoned to the dominion of a frantic multitude.

Cnipperdoling and another profelyte, were immediately elected consuls, though all proceedings were directed by Matthias, who in the style, and with the authority of a prophet, uttered, as by inspiration, commands, which it was death to disobey: he encouraged the multitude to pillage the churches and deface their ornaments, to destroy all books as useless and impious, except the bible, and directed the estates of such as fled to be confiscated; while every individual, either voluntarily, or by command, brought forth his gold, silver, and other precious effects, and deposited them in a treasury, or common stock, which was dispensed for the common use of all: to compleat the plan of equality, the whole society eat promiscuously, without regard to age,

age, sex, or rank, at tables publicly prepared for them.

The defence of their newly acquired city, was, in the mean time, not neglected; large magazines of every kind were formed, the fortifications repaired, such as were capable of bearing arms were disciplined, and Matthias, by a rare union of prudence and fanaticism, by precept, as well as example, animated his followers either to act or to suffer; while the impetuosity of enthusiasm was occasionally roused by exhortation, revelation, or prophecy.

The German princes, highly offended at the presumption of these usurpers, voted a supply of men and money to the Bishop of Munster, who advanced with a considerable body to besiege the town, which the Anabaptists had dignified with the scriptural name of Mount Sion; on his approach, Matthias sallied forth, forced the lines of the enemy, and returning loaded with spoil and glory, was so much intoxicated with this partial success, that he appeared the next day brandishing a spear, and declared he would go with a handful of men and smite the ungodly; thirty of his deluded disciples followed him without hesitation, and rushing on the enemy, were all of them immediately cut to pieces.

The death of their prophet, occasioned at first great consternation, but Boccold revived their spirits by strong assurances of more fortunate events, not forgetting to cast some mild reproach on the rash conduct of Matthias, which prevented all possibility of success by his frantic folly: the multitude listened to his exhorta-

tions, he gradually succeeded to the absolute direction of their affairs, and after a certain time, it was declared "to be the will of God, that Boccold should be King of Sion, and sit on the throne of David."

He satisfied himself with carrying on a defensive war, waited with patience for succours from the Low Countries, which had been long promised, and often confidently foretold by their prophets; but he was a wilder enthusiast than his predecessor, and of more unbounded ambition, for he marched naked through the streets, proclaiming, "that the kingdom of heaven was at hand, that the highest should be brought low; and the lowest be exalted."

He caused every church in the city to be levelled to the ground, degraded the senators, and depriving Cnipperdoling of his consulship, the highest office in the commonwealth, he appointed him to the lowest, that of common hangman, an office he executed without murmuring.

Boccold also wore a crown of gold, and indulged a splendour in his dress; a body of guards accompanied him when he appeared in public, a sword drawn, and a bible, were carried before him; he coined money, assumed the state and pomp of royalty, and soon after married three wives, one of whom was the widow of Matthias, a woman of singular beauty, who was dignified with the title of queen. But, enthusiasm, as the excellent-historian observes, being generally accompanied with a proneness to sensuality, this new monarch

monarch of the Anabaptists, allured by beauty or the love of variety, increased the number of his wives to eight, to twelve, and at last to fourteen; an example which the multitude was not backward in following, and under the specious deception of polygamy and divorce, they gave themselves up to an uncontrolled gratification of licentious passion: thus by a monstrous and almost incredible union, voluptuousness was grafted on religion, and dissolute pleasures accompanied the austerities of fanatical devotion.

In this form, and by such supports, their government had subsisted for more than fifteen months, but their promised assistance from the Low Countries had been intercepted, the Bishop's army gradually enclosed the town, cut off all communication with the adjacent country, and the besieged, notwithstanding the prudent management of their provisions, had the evils of famine, added to the fatigues of military duty, and working on the fortifications. But under the impulse of fanaticism, which imparts a miraculous strength to the human mind, they were not to be subdued, and submitted to the most shocking hardships and the vilest food, rather than listen to terms of capitulation which were repeatedly offered; the least symptom of want of faith in the divinity of Boccold or the prophets, was punished with instant death, and one of the king's favourite wives, from the distresses of the poor inhabitants, having presumed to doubt the heavenly nature of his mission, was instantly beheaded by her husband.

Vol. I.

At length a deserter, in whom excessive hunger had cooled enthusiasm, made his escape to the enemy. With an emaciated body, a cadaverous countenance, and faint voice, he begged for food, which as soon as he had swallowed, and obtained a promise of pardon, he pointed out to the besiegers, a weak and neglected spot in the walls by which they entered, one of the city gates was taken possession of, and the whole army admitted.

The Anabaptists, though surprized, formed in the marketplace, and defended themselves with valour, till surrounded on every side, overpowered with numbers, and without a possibility of escape, they were cut to pieces except Boccold, Cnipperdoling, and a few others, who were loaded with chains, and exposed to the insults and curiosity of several cities in the empire.

This unfortunate monarch, and extraordinary man, who had acquired such dominion over the minds of his followers, and excited such dangerous commotions, was only twenty-six years of age, but did not appear either broken or humbled by this reverse of fortune; he adhered with unshaken firmness, to his tenets, though he suffered a lingering death at Munster, under the severest tortures that could be inflicted.

The kingdom of the Anabaptists was extinguished, but their principles had taken deep root in the Low Countries, where the sect still subsists under the name of Mennonites, which, notwithstanding its seditious and bloody origin, is altogether innocent and pacific. They hold it unlawful to wage war,

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or to accept of civil offices, and devoting themselves to industry and charity, endeavour to compensate to mankind for the sanguinary violence of their founders.

ANDRÉ, JOHN, a Major in the British army, of amiable manners, and enterprising spirit; who, animated warmly for the public service, rashly submitted to the expedient of an illicit intrigue with Arnold, a general officer in the American army, during the campaign of seventeen hundred and eighty, and being detected, suffered death in the prime of life, after the most powerful intercessions, and repeated threats of retaliation, which were found ineffectual to bend the stubborn sense of duty, paramount to all other considerations, in the breast of General Washington.

But however we may lament the untimely death of a good young man, a dutiful son, and an affectionate brother, whose active zeal was his only crime, we are bound by the severe decrees of impartial justice, to consider the punishment he suffered, as strictly conformable to the laws of war. With clandestine views, and in a secret manner, he had introduced himself within the lines of the enemy; disguised in his dress, and assuming a feigned name, he was taken in the very act of conveying intelligence; he declared, himself, that it was impossible to suppose that he came on shore under the sanction of a flag; he was, of course, in every sense of the word, a spy, and, with all his valuable qualities, certainly merited death.

Had another agent in this disgraceful and unfortunate inter-

course, been seized, and sacrificed to public justice, few Americans, and I believe but one Englishman, would have deplored his fate; could the rigid maxims of military discipline, have been somewhat relaxed, or the harsh mode of putting the unhappy young man to death, have been altered or softened in some of its odious formalities, which in his last hours, mortified him more severely than the loss of life, the cause of liberty could not possibly have been injured, and such conduct would have done credit to the finer feelings of the transatlantic generals, in which, by the voice of party malevolence, or of truth, they are accused of having been grossly deficient.

Res duræ et regni novitas metalia cogunt, was aptly quoted by the American chief, whose merits will bear a comparison without injury, among the most renowned heroes of antiquity.

I have seen a letter written by Major André, when a young man, and in a counting-house, his original destination being commercial; from this he was probably tempted by a fascinating splendor attached to the military profession; a prevailing tendency, which often is fostered by the erroneous conduct of mankind, "who bestow a more liberal applause on their destroyers, than on their benefactors." "Instead of a merchant," says the Major, in his letter, "in snuff coloured cloaths, and a bob wig, counting money, I sometimes, in a reverie, fancy myself a Marlborough, mounted on my charger, and fiercely brandishing a truncheon.

"a truncheon. I see national thanks, sumptuous palaces, titles and honors, showered down upon me, while painters, fidlers, and poets, join to celebrate my name: the porter suddenly opens the door, I start from my trance, and discover myself plain John André, by the small coal fire of a gloomy 'counting-house, in a narrow obscure court, near the heart of the city."

This short memorial, is dictated by one who knew the vivacity, worth and warm sensibility of André's heart, which sparkled with fervor from his expressive and prominent eyes in the dawn of early manhood. Had America or Europe been searched, a victim could not have been found who would have felt more acutely the disgrace of his mission, and the ignominy of his death, for he united the nicest sense of honor, and gallant intrepidity, with the tender affections, and mild manners of polished life.

The distress of his patron Sir Henry, on this occasion, must also have been poignant and severe as well from the loss of his favourite and friend, as from reflecting on the nature and consequences of the service, on which, evidently with the kindest intentions, he had employed him. Yet as Commander in Chief he must have previously known and ought to have considered, that death and disgrace would inevitably follow detection.

It is not in my power to describe the state of mind of another individual concerned in this melancholy business; nor indeed is it

easy to say for what purposes or what fate the worthy General is reserved. After narrowly escaping the immediate reward of treachery, and taking an active part against that cause which he at first so warmly and effectually defended; for in politics as well as religion, the zeal of a new convert like that of Mr. Windham, is prominent and forward; he survives the American struggle, enjoys the smiles and pension of his patron, and during the present war, stimulated by constitutional restlessness, embarked on a commercial expedition to the West-Indies. The ship in which he sailed, being taken by a French cruiser, near the coast of America, the prize was steering to one of the ports of that Republic, where Mr. Arnold would have been inevitably suspended by the neck; but having secured the confidence or connivance of the sailors, he lashed himself with a few necessaries to a raft, and chusing rather to trust his person to the winds and waves, than to the resentments of his former associates, committed himself in the dead of night to the deep, and taking advantage of a favourable wind and tide, escaped in safety from his enemies.

ANIELLO, TOMASO, commonly, and by contraction, called Massianello, a fisherman of Naples, who in sixteen hundred and forty-seven, headed an insurrection against the House of Austria.

The Neapolitans had submitted to the heavy imposts of Philip the Fourth, without repining, 'till by a tax, imprudently laid on fruit,

the chief support of the poor Italians, the people were thrown into an uproar.

Massianello was a sprightly, active, humorous fellow, with short cropped hair, a mariner's cap generally on his head, and twenty four years of age. Living in the market-place, he was every day a witness to the disputes between the fruit-sellers and the collectors of the Gabelle, an unpopular tax; till by repeated acts of oppression, he was gradually prejudiced against the Spanish government, and throwing up his cap, he often swore, "By the living God, if only two or three hearty fellows would stand by me, we soon would put an end to the oppression of these rascals."

A circumstance soon occurred to inflame discontent; his wife stimulated by poverty had endeavoured to secrete provisions, and evade the tax, for which she was sent to prison, and a larger sum than his finances could afford, being demanded, before the officers would set her at liberty, Massianello was obliged to sell his goods, to raise the money. He rushed directly to a quarter of the town where a toll-house had been lately erected, and where a mixed multitude was already assembled to deliberate on their grievances, crying out as he passed along, "We will no longer be beasts of burthen, to be oppressed by governors, who would suck our blood, God gives us plenty, but they give us famine."

The loudness of his voice, and the violence of his rage, attracted general notice, but when he re-

lated this new instance of extortion and cruelty, universal and bitter execrations burst forth against the regent of the city. An officer called an Elect of the people, being sent with his attendants to disperse them, was attacked by a shower of stones, and narrowly escaped being torn to pieces. Massianello seeing his audience were ripe for mischief, and possessing that rude eloquence, which strong feelings often inspire, suddenly leaping on a fruit-stall, thus addressed the exasperated crowd.

"Rejoice my dear companions, and countrymen! give thanks to God, and the most gracious Virgin of Carmine, that the hour of your deliverance draweth near: a poor bare footed fisherman, shall, like another Moses, deliver the Israelites from the cruel rod of Pharaoh; St. Peter, who reduced the city of Rome from the slavery of the devil, was a poor fisherman. Have but courage, and I will release Naples from this cruel yoke of tolls and gabelles: should I be able to bring it to bear, I don't value being torn to pieces, or dragged through all the kennels and gutters of the city, on such an occasion. I do not value spilling all the blood of my body, but should think it both glorious and honourable, to sacrifice my life in the cause of my country."

The tumultuous shouting of a thousand voices, and a lighted torch applied to the toll-house, was a signal of universal approbation: armed with sticks, clubs, and such weapons as accident threw in their way,

way, they rifled the houses of all the officers of the revenue, observing strictly to take nothing for their own use, but as they emptied the house of an obnoxious person, they piled the furniture, linen, plate, and china, in a heap in the street, and set the whole on fire. Their numbers rapidly increasing, they boldly advanced towards the palace of the Viceroy, carrying loaves of bread on the tops of their pikes, and soon forced their way into the palace, from which his Excellency escaped into a neighbouring convent, to which they immediately pursued him.

In the mean time the city-prisons were broken open, and the prisoners set at liberty, while Cardinal Filomarino, Archbishop of Naples, whom they greatly respected, vainly endeavoured to appease the populace; he was told, that peace could not be restored, unless the Viceroy gave an instrument properly signed and sealed, to confirm a release from all taxes, particularly those on fruit and corn. This being produced, they cried out, that they were cheated and imposed on, for that it was not the paper they wanted, as it contained only a partial release: besides, that many other grievances were still unredressed. The Archbishop perceiving that no terms would be listened to, while the popular ferment continued, retired to his palace, and the insurgents proceeded to pull down a monastery in which the Viceroy had concealed himself; but climbing over the wall of a back court, he reached the castle of St. Elmo, while the rich hangings, tapestry,

and other valuables of the palace were consuming.

Thus by the commission of a bad minister, or the crimes of her own citizens, Naples, the third city in Christian Europe, for beauty, extent, and population, which eleven hundred years before had been saved from ruin, by the mercy of Bellisarius, was in the power of a riotous multitude, spreading fire and devastation in different quarters. With each a faggot at their back, and a flaming torch in their hand, they proceeded to the dogana or public granary, an immense pile of building, almost full of corn, which, with its contents, was immediately reduced to ashes: by thus destroying in the blindness of their fury, the provision made against a scanty harvest, the horrors of famine, were added to those of conflagration.

The Viceroy was blamed by many for not endeavouring to crush the riot in the beginning, but he was unwilling to proceed to acts of violence, hoping, by kindness and lenient measures, to quiet their minds. He contrived to supply the city with bread, which from the burning of the granary, was scarce and dear, published a proclamation, that the tax on fruit should be for ever abolished, also that the loaf of bread, which used to weigh only twenty-two ounces, should be increased to thirty-two, without any addition to the price: this circumstance seems to prove, that some abuses had been practised by the corn merchants, millers, or bakers.

But the flame burnt with too much fury to be easily extinguished; the

the insurgents, by emptying prisons, and being joined by every necessitous, bold, and bad man, by robbers, and free-booters, a numerous class in Naples, amounted to upwards of a hundred thousand men, who tumultuously saluting Massianello, as the saviour and father of his country, unanimously chose him for their General. On this occasion, the barefooted fisherman said, "I shall not trouble you my friends with long speeches, but of this I am clear and certain, that whatever alterations may take place, you will not see me behave like a scoundrel, for I will directly put an end to the present grievances, or die in the attempt." He then proceeded, by beat of drum, through the streets and suburbs, summoned the people to resist the tyranny of their governors, divided them into regiments and companies, took an account of the ammunition, appointed officers, and distributed arms: but as muskets could not at once be procured for such an immense number, they were armed with pitch-forks, spatles, pikes, and such implements as circumstance and situation afforded, while persons were placed at regular distances, between the ranks, with lighted matches, and burning torches: the great market-place Lavinaro, and Porta Nolana, were in the mean time their principal places of rendezvous.

The common cry was, "those wasps that buzzed about us, and stung us to death; those drones who have plundered the hive, and lived on the honey of the

"bee, shall be blown up with gunpowder, and sent to hell."

Neither life or property were safe; general fear and amazement seized the city, and the Duke of Arcos, at this time Viceroy, thinking himself no longer secure in the castle of St. Elmo, retired privately in the night to Castelnovo, with the chief nobility, and a reinforcement of three thousand men, having first ordered all the gunpowder in the city to be moistened. He also surrounded the castle with a deep trench, and a parapet of earth and faggots, while the streets leading to the fort were barricaded, and pieces of ordnance planted at every avenue.

The different religious orders walked in procession, and the Archbishop offered up public prayers to the Almighty for the restoration of peace; the host, as well as the head, and miraculous liquifying blood of St. Januarius, were devoutly exposed.

But military precaution, and superstitious ceremony, did not prevent the councils making use of pacific means, a submissive message was sent to the people, desiring to know what would satisfy them. On this occasion, Massianello in armour, with his sword drawn, and mounted on a horse richly caparisoned, received the deputation from the Viceroy: and after quieting the clamour and violent exhortations of the multitude, who cried out, "that the nobility only meant to cajole and cheat them out of their just revenge, which was now in their hands:" he expatiated with warmth, but much good sense, on the various and abominable

abominable oppressions under which the people had suffered ;
 " Had the city (continued he) been
 " utterly destroyed, and our tyrants torn to pieces, the punishment, though severe, would have
 " been little more than an act of justice. Have not our friends,
 " and dearest relations been hurried to prison, to satisfy these
 " rapacious cormorants and contractors, who by means of kept
 " mistresses, court favorites and parasites, have made a market of
 " the blood, the treasure and the labour of the industrious poor ?
 " In the name of the people of Naples, I therefore demand a
 " perfect and entire restitution of all the privileges granted by
 " King Ferdinand, and Charles the Fifth, whose glorious arms
 " are cut in a stone over my door.
 " I require that the Viceroy, the collateral council, the council of state, and the nobility, shall, by
 " oath, and by a public instrument, binding themselves and their
 " posterity, ratify the charter ; that the clerk of the market,
 " and the *Capo populi*, shall be nominated by the people, without
 " any interposition of the Viceroy ; that no tax of any kind shall be
 " laid, without the consent of the last mentioned officer, and that a
 " refusal to pay taxes laid on, without his consent, shall not be
 " considered as treason.
 " Such are our demands ; and we will rather die than recede
 " from them : and may God save the most faithful people of
 " Naples, but a cruel government that would starve us, never shall
 " prosper."

These demands were instantly

complied with and an instrument to that purport prepared, but from the timidity of suspicion or the suggestions of ill design, the insurgents suddenly insisted on the original charters of Ferdinand and Charles the Fifth being produced, and from unavoidable delay in procuring them, again being apprehensive of collusion, became outrageous, and committed still greater enormities.

The Duke of Arcos and the two councils seeing that resistance was vain, made a virtue of necessity, and signed articles, by which a free and unreserved consent was given to the wishes of the people. Besides the former articles the General insisted that the Elect of the people in all public proceedings, should have as many votes as the whole body of the nobility, that the people should not disarm, till the King of Spain had solemnly ratified the terms, and that the treaty should be cut in marble, and placed in different parts of the city.

Maffianello had been prevailed on, with much difficulty, to change his mariners dress for a splendid habit, crying out as he put it on, " I am still a poor fisherman." Accompanied by his brother, whom he had appointed his lieutenant-general, together with Julio Genovino an ecclesiastic, who had been emancipated from a prison, in which he had been confined for seditious practices, Arpaja the new Elect of the people, and the Banditto Perrone, a zealous and powerful partizan, liberated from confinement, the general of the people, gave audience to the officers of the Viceroy, in the great church
 of

of Carmine, where the capitulation, signed by the Viceroy, was read aloud, and the people signified their consent by the loudest acclamations, and joining in the celebration of *Te Deum*.

In the way from church to Castelnovo, the streets were strewed with palm and olive branches, the windows and balconies crowded with spectators, and hung with rich silk and tapestry, while the fisherman of Naples was saluted from every quarter, as the deliverer and saviour of his country; young men and maidens, with garlands of flowers, and in loose white robes, celebrating his praises with vocal and instrumental music.

Nothing appeared to interrupt the general joy, but a crowd of ruined tax-gatherers and hungry courtiers, whose profuse rapacity could no longer be fed on the plunder of the people; they joined the procession with hollow smiles, but aching hearts, and rested all their hopes on the Viceroy's being able, at some future opportunity, to evade the conditions, to which he had been obliged to subscribe. When the procession reached the great gate of Castelnovo, the guard, according to order, drew up, and saluted Maffianello as a general officer, and the captain, after congratulating him on the successful issue of the negotiation, informed him, that the Duke of Arcos waited his pleasure in the audience chamber.

The fisherman gently inclining himself to the officer, turned to the people, and waving his sword, as a signal for silence, thus addressed them.

"My dear companions and countrymen;

"Let us offer up our praises to God, and the most gracious Lady of Carmine, for the recovery of our liberties; we shall no longer groan under inhuman and blood-thirsty tyrants, but every man shall enjoy the fruits of his own industry, without the intermeddling of hateful collectors of the Gabelle.

"I see plainly that all your countenances are enlivened with joy, and who would not be glad on an occasion like the present! may the man who will not rejoice at our recovering freedom, peace, and the enjoyment of the produce of the earth, die like a dog, infamous, and unpitied. You seem lost in amazement at the happy change, and scarce can believe it any thing but a dream, but indeed my friends, this is no delusion, behold in my hand the sacred and substantial pledges of the blessings we have recovered, these are the charters of the Emperor Charles the Fifth, and of Ferdinand.

"But it is not to enhance the merit of my own actions, that I dwell on the advantages which have been procured for you, I esteem my having been instrumental in rendering good service to my country, far beyond all that wealth can bestow. I appeal to you my lord Archbishop, and also to the Viceroy's secretary, who now stands near the guard-room, if I did not very early in this business, refuse a pension of two hundred crowns a month, which was offered me,

"*(166)*

(the Prelate and Secretary confirmed his assertion) if I would undertake to dissuade the people from their just pretensions. Nothing but his eminence the Cardinal's threatening to excommunicate me, would have prevailed on me to put on this dress, for I am still Massianello the fisherman, such have I lived, and such will I die.

"I shall conclude with advising two things; not to lay down your arms till the confirmation of your privileges arrives from Spain; and above all things, to mistrust your sworn and professed enemies the nobility, who, like hungry wolves, will watch every opportunity to devour you. I am now going to the Viceroy, and shall probably return in a short time, but if you do not see me safe, and at liberty, by seven o'clock to-morrow morning, you may take it for granted there has been treachery, and will of course set fire to the palace, and pursue such other methods of revenge as you shall judge necessary."

From his interview with the Duke, Massianello returned in a few hours to his own house, where he and his wife received the congratulations of the principal inhabitants of Naples. But whilst he was thus enjoying that first best attribute of power and influence, the consciousness of exerting it for the good of mankind, this popular leader, was afflicted with a calamity, which levels the proud master of the creation, with the meanest reptile he crushes on the ground.

For seven days, which was the

period of his authority, he had conducted himself with a prudence, regularity and foresight, in a man of his condition, as laudable as it was unexpected: at this time from fatigue of body and mind, as he scarcely allowed himself the necessary refreshments of food and sleep, or (as was suspected, but never proved) from the effect of intoxicating drugs infused in his liquors, he betrayed violent symptoms of phrenzy and madness, treated his friends and associates with outrage, insolence and abuse; tore his cloaths from his body, and rode with a drawn sword furiously through the streets, wounding and killing several persons, with other extravagancies.

The citizens beheld the deplorable state of their favorite with horror and regret, and after receiving repeated assurances from the Viceroy, that their privileges and immunities should remain inviolate, they declared that the devoted Massianello was no longer their general; and the Council, dreading a repetition of the old excesses, if a madman was at the head of a mob, sent four persons with private orders to put him to death.

The unfortunate fisherman had been harranguing the people from the pulpit of the great church, with an incoherent mixture of reproach, justification and religious penitence, for he had still sufficient intervals of reason to perceive he had lost the confidence of his friends; from the church he was conducted by some attendants into an adjoining cloyster, struggling in the agonies of disease, madness and despair. Hearing his name

D

mentioned,

mentioned, he turned quickly round, saying, "Is it me you look for, my people, behold I am here."

Four muskets were instantly discharged, and their contents lodging in his body. He dropped on the pavement, exclaiming with his last breath, "Ah, ungrateful traitors!"

His head fixed on a spear, and his body dragged through the streets, were the signal for submission to the Spanish government. Magnificent funeral obsequies and an expensive interment were nevertheless celebrated by the people, so that Massianello in less than three days was obeyed like a monarch, murdered like a villain, and revered like a saint. The obnoxious taxes were in a short time levied, and again produced ineffectual resistance; so ruinous and unavailing are attempts at reform in governments, radically defective in their structure, where the voice of the people is not concentrated and conveyed by a representative body, organized and at intervals renewed, frequently and regularly meeting, the guardians of the public purse, and endued with legislative powers.

Such assemblies properly tempered by precautionary formalities, and cooled in debate by deliberative delay, if at any period auspicious to human integrity, they could be secured from corruption, seem to promise a strong barrier between popular fury and regal oppression, a safe interceder between king and people, a moderator and preventer of absolute despotism: hateful in one man, but terrific, overwhelming, and

destructive of itself and others in the hands of a million.

ARBUTHNOT, Dr. a favorite physician of Queen Anne, the friend of Swift and Pope; possessing all the wit of the Dean, and much of his humour, free from acrimonious virulence and gross indelicacy; and a considerable portion of the genius of the Poet, without his querulous discontent.

"Were a stranger," says a modern writer, "were a stranger to peruse the correspondence of Pope and Swift, without any other guide to instruct him in the history of the times in which they lived, he would be induced to think, that the whole body of their cotemporaries had been in league against them, and that these two individuals, engrossed the small remains of virtue that were left, while the rest of the world was enveloped in barbarian darkness, ignorance and detraction."

The observation is just, but in reply, it may be said, that in a new reign, and in the insolence of triumph, it was natural for a whig ministry, the Walpoles and Coningsbies of the day, to oppress, ridicule and abuse, the avowed favourites of Oxford and Bolingbroke, who had been, with some appearance of justice, accused of measures inimical to the house of Hanover. Of such treatment, however culpably illiberal, Dr. Swift, of all political and literary partizans, the most furious, personal, and malignant, had the least right to complain.

But I return to Arbuthnot, of whom I have often said, that if a character were to be selected from past

past times, whose footsteps I must follow, whose fortune and fate I must exactly undergo, the subject of this article should be fixed on, without hesitation. His calm moderation, and tranquil virtues in prosperity, his temperate complaints, mild resignation, and unaffected piety in adversity, cannot but impress the mind, with an earnest desire of imitation. He is a striking proof of the impotence of misfortune, to derange or exhaust, the internal resources of a good man. So worthy an individual, serene and erect amidst the storms and clouds of life is an object which the philosopher may contemplate with useful deduction, and the afflicted Christian with cordial consolation; it impresses the cheerful doctrine of the *present* reward, as well as the future retribution of virtue, more forcibly than the strongest faith, or the most elaborate demonstration.

"I am as well," says Arbuthnot, who died a few weeks after writing the letter I quote, "I am as well as a man can be, who is gasping for breath, and has a house full of men and women unprovided for." But the Almighty saw and fulfilled the wishes of a good heart. Every branch of his family passed through life with competence, and honour.

When a young man, he attempted to settle as a physician at Dorchester, a town in the west of England, remarkable for its salubrious air, and healthy situation; circumstances highly desirable to an inhabitant, but unpropitious to the profitable practice of physic. On quitting Dorsetshire, a friend met him riding post to London,

"Where are you going, Arbuthnot?" was a natural question.

"To leave your confounded place, for a man can neither live or die there;" was his happy answer.

ARC, JOAN of, the famous and intrepid Maid of Orleans, who, in the obscure condition of a peasant's daughter, of Dom Remi, Dompne, or Doremy, near Vaucouleur, a shepherdess, and a servant of all-work at a country inn, felt the impulse of inspiration, enthusiasm, or good sense, and attained the reputation of a victorious warrior, a saint, and a martyr.

Instructed by the deep policy of a French commandant, and after much prophetic declaration, and miraculous, or mysterious conduct, admirably calculated to infuse religious and patriotic zeal into the terrified minds of soldiers, enfeebled by repeated defeats, this extraordinary woman rescued her king, the lascivious Charles the Seventh, and her bleeding country, from English thralldom. But was at length taken prisoner, and, after a trial, conducted with the solemnity of legal and ecclesiastic forms, but evidently directed by the ungenerous rancour of an exasperated enemy, who had suffered from her superior courage and abilities, was found guilty of schism, heresy, and witchcraft, by her judges, the Bishops of Coutance, Lisieux, the chapter of Rouen, and other dignitaries, was excommunicated, and, with the usual tender mercy of the holy office, delivered over to the secular arm, to be burnt; a bloody, inhuman sentence, which was executed, ar-

ter the proceedings of these enlightened men had been examined and confirmed by the university of Paris.

Shakespeare, who, in his historical plays, appears to have been rather led by the popular prejudices of the times, than his own good sense, has introduced the Maid of Orleans on the stage, clothed with supernatural powers which she does not effectually exert, and assisted by *periapt*:, and chosen spirits, whom, in the cant of witchcraft, she professes to have fed with her own blood; but they forsake her in the hour of need: yet, notwithstanding this invisible aid, he makes her exert considerable military prowess, and skilful manœuvre, and she answers, with much art and address, the abuse of the English commanders, who call her, foul fiend of France, and hag of despatch, encompassed with youthful paramours. The scandal of her indiscriminate amours, I attribute to the malice of an enemy, and partly to an ineffectual effort, the unhappy woman made to save, or rather prolong her life, by pleading pregnancy. Her incontinence, which was never proved, could not escape the prurient imagination of Mr. Voltaire, who has built on it a ridiculous, but disgusting and irreverend superstructure.

It is to be lamented, that posthumous justice cannot extinguish the flames of persecution, or mitigate the pains inflicted by cruelty and nonsense, on exalted worth, which feels the knife, the axe, the cord, and the pinchers of the inquisitor, as acutely as the most notorious impostor, or abandoned ruffian.

Yet if it were permitted beyond the grave, to know what passes in those scenes we have left behind, it must have afforded some consolation to the injured spirit of the Maid of Orleans, that her innocence of the crimes alledged against her, was publicly declared by Pope Celestin the Third, and that ample justice has been done to her memory, as a patriot and warrior, by succeeding poets and historians: of these, Voltaire is the most conspicuous, for fine poetry, exquisite humour, well directed satire, and strong sense, debased by profane allusion, and incidents equally repugnant to decency and good taste.

Various attempts have been made to purify this poem, and give it an English dress, but they have failed in common with one, from which the following extracts are made: the alternate rhyme seems ill calculated for long narratives, and begets a wearisomeness from its recurring monotony, which the reader of Spenser, with all the interesting natural simplicity, and goodness of his heart, will find occasionally creeping over him.

The translator, I remember, regretted in his preface, that purity was too often sacrificed to merriment, and that the noblest faculties of the mind were frequently prostituted to impiety and lewdness; for which reason, he conceived it would be difficult to convince one half of the world, that it was possible to laugh without guilt, and the other half, that a writer might be moral, without incurring the imputation of dullness. It was observed in the preface,

face, that as the king of a party, was, in effect, only king of half his subjects; the same might with truth, be affirmed of the writer of impious or obscene compositions, which can be perused only by readers of a certain description. Such productions, however they may, for the moment, please puerile wantonness, or irritate debilitated rakes, will sink into the oblivion they merit, or be handed down to posterity, as badges of infamy to their authors. With such pests of society, I fear, the pleasing, the dangerous Voltaire must rank, over his memory, says a judicious critic, modesty must blush, religion sigh, and charity drop a tear.

In the attempt of which I have been speaking, this hitherto obnoxious guest was rendered admissible into good company. The translator tried, perhaps he vainly tried, to separate wit and fine sentiment from religious and voluptuous indecorum; such a design might, perhaps, excuse want of success in its execution, but the action of the poem which took place during the most brilliant æra of English history, when our arms were triumphant at the gates of Paris, probably inflamed the imagination of a Briton, diffused a patriotic brightness over the period, and attached him strongly to the subject, "*Fortia facta patrum.*"

Voltaire's commencement which is a rich and genuine specimen of the mock heroic, pleased me much.

Fain wou'd I celebrate the faints of old,

My voice is weak, unequal to their fame,

Yet will I try to sing of Joan so bold,

Who gain'd in war a more than mortal name.

The pow'rs of France by England trodden down,

Were to new conquests by this virgin led,

She sav'd the honor of the Gallic crown,

And twin'd fresh laurels round her sov'reign's head.

Her's was the task to rouse the tardy king,

To 'wake her monarch from his am'rous trance,

To burst the silken chains which pleasures bring,

And make him quit the goblet for the lance.

Tho' in a female shape and coarse attire,

She fought like heroes sung in antient song,

Many may softness, gentleness admire.

But Joan was stout, and as a lion strong.

All must with wonder read what I assert,

Read with surprise the truth I sing of here,

How she by magic, war, and love unhurt,

Did keep unloos'd her virgin zone a year.

To force the king from the bewitching blandishments of the beautiful and accomplished Agnes Sorrel, and to direct Joan of Arc in her mission, no less a personage than Dennis, the patron saint of France, is invoked by the poet.

"Haste Gallic saint and rescue yonder flock,"

Whom

Whom England's wolves as tender
sheep devour,
Be to thy people a protecting rock,
Or storms of adverse fate will
soon o'erpow'r.

Thou patron saint of thy most
christian son,

But for thy well tim'd aid the
Gallic star,
Had been eclips'd by England's
happier sun,
Whose rival rays still threaten
from afar.

"Yes, by St. Paul," the holy Den-
nis cry'd,

"These English dogs we quickly
must destroy,

"Their heresies, unless the fates
have ly'd,

"Will rebel arms against the
Pope employ.

"Will reason chuse, in spite of
holy church,

"Nor bulls, nor anathemas
shall disturb,

"With truth their guide, they
holy writ will search,

"Nor tyrant, priest, or quib-
bling law can curb.

"Their thund'ring navies trav-
ersing the poles,

"Through a long course of
years alas, I see,

"Where Ganges glides, or where
th' Atlantic rolls,

"Britannia reigns as empress of
the sea.

"Since Charles is held in harlot
dalliance bound,

"All ills 'tis said by opposites
are cur'd,

"Some virgin chaste and pure
shall straight be found,

"To rouse the king in lust and
ease immur'd.

With pious indignation and pa-
triotic purpose, St. Dennis hastens
to Orleans, where a council of
Gallic chiefs is held; his address,
and their answer cannot but force
a smile from the fair, and will al-
most efface frowns from the godly.

"Ye warlike chiefs who draw in
vain your swords,

"While Charles your king to
heav'n and glory lost,

"Gives to a harlot's fascinating
words,

"That ear deny'd to you and
all his host.

"Haste, let us find some virgin
chaste and pure,

"Whom heav'n ordains to bless
your grief-swoln eyes,

"And if you wish that church
or state endure,

"Assist me in my holy enter-
prize.

"Ah holy saint," the roguish
Richmond swears,

"If this your errand, here you
come in vain,

"Our kings and captains make the
virgins scarce,

"You have them plentier in
your blest domain.

"Perhaps some nunnery's seques-
ter'd shade,

"May this rare phoenix for a
saint produce,

"Yet there I fear the monks their
tricks have play'd,

"Apply'd this public good to
private use.

"In spite of sermons and divine
command,

"Soldiers and sailors by strong
passion fir'd,

"For making bastards through
this am'rous land,

Than

"Than making orphans have
been more admir'd.

"The virgin flow'r is scarce in
this our clime,

"Where curious amateurs so
thickly swarm, .

"Impatience plucks it, long be-
fore its time,

"Or the rank hot-house keeps
the plant too warm."

Piqu'd at these words, St. Dennis
look'd askance,

And then withdrew, on cherube'
pinions born,

My courteous reader, may it be
thy lot

To crop this rose, which blooms
without a thorn.

Offended at the profane sar-
casm of his military audience, the
saint seeks farther for, and at last
discovers at a little inn, where she
officiated as ostler, Joan of Arc,
who after many struggles with
amorous rustics, and their indis-
creet hands, after being cast lots
for by Grisbourdon, a sturdy cor-
delier, and a furious mulatteer,
preserves her honor inviolate from
these libidinous ruffians, who sti-
mulated by unhallowed passion,
and assisted by magic art, could
have been driven from their pur-
purpose by Divine interference
alone. The poet is lavish in his
praises of the village which pro-
duced this female warrior.

Let Doremy o'er ev'ry town pre-
side,

Tho' she no vineyards, no rich
wines can boast,

But for her Joan, the fleur-de-lis
had dy'd,

But for her Joan, the Gallic
name were lost.

What though thy fields afford no
splendid mines,

What tho' nor gold nor pearls
thy maids adorn,

Thou still hadst that which bright-
est gems outshines,

Pure as the dew drops of the
early morn.

Thus did a Saint who maiden pure-
ness fought,

Instead of palaces or noble
domes,

Fine female honor in an ale-house
cot,

Nor cloth'd in silk, nor poi-
son'd by perfumes.

Whilst ev'ry vein with lust and
rage beat high,

Fell Grisbourdon the pow'rs of
hell invok'd,

By incantations forc'd, the sprites
drew nigh,

And love despis'd to keen re-
venge provok'd.

By potent herbs and spells of hor-
rid name,

In death-like trance the forc'er
bound his prey,

When good St. Dennis to her ref-
cue came,

At whose approach the monster
fled away.

So when fair justice shackled by
chicane,

Languish'd in legal net-work
strictly bound,

Thurlow dispell'd the artful quib-
bling train,

And soon the heav'n born god-
dess freedom found.

The Saint then addresses the fu-
ture champion of her country, in
the following manner :

"I am St. Dennis, patron saint of
France,"

"Sent

"Sent by high heaven's command,
your king to save,

"Given up to Agnes, riot, play,
and dance;

"And you I chuse as humble,
chaste and brave.

"Fear not my child, but quit thy
humble task,

"For nobler works thy hands
are now design'd,

"Of heav'n, through me, an easy
conquest ask,

"And turn to warlike deeds
thy docile mind."

The Gallic saint thus sooth'd the
trembling maid,

Who felt her mind inflam'd with
martial fire,

Her soul expands, and now no
more afraid,

Courage and love of fame her
breast inspire.

So when dame Fortune in her blind
career,

The long wish'd ticket some
poor cit bequeaths,

He quits his drudgery and room
in air,

And east of Temple-bar he scarce-
ly breathes.

The second canto of the trans-
lation commenced as follows.

'Tis not enough in battles' loud
alarms,

Cool and undaunted o'er the
field to stride,

He who would wish to meet success
in arms,

Shou'd have the gods to battle
on his side.

Alcmæna's son, and he whose
pride-swoln heart,

Sigh'd for new worlds to ravage
with the sword,

Pas'd for the sons of Jove, that
happy art,

And fiercest nations at their
shrine ador'd.

Rome by such arts attain'd impe-
rial sway,

Whilst warlike chieftains trem-
bled at her nod,

Augurs and oracles prepar'd the
way;

What foe on equal terms cou'd
meet a god?

Good Charles the Seventh in his
youthful days,

At Tours beheld a damsel pas-
sing fair,

This prince delighted much in
dance and plays,

And Agnes Sorrel was his part-
ner there.

Cou'd Venus form a maid in beau-
ty's mould,

More apt the pow'r of female
charms to prove?

Who cou'd those eyes, that well-
turn'd shape behold,

Nor feel the melting ecstacy of
love?

The bliss of harmony inspir'd her
songs,

The youth of Flora beighten'd
ev'ry grace,

The justest symmetry to her be-
longs,

The rose and lilly, mingled in
her face.

Kings, heroes, sages, gloried in
her chains,

To see and love her was their
greatest pride,

The speechless sigh, th' in vain
conceal'd pains,

The look discov'ring what it
strives to hide.

The

The loyal Agnes to her monarch
kind,

That tedious court, hard-hearted
dames approve

Relax'd, nor Charles in long suf-
fence repin'd,
Princes and kings make rapid
strides in love.

Trusty Bonneau th' enraptur'd lo-
vers bore,
Safe from keen scandal's pene-
trating eyes,

To a fair castle on the banks of
Loire,
Whose rural scenes resembled
paradise.

At court Bonneau was held in
high repute,

To the king's pleasure an obedient
imp,

Mysterious, trusty, silent, as a
mute,

Plain country folks wou'd call
the rogue a pimp.

Imagine lovers! ye who know the
bliss

Of keen desires, which many a
tedious hour

Has deeply stung, the pointed rapt-
'rous kiss,

The eye that speaks, the tongue
that wants the pow'r.

Alternate struggles heave her
snowy breast,

Love and her virgin pride alter-
nate beat;

'Till pride, by warmth of passion
closely prest,

Gives to great love a victory
compleat.

On poignant viands feast the youth-
ful pair,

Whilst varied tones the voice
and string afford,

VOL. I.

To sing of heroes, who to beauties
rare,

Refign'd their crown, their glo-
ry and their sword.

Rich sparkling wine was mingled
with the song,

Wine fills the head and heart
with merrily glee,

And thence exhaling through the
nimble tongue,

Bursts forth in wit and brilliant
repartee.

For seen by none but her for whom
he liv'd,

Blest but in her the happy mo-
narch sat,

Whilst tender looks exhausted love
reviv'd,

And to her wish he gave his fu-
ture fate.

The joy she felt enliven'd all her
face,

For spite of all that vile co-
quettes declare,

Rapture's fine pencil gives a killing
grace,

And keen enjoyment much im-
proves the fair.

"Blest in thy arms" the happy
Charles wou'd cry,

"Let the fierce Harry o'er my
realms preside,

"If I have thee, he's poorer still
than I,

"My love, my life, my joy,
my only pride."

With words like these he sunk up-
on her breast,

Whilst pillag'd France was giv'n
to ev'ry foe,

The burning kiss upon her lips
impress'd,

Effac'd all mem'ry of his coun-
try's woe;

E

Such

Such conduct does not so heroic
tell,

Yet shou'd not heroes our good
Charles abuse,

For who in beauty's pow'r can
answer well,

What he shall say or do, or hate
or chuse.

All conqu'ring love restrains the
warrior's hand,

Victorious beauty reigns through-
out the world,

Armies and navies follow their
command,

And at their nod the bolts of
war are hurl'd.

To Tours the saint then hasten'd
quick with Joan,

Where, lost to fame, the king
with Agnes lay,

He 'woke the monarch in an angry
tone,

Whilst words like these, his zea-
lous warmth display :

"Unhappy Charles, for nobler
combats form'd,

"I blush to see thy mind so
much debas'd,

"Thy town of Orleans will be
quickly storm'd,

"Whilst here in dalliance you
your moments waste.

"One word, dear Saint, with rev'-
rence wou'd I speak,"

The king reply'd "Aerials can't
employ

"Their time, too precious for an
am'rous freak,

"Their taste's too pure for gross
and earthly joy.

"And yet I swear, wer't thou
so strongly try'd,

"Wer't thou, like me, in
blood and spirits high,

"With lovely Agnes panting by
thy side,

"Thou wou'd'st give way, and
be as fond as I.

"Behold that face, where sits tri-
umphant love,

"Those pulpy lips, not only
made to speak;

"Behold those snowy mounts
which quicker move,

"As fears prophetic her dear
slumbers break."

"Hold," cry'd the saint, "I grant
you speak the truth,

"For when on earth, and
young, I felt love's pow'r :

"Enough of Agnes, O my royal
youth,

"To war and glory give the
present hour.

"Besides, if woman thee so much
attracts,

"Behold a maiden pure as vir-
gin snow !

"Follow her paths, they lead to
God-like acts,

"Thy dream voluptuous, and
thy couch forego.

"She is ordain'd thy doating soul
to rouse,

"Instead of myrtle and of rose,
to place

"The crown and laurel on thy sov'-
reign brows,

"And from thy realms to drive
yon hateful race."

"Must the stern voice of honour
be obey'd,"

The monarch cry'd ? "Must I
my angel leave ?

"This cruel sacrifice must then be
made,

"Ah ! faithless Charles ! thy
Agnes to deceive.

"Alas !

" Alas! in yonder cottage had I slept,

" A flock of sheep had been my daily care,

" Then undisturb'd, my Agnes had I kept,

" Nor cruel war had torn me from my fair.

" At least, good faint, permit one soft adieu!"

At this, St. Dennis forc'd the king away;

The pow'r of female eyes too well he knew,

To grant the love sick king a longer stay.

The sick Bon-vivant waking from his dream,

Which offer'd richest dainties to his view,

Thus hears the doctor sav'ry dishes blame,

Forbid his port, his turtle, and ragout.

ARISTIDES, a virtuous Athenian unjustly banished by the caprice or the malignancy of his countrymen, whom he had served with clean hands, and an uncorrupted heart, a praise which has been refused to his rival Themistocles, with all his predominating powers.

The subject of our present article, being engaged in an enterprise, under that great Commander, who with the Athenian gallees was blocked up by Xerxes in the Straights of Salamis, instead of abandoning a political antagonist, by whom he had often been treated with coarse invective, gallantly forced his way through the Persian fleet, at the dead of night, and reaching the shore, directly rushed to the tent of the General,

whom he thus addressed, " Let us, Themistocles, lay aside, at a moment like the present, those disputes in which we have been too long engaged, let us begin a contest of a new and more honourable kind: let each of us to the utmost of his power, assist the other in forwarding the objects of our enterprise. You are surrounded by the Persians, and in imminent danger, I have, however, burst through and disordered their fleet, and flatter myself, that by our united exertions, we shall be able to extricate ourselves from danger, and redeem the honour of our country."

The keen resentments of Themistocles were subdued by such words, and he instantly replied, " Generous Aristides, I acknowledge myself your inferior, the emulation you so nobly offer, and have so properly turned into a new channel, it shall be the glory of my life to persevere in."

But I had almost omitted relating, what was my chief object for inserting the present article; a reply made by an Athenian, who having voted against Aristides, and being asked to tell his reason for wishing to banish so eminent a citizen and so good a man, replied, " I had no particular reason, for I never knew any harm of him, but I could not bear to hear every body calling him on all occasions, ARISTIDES THE JUST."

This short but impressive anecdote is introduced in this place for the cool consideration of certain sanguine friends of the Editor,

tor, who I firmly believe with the best intentions, are so eloquent in favour of a form of government, purely democratic, a form which admirably calculated for checking abuse, and controuling mismanagement, gratifies, I fear, too readily the blackest passions of the human heart, and by the rapid action and vast weight of the machine which conducts it, will, in all countries which adopt it, ultimately produce calamities, more numerous and fatal, than the evils it proposes to remedy. It is neither my business or inclination to set bounds to the glorious possibilities of a Republic uncontaminated by wealth and luxury, conducted and inhabited by men of clear heads and good hearts, but I conceive the commonwealths of Athens and Rome, afford in the more early stages of their governments, strong presumptive evidence against the peace and happiness of unmixed popular forms.

ARISTOCRACY, a strong, a splendid, a well arranged argument in favour of. On this subject, the following passage from an eminent writer, has been quoted with much applause, observing that elevation, judicial prerogative, and moderate privilege, I wish not to refuse, it is only abuse of power, and partial exemption, I set my face against; no one reason can be deduced from justice or common sense, why a rich peer or a wealthy commoner should not pay the postage of a letter or be subject to the same penalties and punishments in other cases as their fellow subjects.

“ I see neither policy or utility, in laying down a principle, that

“ the opinion of a majority of men, *told by the lead*, is to be considered as the law of the land; this surely is acting in defiance of every political principle. To enable men to act with weight and consistency, and to answer the purposes of society, the weak, the ignorant, and the unprovided, must be conducted by the wise, the expert, and the opulent. Numbers, it must be confessed, are always of consideration; but they are not the whole consideration. Aristocracy is not a separate or a separable interest in the state—it is formed by legitimate presumptions, which taken, as generalities, may be admitted for actual truths.

“ To be bred in a place of estimation; to see nothing low, and sordid from one's infancy; to be taught to respect one's self; to be habituated to the censorial inspection of the public eye, to stand on elevated ground, and to be enabled to take a large view of the wide-spread and infinitely diversified combinations of men and things; to have leisure to read, reflect, and converse, to associate with the wise and learned; to be habituated in armies to command and obey; to be taught to despise danger in the pursuit of honour and duty; to be led to a guarded and regulated conduct, from a sense that you are considered as an instructor of your fellow citizens in their highest concerns, and that you act as a reconciler between God and man; to be employed as an administrator of law and justice; to be a professor of high science,

"science, of liberal and ingenuous art.—These are circumstances which form, what I should call, a natural aristocracy. To give no more importance in the social order to such descriptions of men, than to so many units, is a vile and horrible usurpation."

ARMSTRONG, JOHN, a physician and a man of genius, who, by his poem on the Art of Preserving Health, has deservedly attained the reputation of a respectable didactic poet. In the practice of physic, he never was eminent; and as a prose writer on general medical subjects, our author, in many respects an amiable character, grossly failed. On one occasion he asserts, that the circulation of the blood was a discovery attended with no real use; and after declaiming on the absurdity of theory, which he observes, in general, is flimsy and puerile, and what no man of sense would trouble himself with, he so far forgets himself, as to call corns, sprouts of the rheumatism, and on the subject of secretion, observes, "that every gland has an *occult kind of magic power*, inexplicable to the human faculties, of transforming blood."

Such errors are not sufficient to retard the progress of a physician, whose defects in science, and whose chimeras in theory, are sometimes amply compensated by that more valuable attainment, knowledge of the world, a commodity in which the subject of this article did not abound; besides, where is the medical, or indeed any other man, who has not, on some occasion, tripped? The good, the exempla-

ry Fothergill, in the transaction with Samuel Leeds, departed from his usual equity and liberality.—Heberden once lost himself on the subject of damp linen; and St. Asaré, a man of strong sense, but I fear not of a good heart, was deluded or infatuated by absurdity, and gave credit to the artful tale of a female, who professed herself the parent of rabbits.

But Armstrong's fault was considered as of a more heinous cast; he deviated in one of his publications, into the labyrinths of obscenity, and the turpitude of lascivious description, a crime, which, however flagitious the principles and conduct of his patients, in a physician is seldom forgiven; particularly by the fair sex, whose influence in deciding the fate of the various candidates in law, physic, and divinity, from some *late striking instances*, seems almost omnipotent. The whisper speedily circulated; as a practitioner, he was gradually deserted; and, many years since, I heard a lady, who, *in her day*, had been a leading, if not an immaculate character, declare, that herself, as well as many of her acquaintance, valued and esteemed Dr. Armstrong, and had occasionally consulted him; but, after the publication of the unlucky poem, it was generally understood, by those who valued the world's good opinion, that to be intimate with the Doctor, or even to employ him, was a violation of decorum, and would have been dangerous to any lady who wished to be well received in good company.

Such was the sentence against a man of various acquirement, inoffensive

offensive life, and (notwithstanding his yielding in one instance, to the luxuriant riot of fancy) of unfulfilled manners, such was the severe sentence in a court, which admits of no appeal, probably too, at a moment, when some versatile profligate antagonist, defiled by secret sin, but possessing the prudent art of uniting abandoned iniquity with exterior decency, was reaping the harvest of wealth and reputation. Yet this unfortunate production, with all its faults, was not without the merit of glowing imagery, apposite classic allusion, and impressive moral precept. Who can read the following lines, which I quote from memory, without lamenting that they were debased by others, which no regard to his professional interest ought to have written, and which no reader of a correct taste can wish me to recite. The persons he principally addressed were,

"Youths and virgins when their generous blood,
Hath drank the heat of fifteen summers, when,
The loves invite;
At this dangerous and critical period he advises them

—————To shun
The snakes, which under flow'ry pleasures lurk;

—————Wilt thou fair Cytherea deign

To smile, gracious on my attempt; tho' thou

None of the Muses nine, yet oft on thee

The Graces wait, oft gambol in thy train

Tho' virgins, come nor leave thy boy behind,

Blind, but unerring archer.

"The boy," continues Armstrong, a few lines after,

—————The boy may triumph;
when

Night-working fancy steals him to the arms

Of nymph oft wish'd awake, nor envy kings,

While dreams like this, await thy slumbers.

But the poet seriously advises his pupil to be cautious and select; in forming a female attachment.—He proceeds to describe the kind of woman, worthy the attentions of a man of sense:

—————One, to all but thee reserved,

To thee alone discreetly lavish—

"Grudge not, with such a mate; to pass,

"The summer's day, the winter's night,

"Press her, with dying fondness, in thy arms."

He, however, strongly inculcates constancy and sincerity in such an intercourse; and, after much pathetic dissuasion against the baseness of seduction, and the shabby infamy of deserting and exposing the fond believing mother, and her ill-fated offspring, that mother, "who ventured all for thee," for "her, thou nothing," he proceeds to describe, with energy and truth, the complicated evils and diseases, the ruin of soul, body, and estate, entailed on indiscriminate debauchery. He afterwards paints, with a considerable portion of mock-heroic humour, the bully attending a house of infamy.

"——Him thirsting after gold,
nor words,

"Nor more persuasive wine can satisfy,

"Thy

"Thy purse must pay, the violation of the public bed."

It has been said of Dr. Armstrong, and I believe, by himself, that his success, as a physician, "was impeded by excessive sensibility," and what he calls "a ticklish state of spirits, occasioned or increased by the teasing and uncomfortable circumstances of the profession." This irritability produced, in some of his publications, the peevishness of passionate expression, and in one instance, outrageous invective. He who affects to quarrel with, or despise the world, has been aptly compared to a wayward, spoilt child, who to revenge himself on his mother, for some petty contradiction, "resolved to stay all night on the bridge." To continue the simile, the despiser of mankind will, in general, find his anger or resentment repaid with ample interest; he may stay for fifty nights on the comfortless bridge of secession, frozen with cold, or drenched with rain, and the world, so far from feeling for his situation, or meeting him half way with offers of pity and condolence, will ridicule the impotence of that ineffectual revenge, which recoils only to its own injury, and add, by bitter insult, new barbs to the arrows of affliction.

In fact, the "ticklish state of poor Armstrong's spirits," was an *effect*, rather than a cause of his failure. It was the mortification of a wounded spirit, conscious of its powers, but well convinced of the mistakes and obliquities which produced disappointment; while, at the same time, the neglect of

mankind, was aggravated by the unaccountable success of many a superficial unqualified cotemporary, gliding down the stream of fame and affluence.

The unfortunate, and of course, the pensive man, in his journey through life, industriously hunts for, and fixes on, as objects of discussion or contemplation, his own ill treatment, the happy fortune of his rivals, and a thousand little harassing circumstances, which a fortunate traveller, on the same road, either sees not, or does not feel, resolved that the unavoidable rubs of envy and opposition, shall not interrupt the congratulations of self-applause, or darken the bewitching prospects of enjoyment and independence, which, through a variety of avenues, present themselves to his view.

"But is the industry of the professional student to abate, because he sometimes sees great and well cultivated powers, neglected or forgotten by mankind? Is he to exchange the glowing enthusiasm of expectation, for the impotent languors of inactivity?—The man, who in spite of time mis-spent and unimproved talents, has been able, by political manoeuvre, and fortunate incident, to attain eminence, is best qualified to answer these questions. He knows, and feels the peculiar dangers of his situation, that the health and life of his best friends are in the hands of a man unfit for the important office he has undertaken; that he is every moment exposed to the open attacks, or the insidious artifices of competitors, eager, as well as able, on every occasion, to

“to detect imposture, and publish
“imbecility.

“Let therefore every young
“man, who avows himself a can-
“didate for fame and fortune, in
“law, physic, or divinity, by un-
“wearied diligence, by prudent
“conduct, and by application, se-
“cure himself from the ridicule
“and contempt so constantly, and
“so properly attached to ignorant,
“though successful pretenders.—
“If, after devoting his days to
“business, and his nights to books,
“toil should prove ineffectual; if
“mankind shall not be disposed to
“acknowledge merit, or reward
“his labours, let not disappoint-
“ment damp his spirits, or delayed
“hope make his heart sick; ho-
“nest, though unrequited effort,
“will afford solid comfort. He
“may console himself, with re-
“flecting, that he shares the fate
“of many great and many good
“men; that although he does not
“move in a brilliant and exalted
“circle, he is a valuable and use-
“ful member of society. The
“conviction, that he has endea-
“voured, in spite of a frowning
“world, to fulfill the duties of that
“station assigned him by Provi-
“dence, that he has not buried his
“talent, nor yielded to the de-
“pressions of despair, will heal the
“wounds of ambition, and diffuse
“a warm ray of honest joy over
“the evening of life.”

ARNOLD, JOHN, a native
of Brandenburg, who exer-
cised the trade of a miller, near
Custrin, and a subject of that
illustrious, and philosophic war-
rior, Frederick, King of Prussia;
who I believe needs no other ad-
dition to his name, to distinguish

him from his predecessors, or the
succeeding king. The mill, in
which Arnold lived, was pienti-
fully supplied with water, at the
time he purchased the lease; he
had regularly paid his rent, and
supported himself and family in a
comfortable manner, for upwards
of six years.

Count Schmettau, the miller's
landlord, having occasion, in the
year 1776, to enlarge a fish pond,
contiguous to his seat, and to
turn a greater quantity of water
into it, ordered a canal to be cut
from the stream a little above the
mill, notwithstanding the earnest
remonstrances of his tenant, who
forefaw, and pointed out the in-
jury he should receive, and in-
treated, that if the canal must re-
main, he might be permitted to
resign his lease. This reasonable
request being refused, the current
of the stream was lessened, and the
water so evidently lowered, that
the mill could only be worked
during the floods, which succeed
violent rains. Arnold applied to
a court of law for redress, but sen-
tence was pronounced against him,
and after much anxiety from his
debts increasing, while his ability
for raising money daily dimin-
ished; his utensils, goods and chattels,
were at length seized and sold, to
pay the arrears of rent, and a long
lawyer's bill. By the advice of his
friends, who knew the benevolent
and equitable principles of their
sovereign, he presented a short
memorial on the subject, to the
king, whose scrutinizing eye, e-
qually formed for minute precision
and vast design, was immediately
struck with the simplicity of the
poor man's narrative; and though
during

during a considerable portion of his reign, he was reluctantly compelled, by the united perfidy and canting hypocrisy of the courts of Austria, France and Russia, to havoc and desolation, his heart was, on most occasions, alive to the interest and happiness of his subjects.

Frederick immediately dispatched a private agent to Custrin, who examined the merits of the business, surveyed accurately the mill, the stream, and the new canal, and enquired particularly into Arnold's former situation, and the probable causes of his failure. By the cautious deliberation with which he proceeded, the king seems to have guarded, as far as he was able, against those opposite extremes, which the most amiable virtues sometimes hurry us into; he was fully aware of his natural, his well known antipathy to law and its professors, who are too often the scourges and fire-brands of society, and the disgrace of a liberal profession; from the surly judge on the bench, who browbeats or misleads a jury, and boasts that he pays little attention to what evidence or counsel adduce, but determines a cause in his own mind, from an early glance of his eye, to the base tipstaff, who derives a dishonourable subsistence from the tears and groans of affliction.

Our royal legislator, one of the few hereditary monarchs, who by personal merit, deserved to reign, revised with his own eyes, the various evidence and pleadings before the court, and the whole of the law proceedings. Fearing also that resentment, and misguided zeal might heat his imagination, warp his judgment, and lead him to in-

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justice and oppression, the very crimes he meant to punish in others, and resolving not to trust to his own opinion, he consulted several eminent veterans, who had passed in laborious study or daily practice, thro' the different provincial, municipal, and civil departments, before he finally determined on the conduct he meant to pursue.

Early in the month of December, 1779, having made up his mind, he ordered his chancellor, the judges of the high court of appeal, and the counsellors, who had approved and signed Arnold's sentence, into his presence. After describing to them the purposes for which the several posts they filled, were first created, and observing, that peasants or beggars were to the full as well entitled to impartial justice as a king or a noble, and that an unjust or negligent magistrate, who betrayed his trust, or a corrupt court of law, partial in its proceedings, were more dangerous in a state, and less easy to guard against, than a band of robbers; he laid before them their decree against the miller, and remonstrated in severe terms, on a conduct, so opposite to the fundamental principles of equity; he animadverted with warmth on their absurd cruelty, in suffering a man to be deprived of water, the only means by which he could work his mill, and then pulling him to pieces for arrears of rent. The chancellor was peremptorily dismissed from his post, the several judges and the members of the court of Custrin, were taken into custody, and immediately prosecuted. A sum equal to the produce of the effects of the miller

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millers, and the amount of the law proceedings, was deducted from the salaries of all who had a share in the unjust sentence. Count Schmettau, a haughty German baron, who had long considered his vassals as animals, only a few degrees above his horse, his hounds, or his hogs, was reprimanded, and ordered to reimburse to his late tenant, all the rent he had received, from the time of the canal being first opened.

My readers will probably be surprized to hear that this conduct of the great Frederick, in which the keen eye of severe scrutiny perceives so much to praise, so little to condemn, has been branded with the opprobrious epithets of arbitrary and tyrannical, by an ingenious and enlightened writer, who in many instances has proved himself an assertor of the Rights of Mankind. The force of his reasoning, or the correctness of his statement, I confess myself unable to perceive, though they conclude with a potent argument, which he seems to mention with indecent exultation, that the determination in favor of Arnold, was reversed, a few months after the king's death, and that every possible reparation was made to the honour, feelings, and interests of the injured and degraded lawyers. After every enquiry into the business, I cannot but applaud the brave deceased old Fritz, as his soldiers used to call him; and shall only observe, that in some kingdoms, I had rather be the husband of a pretty wife, a baron, or a lawyer, than a miller, a peasant, or a private soldier.

The late king's behaviour, when laying out his own garden, at Sans

Souci, was somewhat different from Count Schmettau's; the builder and surveyor reported to his majesty, that a neighbouring mill was an insurmountable impediment to all his improvements; that the miller had been treated with for the purchase of it, and double its value had been offered, or, if he preferred it, that another mill should be built, in any part of the country he chose; but that nothing could prevail on the old man to part with a spot, to which he was particularly attached, and on which he had passed the earliest and most pleasant period of his life. "Don't you know," said the king, who called on him to repeat his offers, "Don't you know, that if I please I may take your mill, turn you out, and not pay you a farthing for it?" "Aye," replied the miller, "that you might, if there was no such thing as a supreme court of justice at Berlin." The king laughed heartily, and altered the whole plan of his garden.

ASPASIA, a Grecian female, an inhabitant of Athens, and a cotemporary of Socrates and Xenophon, who devoting her life to licentious pleasure, emerged from infamy and indecorum, to honour and distinction, won the affections, and secured the lasting esteem of Pericles, the hero of his age and country, was respected as the friend, and admired as the companion, of all that was illustrious and exalted in either sex, during the most refined and brilliant period of Grecian history.

Our curiosity and attention are naturally excited by this fair Milesian, who, with vices which would have chained down most women

women in the noisome and sequestered caves of prostitution, boldly claimed, and eminently enjoyed that consideration and esteem, which the world generally bestows on virtuous and correct conduct alone. Athenian matrons, mothers of families, and the wives of senators and wealthy citizens, repaired, without scandal, to the entertainments of Aspasia, where society was enlivened by beauty, wit, and wine; while the graces, with loosened zones, presided at her repasts.

Inheriting from nature a bewitching form, and a masculine understanding, no improvement had been spared, which education or money could procure; but the same quickness of perception, and sensibility of heart, which made her progress in acquirements so rapid, rendered her only an earlier and an easier victim to the tender passions, so often fatal to youth and beauty; once plunged in the abyss of unhallowed indulgence, she imparted almost a dignity to loose desire, and often rushed from the couch of sensuality and excess, to the academic grove, where, to use the language of a lively writer, she outstripped in eloquence the master of moral philosophy, and surprized, by the depth of her reflections, and the brilliancy of her metaphors, the author of the *Cyropædia*.

Such have been the glowing expressions of exaggerating partiality, perhaps of doating admiration; and that man must have more of the cynic than the lover in his composition, who has not, at certain moments of his life, imagined something very excellent, and un-

commonly striking, in words issuing from a pretty pair of lips; words, which from a plain face, on the wrong side of six and thirty, would have passed without praise, and without notice.

The fascinating arts of this syren must, however, have been wonderful, or the domestic life of Pericles, who was a married man, very uneasy, for not satisfied with those clandestine snatches of enjoyment, preferred by our modern men of pleasure, far beyond the dull routine of lawful affection; he prevailed on his wife to consent to a separation, provided her with another husband, and led Aspasia to the altar, a proceeding which did not escape the comic lash of Cratinus and Aristophanes.

"Tell me," said Aspasia to the wife of Xenophon, in one of those confidential moments, when her predominating powers of conversation had levelled every apparent distinction between the honourable wife and the courtesan, "Tell me, without reserve, if an acquaintance had more valuable jewels, or a more splendid side-board of plate than your own, should you not prefer them?" "Undoubtedly," replied the lady. "Suppose she had a better husband than you?" continued Aspasia; Xenophon, to whom, after a short silence, the question was repeated, hesitated; his wife, who did not at first see whither the original question would lead, hung her head, and blushed. "You will neither of you," exclaimed Aspasia, "satisfy me on a subject, almost the only one, on which I wish to hear your opinion. You expect perfection in other
F 2 "people,

"people, but are confuted to find,
 "on the questions being properly
 "put, that, on certain points, you
 "are not better than your neighbours."

This article would be extended to an undue length, were I to produce every instance upon record, of this extraordinary woman's natural acuteness, and literary talents, they are frequently acknowledged by her contemporaries and successors, who occasionally speak with respect of her compositions, though with the exception of a slender portion quoted by an antient writer, they are no longer extant. Pericles, at first struck only with beauty, had sought relief in her society, from the sameness, or the chagrin of matrimony, and expected, after the zest of novelty was dissipated, only the usual frivolous, superficial, nauseating small-talk, of vicious absurdity. He was, however, agreeably surprized, when he found her well acquainted with the present interests, and the past history of her country, and qualified to converse on any subject he might choose as a scholar, a general, a politician, or a man of taste. With such a woman, the giddy violence of desire was naturally succeeded by warm esteem, by rational attachment; and this great commander, who, by arms and influence, governed Greece, confessed with transport, that he prized the lovely Aspasia beyond all his honours and all his triumphs, that he was indebted to her for much of his fame and success, for the highest intellectual pleasures, as well as the most blissful moments of his life.

If such is the magic charm of beauty without innocence, and accomplishment without virtuous tendency, what punishment will not those women deserve, who neglect or abuse these valuable gifts of Heaven. I thank God, such profane misapplication cannot *now* be laid to the charge of the ***** of ***** in whose exemplary conduct, as a wife and a mother, we forget the thoughtless levities of her *joyeuse entrée*.

ATHANASIAN CREED, a form of words appointed to be occasionally read, as part of the Liturgy of the Church of England. This composition, which perplexing or defying human reason for several centuries, has proved a stumbling block to many conscientious men, which excited the inquisitive scruples of Chillingworth, and the candid doubts of Waterland and Clarke, has been given up by a pious Bishop (Taylor) who after a long, a laborious, and a learned investigation, frankly confesses that the very extraordinary explanations contained in it, cannot be deduced from the language, or the authority of Holy Writ. Yet a Creed which has maintained its ground for almost nine hundred years, which has been pronounced by Luther a bulwark of the Christian faith, and which, excepting the damnatory clauses, is said by its supporters to derive its origin from an Evangelist, the Precursor and Herald of Christ; which has received the open assent or silent subscription of a thousand sincere Christians and excellent Divines is not to be hastily rejected. "I confess that it is

"a com-

"a complication of subtleties," says one of its able Defenders, "but to guard Christianity against the attacks of its adversaries, the verbose rhetoricians of the day, it was necessary to fight them with their own weapons, and by opposing subtleties to subtleties, exhibit an acknowledged and generally received truth, in the technical phrases, and verbal niceties of its enemies."

On a subject, which has for ages alarmed the fears, or roused the zeal of many great and many good men, little of novelty can be produced; the question indeed can never be satisfactorily or finally settled, until we have determined WHETHER REASON IS OR IS NOT NECESSARY IN MATTERS OF REVELATION.

I appeal to every considerate orthodox Member of our Establishment, I appeal to every rational well meaning Christian, if it is possible to peruse this Creed without suspense, or to assent to it, without hesitation. How painful then must be the task, how keen the regrets of many a worthy clergyman, who, at stated intervals, is compelled to declare with its unknown compiler, that an absolute and unqualified agreement with such elaborate and compound definitions, is, BEFORE ALL THINGS, necessary to salvation; that he who in the struggle of reason tramples on its doctrines, or in the timidity of mental reservation, evades its abstruse mysteries, shall without doubt PERISH EVERLASTINGLY. I am convinced that the intricacies of this ecclesiastic scale, in which Unity and Polytheism, tremble on the balance, or alternately kick

the beam, has been the cause, joined with the inhumanity of the obnoxious clauses, the *immediate* cause of driving many individuals into the wilds of Deism, for doubt once excited, seldom takes rest, in a studious and contemplative mind.

"The thirty-second verse of the thirteenth chapter of St. Mark," says a Divine of the Established Church, "clears all my doubts, and at once quiets my mind on the subject. Of that day and hour knoweth no man, neither the Angels which are in Heaven, nor the Son, but the Father." "Is not this," continues the same writer, "is not this a regular climax, beginning with the lowest order of intelligent beings, and ascending gradually to the highest. Is not the knowledge of the day of judgement, denied, first to men, then to angels, then to the Son of God?"

In answer to this quotation it has been said, that by the Law of Scripture Analogy, passages which apparently contradict the Athanasian Hypothesis, should be accommodated to those which confirm it; —a canon of theological criticism, to which every man will agree, when he is convinced that the author of the creed in question, was divinely inspired and infallible; yet it cannot with truth be denied that texts occur in the New Testament, equally favourable, to a different explanation of the Athanasian hypothesis. But, waving the authority and scriptural correctness of this Creed, is it consistent with the opinion we are taught to entertain of Almighty God, whose mercy appears in all his works, is it credible, is it possible that he would

have insisted on the belief of a speculative opinion, being essentially necessary to salvation, without a plain, clear, and open avowal of it? Would a Being in whom omnipotence and intelligence are evidently united, would he have left the fate of all mankind to depend on the heated imaginations, and the interested decisions of polemic rhetoricians, on a letter, a syllable, or a word; on *ουσία* and *υπόστασις*, on *ομοουσιαν* or *ομοιουσιαν*, on the difference between a Person, and a Being, a difference which it is not easy to imagine, and I think impossible to describe?

If, as is the opinion of many, the soundness of whose faith, and the goodness of whose intentions, I have neither right or inclination to call in question, if the entire removal of this production would be levelling an outwork or strong hold of the Christian faith, in God's name let it remain; but justice and good policy, require that, the reading it, or not reading it should be left to the discretion of the Minister, who is too often obliged to submit to that most odious compromise, religious hypocrisy, or relinquish the support of his family. I see no possible evil which could arise to church or state, from such a salutary and rational regulation, a regulation which was approved of and proposed by Archbishop Tillotson, by the Bishops Taylor, Pearson, Beverley and Clayton, by the learned Doctors Cave, Hole, Bennett, and by Lord Chancellor King. Unless, as hath been faintly hinted by a late writer, unless it is conceived that an implicit, orthodox, pure, un-

contaminated faith, is more manageable in a state, and more conducive to the peace of the church, than rational conviction, and the hallowed warmth of sincere devotion. An odious and abominable system, which strips from religion, consolation and purity of heart, and in their stead wraps around it a fantastic robe of worldly policy, and a masque of atheistic refinement.

For the consequence of such a procedure, we need look no farther than France. The moment such an opinion is impressed on the great body of the people, if they once conceive that profession and belief do not go hand in hand, but that religion is prostituted and degraded to the vile purposes of State Machinery, Interest and Delusion, the church of any nation in such case totters to its foundation, it must inevitably fall, and threatens to bury Christianity in its ruins. This awful, this momentous truth, confirmed by past ages, and evinced by present example, I wish to impress strongly on the minds of Kings, Prelates, Priests and Statesmen.

"Whoever," says a worthy Divine, and an ingenious writer, "whoever believes that Jesus Christ, is, in a sense in which no other Being ever was, the Son of God; that he came into the world, to lay down his life for sinful men; and that acceptance is only to be obtained through his merits and intercession; whoever in consequence of such belief conforms his life to the law of Christ, seems to do all of importance towards his salvation, fulfills the Gospel conditions

"conditions, and thereby answers
"the end of the covenant."

The following is part of the speech of Dr. Clayton, a Bishop of Ireland, on his making a motion in the House of Peers in that kingdom for omitting the Nicene and Athanasian Creeds, a motion, which, in the course of the debate, the Primate declared, "*made his ears tingle.*"

"The Athanasian Creed," says Dr. Clayton, "has not even the authority of a Council to support it, but is now a known forgery, detected by the criticisms of the learned Vossius, it cannot be traced within two hundred years of the time of Athanasius. Perhaps it may be asked, how comes it then to bear his name. The answer to which, is, that it agrees with the Athanasian doctrine, and had his name affixed to it by the Church of Rome, because he was a person much esteemed by that church, which has long laboured to propagate his political and religious principles among mankind. But as the true character of Athanasius is not generally known, I beg leave to inform your Lordships, who and what he was.

"Athanasius was a young, forward, petulant Deacon in the church of Alexandria, of an ambitious spirit, and with talents admirably calculated for disputation. Having no hopes of getting into that Bishopric, unless he could drive out of Alexandria Arius, who was the principal Presbyter in that church, next to the Bishop, he effected his purpose by fomenting a dis-

"pute on the subject of the Trinity, between the Bishop and Arius, who being obstinate, uncomplying, or sincere, was excommunicated and expelled from the city.

"The old Bishop died not long after, when Athanasius, only twenty-eight years of age, with assistance from the Ascetics, forced himself at once into the Archiepiscopal Throne, was illegally consecrated, and by the force of bribes to a favourite courtier, was by the Emperor Constantine, confirmed in his See. But the turbulent arrogance of his spirit was not to be controuled by gratitude or by sound policy, he grossly insulted his benefactor the Emperor, and treated Constantius, his successor, with insolence and contempt. For this, and many irregularities in his conduct, he was deposed by a numerous council of Bishops, regularly summoned and assembled. But in defiance of ecclesiastic discipline, and the laws of decency and justice, he forced his way into the see, over the murdered bodies of his antagonists, and waded into his cathedral through seas of blood.

"It may, perhaps, be further asked, why this should recommend him to the See of Rome. The reason is, that all the enormities I have mentioned were committed with the concurrence of the Vatican. While Athanasius treated his Royal Master and the rest of mankind with insult, he paid a servile court to the Papal Chair. Indeed the first precedent that can be produced in the books of the
"Canon

“ Canon Law, in support of the
 “ supremacy of the Pope, is this
 “ instance of the slavish submission
 “ paid by Athanasius to Julius,
 “ who, as well as his predecessors,
 “ had 'till that time been consid-
 “ ered as little more in foreign
 “ power and authority, than Bi-
 “ shops of Rome. I therefore
 “ should apprehend, that all Pro-
 “ testants, who reject that supre-
 “ macy, and avow the indepen-
 “ dency of the Church upon the
 “ State, if they wish to be con-
 “ sistent, ought to be for obliterat-
 “ ing the name of Athanasius from
 “ our Liturgy, into which it was
 “ probably inserted, with a view
 “ of recommending his political
 “ principles, under the shelter and
 “ influence of his religious doc-
 “ trines.

“ My Lords, I desire you will
 “ be so good as to observe that I
 “ have not taken upon me to say,
 “ that the doctrine contained in
 “ the Athanasian Creed is false.
 “ I only say, it is not plainly and
 “ clearly revealed. Nor, do I
 “ presume to condemn those, who
 “ think they have evidence suf-
 “ ficient to justify their being per-
 “ emptory and positive in support
 “ of it. I judge no man, I only
 “ say, it contains a doctrine, of so
 “ nice, difficult and metaphysical
 “ a nature, to be made the subject
 “ of a Creed, ordained to be read
 “ by the minister and repeated by
 “ the congregation, whose devo-
 “ tions should not, as St. Paul ob-
 “ serves, consist of doubtful dis-
 “ putations, but be of a kind, that
 “ all may glorify God with one
 “ mind and one mouth.

“ But my Lords, let us suppose
 “ only for arguments sake, that

“ the doctrine of this C
 “ wrong, and unless the
 “ was infallible, there is a
 “ lity that it may be so.

“ In that case let us on
 “ gine what would be the
 “ quence!—I dread to nan-
 “ it would be no less than
 “ phemy; it is indeed the
 “ and terror of a wrong d
 “ nation, on so delicate a
 “ that makes me solicitous
 “ moving this Creed from
 “ tury.”

In answer to the Bishop
 observed that *his disapprov*
 Athanasian Creed, was
 means a sufficient reason
 jesting it, that he should
 been direct, explicit and p
 lar, in pointing out how
 agreed or disagreed with th
 scriptures, which after all
 only true standard, by whic
 questions can be properly ju

A friend was wonderin
 lamenting to a writer who
 casually quoted in this wo
 the doors of admission in
 Church of England were no
 liberally widened; “ If yo
 “ cease lamenting and wond
 said the satirist, rolling his
 nent eyes, “ I will tell y
 “ reason, You know the
 “ many good things in the C
 “ for which there are num
 “ candidates, and in genera
 “ than the good mother c
 “ festually provide for.
 “ then escape your sagacit
 “ the wider the door is o
 “ the greater will be the n
 “ of those who enter, t
 “ course the share of eccl
 “ loaves and fishes, to be
 “ buted among the faithf

“be proportionately diminished.
 “Be easy then, and let me hear
 “no more on the subject, it
 “leads to Jacobinism, and as a
 “loyal subject, I shall be obliged
 “to slip your name into the gap-
 “ing mouth of one of Mr. Reeves’s
 “Mouchards, who like the Lyons
 “at Venice, are conveniently
 “placed at different quarters, for
 “the reception of anonymous in-
 “formation, on the subject of se-
 “dition; or what in the present
 “day, is of more alarming ten-
 “dency, reformation.”

ATTORNEY GENERAL, an officer of the crown, armed by the laws of England, or by immemorial usage, with powers, apparently inconsistent with a free constitution, and which it has been the wish of many great, and many good men, to see moderated and restrained. In the business of filing informations, and carrying on what have been called ex-officio prosecutions, he is neither directed by the previous examination and interference of a grand jury, nor controuled by the established forms of any court, which are cautiously observed in all other cases. He can, by his own mere motion, give a name to, or put any construction he pleases, on the conduct, writings, or even the thoughts, of any person whatever. His proceedings are commenced without any previous affidavit or examination, and if in the course of the trial, there appears any probability of failing in his charge, contrary to what takes place with other prosecutors, he incurs neither risque nor expence, but by a short motion, puts an end to the suit, and sad-

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dles, perhaps, an innocent, but unfortunate defendant, with heavy and ruinous costs. Another circumstance, which has attached suspicion to this mode of proceeding of the crown lawyers, is, that the Attorney General is removeable at pleasure, and placed in the high road to emolument and promotion; a situation dangerous to human virtue, not always sufficiently powerful to induce a man to decide in favour of conscience and honour, against a good place, and the solicitations, or mandates of a minister.

In defence of this species of official proceeding on the part of the crown, it has been urged, that the licentiousness of the press has been and still is carried beyond all bounds of decency or truth; that kings and ministers are continually exposed, by artful seditious writers, to hatred and contempt; that in prosecutions for libels on government, juries are partial to the side of the people; that in the most flagrant cases, a verdict cannot be obtained for the king; and that a judicial and more summary method, free from the inconveniences of popular restraint, is for urgent reasons, absolutely necessary.

That the temper of the times, has, in general, an influence on jurymen, cannot be denied; yet many trials, in the memory of my readers, prove, that an English jury is not flagrantly insensible of the respect due to the executive power, nor tardy in bestowing exemplary punishment on the defamers of public worth, or private virtue. The general cry which has gone through the land against

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this

this mode of prosecution, is, in itself, a sufficient cause for limiting and restraining it; nothing, in general, being so likely to counteract the impartial administration of substantial justice, as a defendant coming into court with every appearance of having been proceeded against rigorously and unfairly. It is also the opinion of several sound lawyers, whose inclinations in favor of the liberty of the subject, can never be numbered with their failings, that whenever the Attorney General commences a prosecution *ex-officio*, the defendant should, as in other cases, be permitted to shew cause, why the information should not be granted. This concession would still leave ample discretionary power in the breast of a court, would deprive many a superficial declaimer of a potent, a plausible common-places argument, and refusing it, cannot be defended on any plea of justice, common sense, or good design.

BADCOCK, SAMUEL, a learned divine, and ingenious critic of South Molton in Devonshire, who, after much literary labour, for the honour and emolument of others, and after wielding with success the sword of religious controversy, died of a consumption, early in life.

His attack on the Thelyphthora was masterly, and his triumph complete. The animadversions on Dr. Priestly evince a more than critical severity, which arose from a personal enmity subsisting between them. That intimacy and confidence which religious characters so often obtain, and too frequently abuse, had introduced Mr. Bad-

cock into a friend's house, where a passion, whose effects we lament, but whose omnipotence we all submit to, urged the young novice, keen with abstinence, and unbroke by debauchery, to unhallowed passions. Though Mr. Badcock solemnly called God to witness, that his partiality towards the fair, never proceeded to actual criminal intercourse.

At a subsequent ordination, Dr. Priestly mentioned this circumstance as an objection to his entering on the ministry. But this youthful indiscretion, this weakness of human nature, was forgotten, in consideration of the superior abilities of the candidate; the correctness of whose future life justified the measure.

But Badcock did not soon forget the injury, the eagerness of revenge evidently pervades his critical page, it animates, and incites, but never misleads him. The profuse, the unceasing fertility of Dr. Priestly's pen exposed him so often, and particularly in his History of the Corruptions of Christianity, to the lash of criticism, that Badcock, who, in ecclesiastical learning, and in Greek erudition, was confessedly his superior, had an opportunity for gratifying his resentment and displaying his learning; yet at the same time it must be confessed, he has acted with strict justice towards the candid unitarian doctor.

The paper war, which took place in consequence of a promissory note, found among Mr. Badcock's papers, in which, I confess, I see nothing to blame in Dr. Gabriel's conduct, brings to my mind a line or two in some satirical doggrels,

doggrels, which I remember were handed about, at the time the professor preached the Bampton Lectures; they prove, that the opinion of Dr. White's being assisted by the Devonshire critic, was by no means a new one:

"And Badcock inclin'd to our
"church pater noster,
"Proves that White is, himself,
"an *Arabian Imp. For.*"

Dr. White appears to be a man of genius and learning without application, but not without a prudent regard for the *meum* and *tuum* in money matters, tho' he has been otherwise described.

I think it but right in every future edition of the learned, acute, but not in every instance the liberal Bampton Lectures, that the names of Badcock and White should be printed in the title as joint authors: on reading the sermons a second time lately, I perceived, or thought I perceived, certain peculiar internal evidences copiously scattered through particular parts, which decisively point out the *Professor's* share of the production. On this subject I cannot agree with a respectable writer, "that the measure of assistance, which men of letters may occasionally receive from their friends in learned undertakings" is a matter of indifference to the public. If an individual, blest with acuteness of intellect and incessant application, unites with a man of great ability, but without firmness or resolution to rouse himself to active exertion, it surely is neither consistent with moral and intellectual equity, or the interests of literature, that laborious application, should be the portion

of one, while fame, and emolument are to be exclusively enjoyed by the other. The man who like Dr. Gabriel endeavours to assign *to each bird his proper feathers*, renders an essential service to mankind, and may teach men of literary eminence a useful lesson, that as it required great powers to attain their exalted rank, so it demands persevering industry to support it.

Mr. Badcock, added to the most brilliant, natural, and acquired endowments, intellectual energy, and unremitting industry, and tho' he latterly joined the establishment, remained (blush ye lights of the church!) without provision, in a country where ignorance gently slumbers in prebendal stalls, or fattens on pluralities, and where those rewards which were designed to requite excellence, and raise depressed merit, are lavished on hereditary dulness, or the ministerial tools of parliamentary corruption.

BAILLIE, Captain, a naval officer, and Lieutenant Governor of Greenwich Hospital, an appointment from which he was dismissed, for pointing out, and endeavouring to remedy, certain notorious abuses in the domestic management of that institution, at a period, when every consideration of public duty, and private justice, were overpowered by the fury of party virulence. I will not dwell on the shabby and cruel fraud, of imposing on our marine veterans bull-beef, of which, though he was paid a fair price for wholesome meat, a contracting butcher was convicted; I will not rival the minute investigation of the Duke of Richmond,

on curtailed sheets, short shirts, ill-made shoes, or scanty stockings; it would be interrupting his improvements in the *theory of projectiles*, were I to recall his attention to such details, tho' at a certain period of his life, they were the favourite, the darling objects, of his active zeal.

Although these transactions terminated in the dismissal of an able servant of the public, a spirited, and an enthusiastic reformer, posterity will consider Capt. Baillie as an active and vigorous resister of official speculation, who, deaf to the voice of worldly prudence and policy, laid open the mysteries of borough influence; who supported and enforced, by every means in his power, the spirit and design of the hospital charter, which had been notoriously violated by the admission of landmen, and, for the most part, Huntingdon voters, into that foundation, meant originally, to be solely appropriated to the comfort and relief of wounded and aged seamen. Such will be the tardy justice done to *his* memory, but impressions, equally serious, though not equally cheering, will remain on the mind of every disinterested and impartial man, who shall peruse the pathetic, the well-written memorials, of the worthy subject of this article, supported by weighty personal evidence, and the sentence of a court of justice. The fatal effect his treatment may hereafter produce on the diligence and integrity of persons in public employ, is easily imagined, and, in some instances, has already been felt. Ability to investigate, and courage to correct enormity and

defalcation, must, on future occasions, be concealed under the convenient mask of prudent reserve, or selfish unconcern. Should carrion be sold for food, or the wards of Greenwich Hospital be crowded by Cambridge servitors, or valets from Burton-Pynsent, Frognal, Wimbledon, or Dropmore-Hill; a Lieutenant Governor, after suppressing the struggles of honesty, and the sigh of indignation, would naturally say, "I see what is doing, and know my duty, but I have not the resolution to expose myself and family to difficulty and dismissal; I remember the fate of Capt. Baillie, and must learn to hold my tongue."

It happened in the present, as in many other instances, that the Captain's warmest advocate, if not the direct and immediate source of his misfortunes, proved the indirect cause, indeed the only impediment why government made him no compensation for the loss of his post. The bold, the unceasing attacks of the noble Duke, on the administration of the day, had exasperated into malignity the resentments of Lord Sandwich, and his political coadjutors, "I acknowledge there is much of right, and much of reason, in the assertions of Capt. Baillie," exclaimed the Earl, in a candid moment, to a certain literary barrister, but forgot, or forbore to add, "He is the supporter of the assertions of my bitter antagonist, the inflexible Lenox, and if any relief is afforded to the dismissed officer, it will be a tacit confession of the truth of his Grace's accusations, and will be putting
"additional

"additional weapons into the hands of our merciless foe, that unrelenting Drawcanfir, the Anglo-Gallic Duke."

With other reasons for punishing the unfortunate Lieutenant-Governor, it was said, by his enemies, "He is a man of intractable manners, and vexatious in his temper." "I confess," observed the intrepid Richmond, "that a man of stern independence, and uncorrupted integrity, is not a very desirable associate, to menials, jobbers, and dependants, or calculated to conciliate *their* affections; one of such a cast, is not a likely person, to connive at fraudulent jobs, and scandalous imposition, he will naturally be considered as a morose, uncomplying, ill-natured fellow; and they will, by every method in their power, endeavour to rid themselves of so troublesome a companion."

His Grace, on this occasion, might have aptly introduced a declaration of the wretched man, who, during the reign of Queen Anne, bore and disgraced the title of Wharton, though, it must be confessed, his character has been drawn by the Dean of St. Patrick's, with the "recentibus odiis," evidently predominating. He constantly professed great esteem for Dr. Swift; but his professions were false, and his activity generally exerted, rather to the injury, than the benefit of the man he flattered, but did not betray; for our Irish, I had almost said our benevolent misanthrope, understood his Lordship's character. On a certain occasion, his deviation from a solemn promise he

had made in favour of the Dean, being detected in a manner too gross and glaring to admit of apology, finesse, or deception, he exclaimed, with an oath, to one of his associates, in the hearing of the exasperated priest, who forgot the implied compliment, but never forgave the injury, "We have not enough character or importance ourselves, my Lord, to countenance these fellows who have."

I hear with pleasure, that the Captain has been appointed by his patron to a lucrative post, yet I cannot agree in opinion with a certain commentator on the present article, that his claims were *wholly* of a public nature. I decline entering on my reasons, least an explanation might injure one of the parties. When I consider the nobleman's rank, fortune, and former professions, I still think my former quotation perfectly applicable, and have again introduced it. Had the Duke abolished or retrenched the expences of places in his department and paid the victim of his zeal an annuity out of his own pocket, it could not have been felt in his immense income, and would have afforded us *one* example, of a patriot acting up to his former violent and unqualified professions.

I agree there was no positive legal claim, but this was one of those situations in which,

- "Beyond the fix'd and settled rules
- "Of vice, of virtue, and of schools;
- "The better sort shou'd set before 'em
- "A grace, a manner, a decorum."

In the train of melancholy ideas, produced by the present article, the name of Valentine Morris naturally arises in our minds, and presents another strong and fatal example, of zealous fidelity, persevering industry, and anxious disinterestedness, precipitated by the well meant efforts of genuine patriotism, from the heights of fortune, respect, elegance, and domestic happiness, to obloquy, neglect, prosecution, adversity, and a jail. Raised by personal merit, and the more immediate approbation of his Sovereign, to the government of St. Vincents, he found, in the midst of a war, unexampled for combination and malignity against Great Britain, he found that island defenceless and unprovided; he felt it his duty, as a servant of the public, to whom a valuable colony was entrusted, to provide means of defence, repair the fortifications, and procure by all means in his power, military stores; in this necessary business, his agents would not co-operate, unless he rendered himself responsible, by which means he deeply involved his private fortune; remittances from the Treasury were refused, his, or rather the public creditors, were clamorous, and instant ruin ensued.

How keen must have been the anguish, how severe the mortification of a man like Valentine, erect in the honest and justifiable pride of integrity, and scrupulous performance, thus to experience the degrading treatment of delinquency and guilt. What must have been the tortures of taste and sensibility, when PIERCEFIELD, his

paternal estate, was torn from his possession—PIERCEFIELD, visited and celebrated by historians, travellers, and poets, the seat of well disposed decoration, elegant hospitality, and unrivalled picturesque situation, for which fifty thousand pounds had been repeatedly offered, and at last sold, in the urgency of the moment, for less than half its value.

"May the injustice shewn me, and the unfeeling treatment I have experienced," says Mr. Morris, who felt more acutely than most men, the unmerited severity of his fate, "May the injustice I have experienced, impress on my successors, the shocking infensibility, that constantly accompanies all ministers in their public capacities, however amiable their characters in private life. I have known the honours and comforts of prosperity—I suffer the neglects and insults of adversity; it has however, taught me a useful lesson, resignation. If friendship shall sympathize with my misfortunes; if my name shall be rescued from undeserved reproach; if others shall be warned against suffering the warmth of zeal, to overheat their judgment, and render them forgetful of the cool dictates of private prudence, it will be some recompence for hope, health, and happiness, sacrificed in the service of my country."

BAKER, POLLY, a beautiful, but unfortunate young woman, of Connecticut, in New England, the daughter of a reputable mechanic, soberly, and, as is the custom of that town, religiously.

giously brought up ; educated, according to her rank in life, in reading, writing and plain work, and what is of more consequence, taken home early from the day school, to be instructed in the useful and domestic duties of life.

She had given early proofs of a masculine understanding, and united with it, what is not often united, that female grace and captivating softness of manners, which I fear too often incapacitate the sex, for defending themselves against the attacks of their seducers, but "in which the charm of woman principally consists." With such attractions it was her fate, or her misfortune, to form an acquaintance with an agreeable young man, the son of one of the principal magistrates of the town. An intimacy quickly followed, and few of my readers between eighteen and six and thirty need be told, how soon such an intercourse grows to a tender attachment, and takes a softer name.

They experienced the usual difficulties of love, which are always increased by inequality of condition. I need not describe the irritated pride and selfish resentment of *his* parents, or the tender anxieties of hers: anxieties, augmented by their discovering too late, that her affections were fixed on one, whose family would never consent to their union, whose profligate character was too well known, and whose passions were too violent, to render him at all scrupulous, as to the manner in which he gratified them.

The repeated injunctions and remonstrances of their families, only served to make the young

people more diligent in procuring interviews, and to enhance the value of those precious moments, when procured. It is not my business to dwell on scenes passed over in rapture, but remembered with regret ; which to those best acquainted with them, only prove, that men are false, and women credulous. She was thrown off her guard by his promising to marry her, and in a fatal, incautious moment, undone.

Rejected by her relations, perfidiously forsaken by her betrayer, pregnant, without fame, and without a friend, the pains of child-birth were added to wretchedness and loss of reputation ;—"and hissing infamy proclaimed the rest !" After recovery, those who had supported her became clamorous in their demands ; and her personal beauty being unimpaired, she attracted the loose desires of a neighbouring trader.

It has been said, that we are never so far from misconduct, as when we start at the shadow of indecorum : and surely the barriers of female modesty cannot be too strictly guarded : for the crowded capital, and the sequestered village, alike shock us with numerous instances of the rapid progress from virgin innocence to undaunted turpitude. This unhappy woman, the darling of her family, doated on by a lover, who, had *she* been cruel, still would have been kind, looked up to, and respected for virtue and good sense by all her acquaintance, was now a wretched outcast from society, the ridicule and contempt of many with less virtue, but more prudence than herself, and reduced by a strange kind

kind of base necessity to support herself and a helpless infant by illicit practices, to tread the odious and disgusting path of filthy infamy. The glow of revolting virtue gradually forsook her cheek, and she, who, a few months before, would have started at an indelicate allusion, now entered the noisome caves of prostitution, without a blush.

Such conduct was not to be passed over without legal punishment, in New England, at that time, the Land of Saints, the hot-house of Calvinistic Puritanism. In consequence of this, and other natural children, she several times suffered whipping, fine, and imprisonment. On one of these occasions being brought before a court of justice, in order that sentence might be pronounced against her, she craved indulgence of the bench to speak a few words, and surprised her hearers, by the following address, which was taken down in short hand by a person on the spot.

"I am a poor, unhappy woman, who have no money to fee lawyers to plead for me, and find it very difficult to get a tolerable livelihood. I therefore shall not trouble your honours with a long speech, for I have not the presumption to expect that you will deviate from the sentence of the law in my favour. All that I humbly hope is, that your honours would charitably move the governor in my behalf to remit the fine.

"It is not, I confess, the first time that I have been dragged before this court on the same account; I have paid heavy fines;

"I have been brought to public punishment. I do not deny that this is agreeable to law; but, since some laws are repealed, from their being unreasonable, and a power remains of somewhat dispensing with others, from their bearing too hard on the subject, I take the liberty to say, that the act by which I am punished, is both unreasonable, and, in my case, particularly severe.

"I have always led an inoffensive life in the neighbourhood where I was born; and defy my enemies (if I have any) to say I ever wronged man, woman, or child. I cannot conceive my offence to be of so unpardonable a nature as the law considers it. I have brought several fine children into the world, at the risque of my life; I have maintained them by my own industry, without burthening the township; indeed, I should have done it better, but for the heavy charges and fines I have paid.

"Can it be a crime, in the nature of things, to add to the number of His Majesty's subjects, in a new country that really wants peopling? I own, I should think it a praise-worthy, rather than a punishable action. I have deprived no woman of her husband; I have not debauched, or enticed, any apprentice; nor can any parents accuse me of seducing their son.

"No one has any cause of complaint against me, but the minister and justice, who lose their fees, in consequence of
"my

“ my having children out of wed-
 “ lock. But I appeal to your ho-
 “ nours, if this be a fault of mine.
 “ You have often been pleased to
 “ say, that I do not want sense;
 “ but I must be wretchedly stupid,
 “ indeed, not to prefer the ho-
 “ nourable state of marriage, to
 “ that condition in which I have
 “ lived. I always *was*, and still
 “ *am* willing to enter into it; and,
 “ I believe, most who know me
 “ are convinced, that I am not de-
 “ ficient in the duties and neces-
 “ sary qualifications for a wife, as
 “ well as a mother, sobriety, in-
 “ dustry, cleanliness, and frugality.

“ I never refused an offer of
 “ that sort: on the contrary, I
 “ readily consented to the only
 “ proposal of marriage that ever
 “ was made me. I was then a
 “ virgin; and confiding too rea-
 “ dily in the sincerity of the per-
 “ son who made it, unhappily lost
 “ my own honour, by trusting to
 “ his. After yielding to him all
 “ that woman *can* give, on my
 “ being pregnant, he ungenerous-
 “ ly forsook me. He is well
 “ known to you all; and since
 “ that time is become a magis-
 “ trate.

“ Indeed, I was not without
 “ a hope, that he would this day
 “ have appeared on the bench, to
 “ try to moderate the court in my
 “ favour. I should then have
 “ scorned to mention it; for I can-
 “ not but complain of harsh and
 “ unjust usage, that my betrayer
 “ and undoer, the first cause of all
 “ my failings and faults, should
 “ be advanced to honour and
 “ power by that government,
 “ which punishes *my* misfortunes
 “ with infamy and stripes.

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“ But you will tell me what I
 “ have often been told, that were
 “ there no act of assembly in the
 “ case, the precepts of religion are
 “ violated by my transgression.
 “ If mine then be a religious of-
 “ fence, leave it to a religious pu-
 “ nishment. You have already
 “ excluded me from the church
 “ communion! You believe I have
 “ offended Heaven, and shall suf-
 “ fer everlastingly. Why then
 “ will you encrease my misery, by
 “ additional fines and whippings?
 “ I own that on this subject, I do
 “ not think as you do. Your ho-
 “ nours will, I hope, forgive me,
 “ if I speak a little extravagantly.
 “ I am no divine;—but if gentle-
 “ men must be making laws, they
 “ should not, by their prohibi-
 “ tions, turn natural and useful
 “ actions into crimes. It would
 “ rather become them, to take
 “ into consideration the great
 “ and growing number of bat-
 “ chelors in this country, many
 “ of whom, from the mean fear
 “ of the expences of a family,
 “ never sincerely and honourably
 “ courted a woman in their lives.
 “ By their manner of living, they
 “ leave unproduced, (which is
 “ little better than murder) hun-
 “ dreds of their posterity, to a
 “ thousand generations. Is not
 “ this a greater offence against the
 “ public good than mine? Com-
 “ pel them, by law, either to
 “ marry, or to pay double the fine
 “ of fornication every year.

“ What must poor young wo-
 “ men do? Custom forbids *their*
 “ making overtures to men: *they*
 “ cannot, however heartily they
 “ may wish it, get married when
 “ they please. The laws take no

H

“ care

"care to provide them husbands, yet severely punish them if they do their duty without them;—a duty inculcated by the first great command, *increase and multiply!*—a duty, from the steady performance of which, nothing has been able to deter me, though I have hazarded by it the loss of public esteem, and have frequently endured disgrace and punishment."

Her judges, as well as all present, were strongly affected by the circumstances of her case, she was discharged without punishment, and a handsome collection made for her in court. The public became interested in her behalf: and her original seducer, either from compunction, or from the latent seeds of an affection, which had been suppressed, but never eradicated, married her shortly after.

Can we, or ought we, suddenly to quit a subject, which sooner or later may come home to the bosoms of us all. Which of us has not, or wishes not to have, (for I write only to those, who have the passions and feelings of men)—which of us has not, or wishes not to have, a daughter, whom he tenderly loves; a wife, whom he doats on, and adores? What must be the feelings of a father, after rearing his darling through the dangers and diseases of infancy, after teaching her "young ideas how to shoot," and viewing with delight the opening buds of corporal and intellectual beauty, what must be his sufferings, to have her insidiously tempted, if not forced from his house, profaned by the lavish heir, or the

hoary villain; an object for the lust or barbarity of midnight ruffians; a prey to contempt, penury, disease, hunger, and cold; shivering in the nauseous abodes of vulgar obscenity; blaspheming in a watch-house, huddled in a prison, and lastly, perishing on a dunghill?

The good father, perhaps, will say, against these evils I have guarded. I have instilled early into her mind the principles of revealed religion, the certainty of a particular, superintending Providence, of an Almighty Power, whose eye penetrates the inmost recesses of the heart, which no artifice can evade, no darkness obscure.

I have convinced her, that moments of pleasure and ages of pain are the sure consequences of vice; and that to virtue, and virtue only, belong health and peace of mind.

In educating the subject of the preceding narrative, these precautions were by no means neglected, but they were vain. Her parents, dazzled by the prospect of an advantageous connection, neglected *early* to stop an intercourse, which they must very *early* have known could not end happily, from the aversion of the young man's family to the match. The girl herself, probably superior in understanding to the man who seduced her, and under the impulse of irresistible passion, fell a dupe to the unsuspecting goodness of her own heart, and a reliance on the integrity of his.

What then remains to be done, since the careless and the giddy fall, and even the good, the prudent,

dent, and the highly-endowed, are vanquished at last!

"Where, then, shall hope and fear their objects find?

"Must dull suspense corrupt the stagnant mind?

"Must passion cease? must no soft wishes rise?"

To instruct mankind in the art of extirpating those passions planted in our breasts for the wisest and most benevolent purposes, would be like teaching them to arrest the circulation of the blood, or to stop the pulsations of the heart,—a wild and, if it could be accomplished, a thankless task. The irrational stoic, *pretending* to be exempt from pain, pleasure, and feeling; the wretch, transformed by grief and despair to a human statue, are specimens of what we should produce.

Let us, therefore, act wiser; for passions which we *may* obstruct, but never can *stop*, for a torrent, to which we owe the most blissful moments of our life, let us provide proper channels, and legal gratification. The grand impediments to happiness, in the disposal of our children, are avarice and pride. We forget that a love of pleasure and a love of action are the two great principles implanted in our breasts; and that proper food for the passions, and a fit opportunity for the rational exertion of the social powers, are to be more attended to, than external splendor, and superfluous wealth.

Parents are too often attracted by the offers of young men of high rank and great fortune; if nothing impedes, and marriage takes place, all may be well: but

it surely becomes a prudent father to examine and foresee every probable obstruction, and if it cannot be removed, *early* and *firml*y to put a stop to all intercourse. Love is a disease, which, though not curable by herbs, may be prevented by caution; if he hesitates, if he suffers a mutual attachment to be formed, and marriage cannot take place, the peace of his family is destroyed, and his daughter probably undone.

MORE WOMEN HAVE FALLEN INTO THE SNARES OF ILLICIT LOVE, THROUGH THE DELUSIVE, VAIN HOPES, AND INTERESTED CONNIVANCE OF PARENTS, THAN BY THE ARTS OF THE VILEST PANDER, AND MOST UNPRINCIPLED DEBAUCHEE.

I cannot conclude without particularly addressing myself to my female readers, on a point so highly interesting to them, notwithstanding their exhausted patience tells me, this article is already too far extended, but I *must* crave indulgence.

The heroine of our little narrative, after tasting the sweets of rapture and the sorrows of repentance, after subjecting herself to difficulty, disgrace and punishment, was at last married to her original lover. But I trust that no woman of common sense will be induced by this rare instance of tardy justice, to imitate *her* misconduct.

"For, although a lover's vanity
"is flattered by triumphing over
"the virtue of his mistress, and
"she thinks him bound to consider it as a proof of her attachment, yet will he gradually cease
"to value this distinction, when

“ he recollects the uncertainty of
 “ what determined her conduct,
 “ and will at last believe that any
 “ other man, with the same op-
 “ portunities would have been
 “ equally happy.

“ The sex may say what they
 “ please, but if they fall, though
 “ I would not defend the seducers,
 “ I cannot think they have any
 “ right to complain. Their edu-
 “ cations ought to guard them
 “ against our arts; they know the
 “ consequence of yielding with-
 “ out certain terms. They are
 “ told from their infancy, that
 “ virtue is the necessary character-
 “ istic of the sex, and if they
 “ lose that, they forfeit all that
 “ renders them valuable. If, in
 “ spite of precept and example,
 “ they *will* stray from the narrow
 “ path, can they wonder if we
 “ despise them?”

“ A truly virtuous woman is
 “ superior to all temptations, she
 “ who falls, in reality never had
 “ any virtue to lose, consequently
 “ is not robbed of any, but is
 “ only unmasked, and shown to
 “ the world in her proper colours.

“ Nor in this respect are wo-
 “ men to be so easily excused as
 “ the other sex, for men, from a
 “ depraved licentiousness of the
 “ times, err with impunity; but
 “ vicious, abandoned and foolish
 “ must that woman be, who pur-
 “ chases the short-lived pleasure
 “ of a transient gratification, at
 “ the expence of fortune, fame,
 “ friends, the countenance of her
 “ own sex, and the esteem of
 “ ours.

“ Nothing can excuse her fall,
 “ neither force, stratagem, or sur-
 “ prize; for

“ He comes too near, who comes
 “ to be deny'd:

“ And she ought *never* to be off
 “ her guard.

“ To preserve her honour is the
 “ principal business of her life;
 “ her interest and happiness de-
 “ pend on it; and she knows that,
 “ by a spirited noble resistance,
 “ she shall convert her admirer in-
 “ to an honourable lover, or get
 “ rid of a wretch, unworthy of
 “ her attachment. In short, with
 “ every advantage on the side of
 “ virtue, no woman of sense or
 “ discretion can deliberate an in-
 “ stant.”

Though the writer from whom
 I have made this extract is too se-
 vere in many of his strictures on
 women, and gives an unjustifiable
 latitude to the efforts of seduction;
 yet he places the conduct of the
 frail fair one, in so striking and
 so mortifying a point of view, that
 I think it cannot be held up to the
 sex or repeated, too often. When
 they perceive how low, how very
 low they are esteemed in the opi-
 nion of their destroyers, I should
 hope that pride as well as princi-
 ple would induce them to double
 their caution and resolution, in ex-
 peling these perfidious enemies of
 their peace.

There is another unhappy class
 of females, whom literary in-
 struction cannot reach, whom a
 sense of honour will not influence;
 I know not whether to pity or
 blame them. Surrounded by lux-
 uries and pleasures, which they
 cannot taste but at the expence of
 guilt, and without sufficient mo-
 tives, either religious or moral, to
 strengthen their minds, they rush
 at the enticing call of indolence,
 vanity

vanity and dissipation, into the splendid recesses of infamy. From stage coaches or from waggons, from dust carts, wheelbarrows, and from stalls, from shops, from kitchens, and from sculleries, they at intervals deluge the town, infest our streets, and interrupt our public amusements. Procuring (at what they think a cheap rate) more in the brothel, than they could honestly get in the world, a luxurious life without labour, finery, and public amusements: they prevent all trouble of seduction, and anticipate the purpose of the pander. Through the convenient medium of a procureur, they prostrate themselves as voluntary victims in the unhallowed temples of profligacy, drunkenness and loose desire—With no one attraction to render them tolerable, but to the inelegant grossness of carnal appetite, they display brawny arms, coarse features and vulgar manners in their daily rounds of St. James's-street, Bond-street, Piccadilly, and the Park; stupidly gay, insignificant, glittering and tawdry.

“ Their bliss is anguish, and their love disease !”

Lounging at night in the boxes, or as lately happened to a noble Dutchess, jostling and insulting in the lobby those, whom but a few weeks before they served in the vilest menial offices. After fluttering a short time, if they can escape the hospital, the prison, or the kennel, they sicken the town, and sink into their original obscurity, satisfied that they have had their day, and that the servile condition to which they return, will

afford them retirement, food and raiment.

But to women who have moved in other spheres of life, with delicate forms, refined pleasures, and elegant habits, whose enlightened understandings, and cultivated minds, have not been able to guard them against the insatiable obliquities of vice; desertion and degradation, are equally certain, but far more dreadful, “ they cannot dig, to beg they are ashamed;” for sorrows like theirs I see no resource but death, no refuge but the grave; far preferable to the shocking solicitations, vile companions, and humiliating treatment of a prostitute.

In amorous intrigue, the conduct of the late Mr. Beckford, who spoke truth at court, and was not awed by the frowns of a king, ought not to lose *its degree* of praise. He indulged himself (it must be confessed) he indulged himself in his vicious propensities, with an unbounded and culpable latitude; but, as a diminution of the general mass of public happiness, is *one* of the *many* evils of unlawful love; he did not add misery and desertion to his crime. It was a rule from which he never deviated, to make an ample provision for his natural children, as well as their mother.

It would be some alleviation of female calamity, if all who inherited the strong passions, and the love of variety of Beckford, possessed equal inclination and ability to imitate his generosity. I should then find some little excuse for a noble lord, who used to profess, without disguise, that the daughters
of

of parsons, young and tender, were the enviable objects of his earnest, and too often his successful criminal pursuits.

The impotent imbecility of his age and infirmities, would excite in a less degree our anger and contempt, if he would make some *little* provision for these unhappy *children*, whom he has rendered unable to get an honestful sistance, instead of casting out helpless *infants* on the town dishonoured and destitute.

Had I a talent for moral disquisition, or were I disposed to exemplify retributive justice even in this world, I would instantly point out this unhappy old man, the prop of whose family is debilitated in the full career of vigorous manhood, and whose daughter, vicious, abandoned, profligate and polluted, returns with double force through her father's aching heart the keen arrows of affliction, which he has so often and so dishonourably planted in the bosom of many a parent.

I shall close this article with repeating the words of a gentleman, whom in the article allotted to Mr. Pope, I have called Lorenzo.

"In all my warfare with women (said this person) I never considered myself as justified either to use violent force, intoxicating drugs, or to delude them by promising marriage, or by a mock representation of the ceremony. It is a serious affair, and not to be trifled with; nor is it a fair proceeding.—If I could work on their vanity, their passions, their hopes, and their tears, it was fair fighting on

"equal ground; but having recourse to the modes above mentioned, is like fighting with infected weapons, or poisoning the wells and springs of a garrison or country, and contrary to the laws of war."

I have been accused of speaking too severely of female frailty in the present article, yet I fear the odious and disgusting train of evils entailed on the depravity of women, cannot be alleviated without injury to the first great interests of society. The philanthropist, who laments the harshness of this wholesome truth, may console himself by recollecting, that much remains for activity, and benevolent industry, in guarding against, and preventing a criminal weakness, whose punishment it would be dangerous and unwise to diminish.

The society so honourably patronized by the Duke of Leeds, I beg leave to recommend, as one method of lessening the number of prostitutes in the lower orders; another powerful barrier against the meretricious torrent which defiles our streets, and debauches the rising generation, would be to prevent the too fashionable custom of employing men in those occupations naturally and more properly calculated for women, and to the palpable outrage of decency and good policy. The best preventative in superior ranks, would be a cautious inspection of the morals of upper servants, and all male teachers concerned in female tuition, with an act of parliament against female *boarding* schools. Mothers if not qualified on the score of accomplishment, are or ought

ought to be, in the business of moral and domestic duty, proper governesses for their own daughters; I need not dwell on the folly as well as guilt of leaving the wives and mothers of our descendants, to the outcasts of convents, and the obscene rejected corruption of foreign theatres.

BARNARD, WILLIAM, the son of a Surveyor in Westminster, of good character, and apparently easy in his circumstances, in whose life nothing occurred sufficiently interesting or peculiar to justify my placing him in this collection, till he was accused of a crime, singular, from the mode in which it was executed, and remarkable, because there appeared no urgent motive for inducing him to risk his life, in so rash and unjustifiable an enterprise.

In the year 1758, a letter was found under the door of the office of Ordnance, directed in a hand, imitating print, 'To his Grace the Duke of Marlborough,' who at that time, was master general, and much surprized at reading the following contents.

"My Lord, Nov 28.

"As ceremony is an idle thing upon most occasions, more especially to persons in my state of mind, I shall proceed immediately to acquaint you with the motive and end of addressing this epistle to you, which is equally interesting to us both. You are to know then, my present situation in life is such, that I should prefer annihilation to a continuance in it: desperate diseases require desperate remedies, and you are the man I have pitched upon either to make me

"or to unmake yourself. As I never had the honour to live among the great, the tenor of my proposals will not be very courtly; but let that be an argument to enforce the belief of what I am now going to write.

"It has employed my invention for some time, to find out a method to destroy another, without exposing my own life; that I have accomplished, and defy the law. Now for the application of it; I am desperate and *must* be provided for: you have it in your *power*, it is my business to make it your *inclination* to serve me, which you must determine to comply with, by procuring me a genteel support for my life, or your own will be at a period before this session of parliament is over.

"I have more motives than one, for singling you out first, upon this occasion; and I give you this fair warning, because the means I shall make use of are too fatal to be eluded by the power of physic.

"If you think this of any consequence, you will not fail to meet the author, on Sunday next at ten in the morning, or on Monday (if the weather should be rainy on Sunday) near the first tree beyond the stile in Hyde Park, in the foot walk to Kensington: secrecy and compliance may preserve you from a double danger of this sort; as there is a certain part of the world where your death has more than been wished for, on other motives.

"I know the world too well, to trust this secret in any breast but
"my

"my own. A few days determine me your friend or enemy.

FELTON.

"You will apprehend that I mean you should be alone; and depend upon it that a discovery of any artifice in this affair will be fatal to you: my safety is ensured by my silence; for confession only can condemn me."

The duke went to the spot at the time appointed, having previously desired a friend to observe at a distance what passed.

He waited near half an hour, and seeing no one he could suspect to be the person, turned his horse and rode towards Piccadilly, but after proceeding a few paces, he looked back and saw a man leaning over a bridge, which is within twenty yards of the tree mentioned in the letter: he then rode gently towards the person, and passed him once or twice, expecting that he would speak, but as he still remained silent, his grace bowed and asked if he had not something to say to him, but he answered "No, I don't know you:" the duke after telling him who he was, said "Now you know who I am, I imagine you have something to say to me."

On the stranger's replying "I have not;" his grace directly rode out of the park.

A few days after, a second letter, to the duke: in the same handwriting, and conveyed under the door, as the former one.

"My Lord,

"You receive this as an acknowledgment of your punctuality, as to the time, and place of meeting on Sunday last,

"though it was owing to you that it answered no purpose. The pageantry of being armed, and the ensign of your order were useless, and too conspicuous: you needed no attendant; the place was not calculated for mischief, nor was any intended.

"If you walk in the west aisle of Westminster Abbey, towards eleven o'clock on Sunday next, your sagacity will point out the person, whom you will address by asking his company to take a turn or two with you. You will not fail, on enquiry, to be acquainted with his name and place of abode, according to which directions, you will please to send two or three hundred pound bank notes the next day by the penny post. Exert not your curiosity too early: it is in your power to make me grateful on certain terms. I have friends who are faithful, but they do not bark before they bite."

I am, &c.

F.

The duke had repaired to Hyde Park no otherwise dressed than persons of quality generally are; the only part of the insignia of the order of the garter, being the star by his side; and the pistol holsters before him, are the common horse furniture of a military officer, high in command.

He was naturally alarmed on receiving the second letter, and consulted his friends; when, after sending for the late Sir John Fielding, it was determined, that his grace should go to Westminster Abbey; two or three constables being ordered to attend in fight, as if walking to see the monuments,

ments, and directed to take up any suspected person on the duke's making a signal.

He had not been in the Abbey more than five minutes, when the person he had before spoken to in Hyde Park came in, accompanied with a good-looking decent man, and they both walked towards the choir, and then parted. The person whom the duke had before seen, (and who afterwards proved to be Mr. William Barnard) loitered about looking at the inscriptions, and occasionally fixing his eyes on his grace, who stood for a few minutes pretty near him, to see if he would speak first; but this not being the case, he at last said to Mr. Barnard, "Have you any thing to say to me, Sir?" to which he replied, "No, my lord, I have not." "Sure you have," replied the duke;—but he still said, "No, my lord."

Mr. Barnard then walked up and down one side of the aisle, and his grace on the other, for six or seven minutes, without any conversation passing between them; when the duke of Marlborough quitted the Abbey, at the great door. Nothing particular occurred further at this time; only, it was observed, by one of the persons appointed to watch, that Mr. Barnard placed himself behind one of the pillars, as he went out, and looked eagerly after him.

The duke, with a laudable caution, which did him credit, was still unwilling to have him secured, lest he might injure an innocent man. A third letter was, however, received a few days after; which, on comparing the direction, was evidently the pro-

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duction of the same person, who had written the first. It was as follows:

"My Lord,
"I am fully convinced you had
"a companion on Sunday. I interpret it, as owing to the weakness of human nature; but such proceeding is far from being ingenuous, and may produce bad effects; whilst it is impossible to answer the end proposed.

"You will see me again soon, as it were by accident, and may easily find where I go to. In consequence of which, by being sent to, I shall wait on your grace, but expect to be quite alone, and to converse in whispers. You will likewise give your honour, upon meeting, that no part of the conversation shall transpire.

"These, and the former terms complied with, insure your safety: my revenge, in case of non-compliance, or any scheme to expose me, will be slower, but not less sure; and strong suspicion, the utmost that can possibly ensue upon it; while the chances would be ten-fold against you.

"You will possibly be in doubt, after the meeting; but it is quite necessary, the outside should be a mask to the in. The family of the Bloods is not extinct, tho' they are not in my scheme."

It was more than two months before the duke heard any thing further of this extraordinary correspondent; when he was surprised, by receiving the underwritten letter by the penny-post, in a mean hand, but not in imitation of print, like the others.

I

To

To his Grace, the Duke of Marlborough.

"May it please your Grace,
"I have reason to believe, that
"the son of one Barnard, a surveyor, in Abingdon Buildings, Westminster, is acquainted with
"some secrets, that nearly concern your safety; his father is
"now out of town, which will
"give you an opportunity of questioning him more privately.

"It would be useless to your grace, as well as dangerous to me to appear more publicly in this affair."

"Your sincere friend,

"Anonymous.

"He frequently goes to Stoney's Gate Coffee-house."

In the course of a week, a messenger was sent to the Coffee-house, who met Mr. Barnard there. He appeared much surprized, when told that the Duke of Marlborough wished to speak with him, and said, "It is very odd! for the duke addressed himself to me, some time ago, in Hyde Park, tho' I never saw him before in my life!" a day or two afterwards, according to appointment, he came to Marlborough-house.

As soon as he made his appearance, the Duke immediately recognized the face of the same person, whom he had before seen in Hyde Park, and at Westminster Abbey. On asking him as before, "If he had any thing to say," he replied, "I have nothing to say."

The several letters and circumstances were then recapitulated by his grace, particularly the last, which mentioned Mr. Barnard's knowing something, that

nearly concerned his safety. To these points, he only answered, "I know nothing of the matter."

The Duke then observed, that the writer of the letters in question, appeared to be a man of abilities and education; and lamented that he should be guilty of so mean an action; "*it is possible to be very poor and very learned*;" was his remarkable answer.

On the Duke's saying, there must be something very odd in the man, Barnard answered, "I imagine he must be mad. He seems surprized, that I should have pistols," continued his grace: to which he made answer, "I *was* surprized to see your grace with pistols, and your star on," "Why were you surprized at that?" said the Duke. "It was so cold a day, I wondered you had not a great coat on," was his reply after a little hesitation.

On reading that part of the letter to him, which mentioned his father's being out of town, he remarked, "It is very odd, my father *was* then out of town."—This last circumstance struck the Duke more particularly, as the letter had no date. Before they parted, his grace concluded, with saying, "If you are innocent, it becomes *you*, much more than *me*, to find out the author of these letters, as it is an attempt to blast your character." Barnard then smiled and took his leave.

On the strength of these circumstances, it was soon after thought proper to take him into custody.

custody. He was indicted, tried on the Black Act, at the Sessions House, in the Old Baily, in May, 1758, and, after a long and patient investigation of the circumstances, equally honorable to the candour and humanity of the Duke of Marlborough, and to the impartiality of the judges and jury, at last acquitted.

It appeared, in favour of the prisoner, corroborated by respectable evidence, that, on the day he met the duke in Hyde Park, he had been sent by his father on business to Kensington. As to his being in the Abbey, a Mr. Greenwood, a person of credit, who, as is before observed, was seen with him there, proved, that, contrary to Mr. Barnard's wish, he had, with some difficulty, persuaded him to walk with him from Abingdon Buildings, to the Park, that morning; that they were going thither, without passing through the Abbey; but Greenwood, recollecting a new monument he had not seen, insisted on going that way.

Many persons of fortune and reputation appeared; some of whom had dined with him, at Kensington, on the day above mentioned. These, with many others, had repeatedly heard Mr. Barnard speak with wonder, of having twice met the duke of Marlborough, and the circumstance of his grace speaking to him, being very singular.

They all united in the most ample testimonies of his regularity, sobriety, and pecuniary credit, and his being in the habit of daily receiving considerable sums.

The singularity of this affair

will, I trust, excuse me to my readers for relating it; also a very important deduction is to be drawn from it. Whilst we are in the enjoyment of that inestimable privilege, a trial by jury, we ought to recollect, that, as jury-men, we are to estimate a man's innocence, or guilt, by positive evidence only, as the oath of a jury-man expresses. Circumstantial testimony *alone*, tho' of the strongest kind, ought not to weigh with us in cases of life and death; of this a striking case in point, may be seen in the article allotted to Mirelees, in this collection.

In the present instance, whether Mr. Barnard was guilty or not, and since his death it must be confessed, circumstances have occurred, particularly a transaction with a late East India director, which render it highly probable, the jury, with such evidence as was produced, acted, and gave their verdict, in the true spirit of the English laws, and strictly consistent with their oaths.

Serjeant Davy, whom, perhaps, many of my readers may remember, as a limb of the law, famous for browbeating witnesses, was one of the counsel for the prosecution; but, it was observed, did not, on this occasion, exercise this talent with his usual alacrity; the Duke of Marlborough, from the most amiable and honorable motives, having given him strict and repeated injunctions to abstain from these ingenious efforts to produce perjury, as it was only truth and justice he wished for. The serjeant evinced, on this trial, considerable ability and acuteness; but on most occasions, could not help trying

trying to puzzle and mislead witnesses.

He had been originally a druggist at Exeter, where he failed, and the perplexed state of his affairs requiring some legal knowledge, by his own personal investigation and study, he attained such dexterity, and discovered so much relish for the law and its mysteries, that he was soon after called to the bar. At an assize, in the West of England, many years after, he had occasion to examine an old woman, in a cause, where her memory and faculties of recollection were highly serviceable to her friend, but told very much against the serjeant's client. The cause was going against him, and he was nettled,

"I can remember," said the old woman—

"Remember!" interrupted Davy: "why, I suppose you remember every thing for, and nothing against, a friend, who pays you so generously."

"I have no reason to complain of my memory, for I can remember, though it is, (God help me,) two and twenty years ago, that you yourself were a broken druggist at Exeter," was the matron's sarcastic answer. The serjeant sat down silent and chafed.

The utility and sometimes the necessity of sifting doubtful or contradictory evidence, and of cross-examining artful or prejudiced witnesses cannot be denied, but the proper and effectual mode of performing this business, and adapting it to the kind of person he has to deal with, lies within the compass of a man of moderate abilities,

who is slightly acquainted with the human character. In most instances it may be conducted without violating the feelings of a gentleman, terrifying the timid, confusing the modest, or confounding the ignorant. Should it ever be my fate to fall into the hands of certain notorious adepts in the art of misleading the unwary, whom I or my readers easily could name, a regard for law and justice, or my submission to the custom of a court, might induce me to submit to the indignity for a moment, but the first time I met the crowing lawyer, strutting beyond his own dunghill, I would bestow on him the discipline of a cane. On men who think themselves allowed to take every unfair advantage of circumstance and situation, to cajole us into ridicule or perjury, by duplicity and false reasoning, I would employ as forcibly as the strength of my arm admitted, the argumentum baculinum, or rhetoric of a cudgel.

BASEDOW, a native of Ham-
burgh, in the middle of the
present century, descended from
one of the lowest and most il-
literate individuals in that city.
Notwithstanding the depressions
of abject penury, low birth, and a
cruel father, who in his early in-
fancy answered the cries of his
child for food, by blows and abu-
sive language, who for bread gave
him a serpent; he successfully
struggled with calamity, furnished
himself while a stripling, with the
means of instruction, by manual
labour; and at the age of sixteen
was supported, independent of
parental assistance, by affording
aid to the ignorant and indolent,
in

in the performance of their academic exercises. He had at the same time, an opportunity of performing an important part of filial duty; from the scanty superfluity of juvenile finances, he found means secretly to furnish his mother, a poor woman, shaken by child-birth, and shattered by nervous and hypochondriacal complaints, with certain little articles of dietetic indulgence, which tho' they may escape the notice, or share the ridicule of the vigorous, the healthy, and athletic, contribute so essentially to the comfort and existence of a trembling valetudinarian, a state, particularly to the needy, of all others the most wretched and irksome.

When the successful literary tendencies of Basedow were thus ascertained, it became immediately the ambition of his father, who though poor, wanted not for pride, to *make* him a clergyman. After conquering the difficulties which poverty opposed to such a design, he studied Theology under Professor Crusius at Leipzig, at which place he surprized his friends and established his reputation by publishing a Treatise on Practical Philosophy, which was soon after followed by his German Grammar, an Elementary Essay, well received and very useful. But perusing the Works of Wolf, they established certain religious doubts, which at an early period had existed in, and disturbed the tranquillity of his mind.

From the time that he was first able to think and reflect, it had been the eager and conscientious wish of his life, to form a just and consistent opinion of the

Christian Revelation; on the one hand to avoid the absurd mockeries, and selfish systems of human establishments; on the other, not to shipwreck his peace, and bewilder his mind, in the unavailing cavils of doubt, and the unsatisfactory mazes of infidelity. He was fearful of being led astray from certain safe land marks, established by age, and wisdom, and, of being exposed to that worst species of bigotry, the bigotry of scepticism, which like leaven, abates not of its activity until it has fermented the whole man into a mass of uncertainty and doubt; evils equally bulky and malignant with those which it has ever been the business of the true Philosopher and rational Divine to avoid and turn aside from. The devout believer, fatiguing by unheard prayers, and wearing out by mechanic friction, the image he adores, and afterwards swallowing his God in the form of a wafer, is I think as respectable, and to society a more harmless character than Servetus, a martyr in the cause of Atheism, or Calvin that persecuting reformer, bellowing forth Anathemas against the Whore of Babylon, yet penetrating with the zeal of an enthusiast, the most execrable and inconsistent of her enormities.

Notwithstanding Basedow had thus imprudently avowed his opposition to Creeds and Religious Tests, and was violently attacked by the clergy and their followers, his extraordinary merits occasioned him to be nominated to a Professor's Chair in Altona, and procured him the patronage of the Prince of Dessau. But the doctrines

trines he taught were considered so dangerous, or so inveterate were the prejudices of the populace; that stimulated by his adversaries, they assaulted his house, and he escaped from violence to his person only by precipitate flight. His munificent patron received the fugitive with open arms, established an academy in his capital for the avowed purpose of putting in practice the didactic improvements of Bedford, and diffusing his religious principles, which to the present day are widely spread in every direction through those quarters, where he or his pupils once resided!

"I thank God," said one of the *sicut ante men*, he left behind him, "I thank God, he is gone; who knows where the inflammable train of innovation would have stopped? has he forgot the uproar with which Hufs, Luther, and Melancthon disturbed Germany in a former century, *things are very well as they are*, "we want no whimsical people here, who fancy they can set the world to rights." This prudent man probably would have censured as over-scrupulous, troublesome, and unnecessary, the virtuous repugnance of Lucretia, to the brutal outrage of Tarquin, the revolutionary vengeance of her family, and the subsequent banishment of an odious and tyrannical race; evils, which by a little of *his* pliancy and worldly wisdom, might have been passed over, and avoided.

BEAUTIFUL WOMEN, not always the pleasantest companions. See Adair, Robert, p. 4. in this volume.

BEDFORD, DUKE OF, grandfather of the present nobleman of that name, and attacked by the masterly pen of Junius, who was answered by Sir William Draper, in a manner, whatever were his motives, by no means uncreditable to the abilities or attainments of the Manilla Knight.

"When Greek meets Greek,
'tis then the tug of war."

My reason for inserting this short article, is to notice in the reply of our brilliant, acute, and animated writer, a passage respecting the late Duke of Bedford, neither founded in fact or inference, nor correct as to information.

It was his design to impress an unfavourable opinion of the Duke's pecuniary character; and he proceeds to defy Sir William to produce an instance, in which his Grace had relieved indigence, encouraged art, or patronized merit. That which Sir William Draper was unable or unwilling to say; I think it the duty of an impartial recorder of good actions, to mention; as it surely becomes us, to be as ready to render justice to splendid bounty, as to censure illustrious offence. The Duke notwithstanding the flowery periods, fine language, and overwhelming invective of his assailant, was a generous, a princely, a delicate benefactor to the ingenious Henry Fielding, who frequently did justice to the well directed liberality of the Peer: a liberality which in various ways, amounted to the sum of fifteen hundred pounds.

This conduct of the Duke has a particular claim to applause, as he was at the time, fore in the article of money, having been just involved

involved in enormous expence, by his political attachments, which it must be confessed, were not in every instance, creditable, to his head or heart, and in the stimulating ardour of a contested election, had recently involved him in circumstances, at once distressing and ridiculous.

BENEFIT OF CLERGY, a legal phrase, or technical term, which we often hear, and sometimes repeat, without appearing to understand its precise meaning.

The dark cloud of barbarism which succeeded the downfall of the Roman Empire, having nearly effaced literary pursuits, the attention of the nobility, and of others placed above labor, was wholly absorbed by military exercises and the chase; while the regular and secular clergy, with a few exceptions, became the sole depositaries of books and learning. As it is natural to respect what we do not understand, the Monks turned this advantage to good account, and it gradually became a principle of common law, that no clerk, that is to say, a priest, should be tried by the civil power. A privilege which was enjoyed and abused for several centuries, until the council, or parliament of Clarendon, provoked by murder, and other abominable crimes, set bounds to ecclesiastic licentiousness, by a salutary regulation on the subject.

But a law so necessary was evaded by the insolence or artifice of Becket, and the base pusillanimity of King John and his successor, during a period equally disgraceful to the monarch, and clergy of

England. A provision was at this time enacted, by which any person tried for felony, and found guilty, was exempted from punishment, *si legit ut clericus*, if he was able to read as a priest. From this finesse, the monks derived considerable emolument, by teaching prisoners to read, which, however odious or bloody their offences, rescued them from the penalty of the law; and the contrivers of this artful measure derived another advantage from it, every desperate adventurer, every bold bad man became a ready and submissive tool of the church. This lucrative monopoly remained, till it was provided against in the twenty-seventh year of the reign of Edward the Third: but the noxious weed grew up in the shade of ignorance and confusion, during the bloody contests of Lancaster and York, till it received a considerable check by the statute of Edward the sixth, which determined, that no person convicted of manslaughter, shall claim the Benefit of Clergy, unless he is a Peer of the Realm, or actually in Priests Orders. By the ninth of James the First, this injurious exemption was abolished for ever.

Men of extensive reading, or general legal knowledge, will frown or smile at my introducing a subject which *they* may consider as commonly and universally understood; but having frequently met with persons who imagined the words, *without Benefit of Clergy*, signified that no spiritual guide would be allowed; it seems right for their information to say, that no more is meant by this expression, than that a criminal's being

being able to read or write, shall not in any degree diminish his punishment, and that he shall not be entitled to any of those privileges formerly enjoyed by the clergy.

BENTHAM, JEREMY, a barrister at law, and author of a Defence of Usury, a well chosen and saleable title, which, independent of the good humour, with which he treats a subject apparently dry, and seeming to recommend forbidden practices, was well calculated to alarm the rigid moralist, and excite public attention.

Usury has been stigmatized as a silent, but ignominious method of improving money, has been denounced by the Divine, and severely punished by the Legislator; yet, in spite of humane precaution, and penal prohibition, the victims of urgent necessity, prevented by a well meant, injurious, but inadequate statute, from raising pecuniary relief, at a rate of interest, proportionate to the risque of their slender securities, are resigned into the hands of rapacious Advertising Adventurers, 'Change-Alley Sharppers, the more Splendid Marauders of anticipated discount, or that monster of modern refinement, a female Pharo Bank. Without pretending to describe the imperceptible difference between a highwayman's presenting a pistol, or a pretty woman a pack of cards, it may be sufficient to observe, that on a traffic, execrated for ages by the general opinion of mankind, and which certainly required some delicacy and management, in composing its apology, Mr. Bentham has executed his task, like an entertaining

writer, and a well-informed lawyer.

With optics sufficiently clear and strong, to burst through the narrow cobweb theories of prejudice and passion, he appreciates in the balance of truth and common sense, the landed, commercial, pecuniary, and intellectual interests of mankind, and insists, that each class ought to have an opportunity of carrying their raw product, or highly manufactured material, to the most profitable market. He sees, and enforces the necessity of encouraging, to a certain degree, that modern species of martyr, the enterprising projector of the day, who, with almost certain ruin before his eyes, intrepidly launches his little bark, on the perilous ocean of experiment, which has shipwrecked the fortune of thousands! Absorbed in the fondness of insatiation, and wrapt in darling schemes, which deprive him of the common pleasures of life, society, merriment, and ease, he devotes laborious days, and sleepless nights, to an invention, on which he will probably starve, but which, (as in many instances has actually happened) will probably elevate some artful, but superficial dabbler, to eminence and wealth. To these ingenious, but unhappy men, who too often close their labours in work-houses and prisons, the public, notwithstanding the unfounded animadversions of Dr. Adam Smith, ever has been, and ever will be obliged, in whatever distress the unfortunate individual may be involved.

Mr. Bentham insists, that every one ought to be at liberty to make his own terms in money bargains; and,

and, that a man of ripe years, sound mind, untroubled freedom of action, and, with his eyes open, ought not to be hindered from procuring money (at times, and in situations, when it would be evidently and highly to his advantage) of those who chuse to lend it him; and that he ought not to be restricted in the measure or magnitude of the reward he holds forth, to the monied man, by way of prevailing on him, to open his stores, and put into the hand of a poor, but ingenious fellow creature, that magic key; which enables him to unlock the treasures of chymical science, and mechanic art, to which we are indebted for so considerable a portion of pleasure, comfort, and convenience. Without this precious, this golden instrument, how ineffectual is labour, how vain the toil of invention; but human wisdom and contrivance, fortunately step in to correct the errors, or the faults of the prejudiced Legislator. The law, which forbids lending money, at exorbitant interest, is perpetually evaded, and a useful action, to which an odious and disgraceful name has been given, puts on a respectable legal mask, and gains admittance, under the various names, of loans on pledges, bottomry, respondentia bonds, insurance, annuity, and post obit.

It is thus that human reason is perpetually at war with prejudice and narrow views; 'tis true, she generally and ultimately gains the victory, but millions suffer in the conflict; and one monster is scarcely interred, before another

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hydra presents itself, to mislead or destroy the human race. While tyranny, with her iron sceptre, benumbs the frozen regions of the north, the temperate south, the luxuriant mother of the vine-tree and the olive, is under the malignant and baleful influence of Sagittarius and Scorpio. The inference is clear, our faculties were designed to be on the perpetual stretch of exertion and progressive improvement; it was never designed by Providence, that any inhabitant of the earth should torpidly yawn out his existence, on the couch of indolence, and, with outstretched arms, and closing eyes, exclaim, "All is well, error is demolished, our victory is complete, we may hereafter sleep in perfect security."

But to return to Mr. Bentham: it must be confessed, that he argues with shrewdness and dexterity; yet, (to use the words of one of the great Data, on which he proceeds) a man oppressed by want, cannot be said to be in a state of perfect freedom; he is rendered, by the urgency of distress, and his eagerness in seeking expedients for relief, a sort of slave to his wealthy neighbour; he will catch at any opportunity, and make almost any sacrifice to procure the precious metal. This consideration makes the interposition of Government necessary to snatch and protect a poor adventurer from the talons of a rapacious miser. It may also be observed, that every man who wants money, is not a projector engaged in useful enterprise; that many who come under this description,

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are

are the most debauched, the most profuse, the guiltiest, and often the silliest part of mankind.

To lessen the difficulties such persons experience in borrowing money, would be only putting instruments of destruction, already too easily procured, within the reach of a dissipated herd of voluptuaries, sensualists, dupes, or petit maitres, and be furnishing plunder for the gaming table, the brothel, or the turf.

Mr. Bentham also favoured the world with his thoughts on a mode of rendering the punishment of convicts, profitable to the public and themselves. Had *his* plan been properly pursued, it would have rendered unnecessary the ruinous and endless expence of New Holland, that Tartarus, of another hemisphere, whose inhabitants will probably be surprized to see men of sober life, Moralists and Divines, doomed by the mild and rational sentence of a Caledonian Court, to associate with, and share the punishment of pickpockets, profligates and thieves.

BLAIR, Dr. an Irish physician, and a cotemporary of Dr. Mead, introduced in this place, for the purpose of shewing the candour and brotherly regard, with which the faculty treat each other.

Four of his opponents, whose names, for their credit sake, I shall not mention, had attended a merchant of Cork, during a severe indisposition; and, at the end of twelve days, after replenishing their pockets with fees, and the sick man with medicines, pro-

nounced him past recovery, and retired.—A relation not satisfied with their decision, insisted on Dr. Blair's being consulted, notwithstanding the outrageous opposition of those who had given him over. The patient made use of his prescription, and the next morning being pronounced out of danger, the *disappointed* doctors directly attacked their successful brother with violence, personality, and acrimony, abused his mode of treatment, and declared, the medicines he had ordered were little better than poison.

Such circumstances, naturally attracted public attention; and the dispute ended in a paper war, in which much ink was ineffectually shed. "The case," said Dr. Mead, who was appealed to by the combatants, "the case of Blair is very hard; to be reflected on for ill success, is not unusual; but to be virulently attacked for recovering a patient from a desperate disease, is, I confess, rather uncommon."

The candid physicians, I was going to say gentlemen, who conducted themselves in this extraordinary manner, very liberally compelled the Directors of the Cork Infirmary, then in its infancy, to dismiss their rival, who still continued his subscription, but found the public opinion set strongly in his favour, and his practice considerably improved, by the malignant efforts of his assailants, whose behaviour remarkably illustrates a position apparently paradoxical, which may be found under the article De La Mettrie, in this collection.

BLACKBURNE,

BLACKBURN, Dr. Chaplain of a royal frigate in the reign of George the First, and afterwards Archbishop of York.

In the course of a voyage to the West Indies, the subject of our present article was perpetually disagreeing with the First Lieutenant, and on one of these occasions, being dressed in his Canonicals, and engaged in the religious duties of a Christian sabbath, the sea officer, in an angry moment observed; "If it was not for your gown, I would soon let you see the difference." "As soon," replied his antagonist, "as soon as the service is finished" some improper behaviour of the officers or men, being at that time the subject of dispute, "as soon as the service is finished, that impediment may be easily removed." When the offices of the day were concluded, he retired to his cabin, stripped himself to his shirt, and returned in a few minutes: presenting himself immediately in a threatening attitude to his opponent, he said, "Now, Sir, I am your man." The sailors collected in a crowd to see the event, and delighted with the idea of seeing a parson fight, soon formed a circle, to see fair play, and prevent either of the combatants tumbling into the sea.

After a long, an obstinate and well-fought battle, the clergyman, to use a sea phrase, gave the layman so severe a drubbing, that he was obliged to submit and ask pardon. They then shook hands, and as in cases of contention of another kind, as soon as it was settled who was master, passed the remainder of their voyage in good

fellowship and tranquillity. But it was remarked, says my authority, a descendant from the purser, that the sailors from that period were particularly civil to their Chaplain, that they attended to their devotions with unusual quickness, and regularity; in short, that they respected and obeyed the man of God, more than the man of war. I am not sufficiently acquainted with the secret history, or the borough interest of those days, to point out by what meanders of court influence, this intrepid member of the church militant, found his way from a king's ship, to so exalted a birth at the ecclesiastic helm, as the Archbishopric of York.—Were I disposed to give the reins to creative imagination, and judge by analogy from similar and late exaltations, it would perhaps be no difficult task; nothing more improbable in the texture of my story would occur, than the elevation of the grateful comparer of Mr. Burke to Robespierre, from his birch and his desk; nothing more rapid and unexpected than the miraculous promotion of the pleasant, the superficial Eleve of the ***** family, from backgammon, whist, and cassino.

Without invidiously enquiring for deep learning, or charitable munificence, I will take it for granted, that Dr. Blackburne was not deficient in the requisite qualifications, and that he neglected no direct or collateral methods of getting on in the church. But the laws of historic impartiality oblige me to record with concern, that in one essential point our

Christian Prelate, so highly responsible to God and man, for a conscientious discharge of his functions, was grossly criminal, for I cannot give it a softer name. The important and indispensable particular to which I allude, was non-residence, he seldom, I think never but when he officially attended to be enthroned, visited his diocese.

The Archbishop was once neatly reminded of this shameful perversion and misapplication of church revenue, whose greatness and comparative disproportion with the incomes of those more humble labourers in the same vineyard, can only be tolerated or defended, by the practice of hospitality, charitable donation, and good neighbourhood.

A paragraph was first inserted in the papers, mentioning that the palace at Bishopsthorpe had been accidentally burnt down, by the kitchen chimney taking fire. This statement was in the next paper formally contradicted, with this argumentative addition, on the impossibility of such a circumstance, *for that there had been no fire in the kitchen for many years.*

BBLACK HOLE, a dungeon so called in Fort William, Calcutta, measuring only eighteen feet square, in which Mr. Holwell and one hundred and forty-five brave men, exhausted by fatigue, and a vigorous defence against a superior force, were immured, by order of the Subah or Viceroy of Bengal, in the year 1756, during a sultry, close night, which he who has melted under that debilitating climate, may be allowed the unenvied merit of accurately de-

scribing. So great a number of persons, enclosed and pressed together, in a very narrow space, is not to be imagined or described without horror; it was a night of suffocation, langour, delirium, and death; escape or relief was impossible, as immense pecuniary offers had been made to the guard, if they would report their situation, but the only answer was, "that no one could presume to wake the Subah, on pain of death."

Water, in such inadequate quantities as the grating of the windows would admit of, was conveyed to them in hats, by the humanity of an old sentinel; but this refreshment, so precious, after a momentary alleviation, was found considerably to aggravate their complaints; and, like other comforts of human life, was imbibited with the reflection, that it could not be shared by their remote companions, whose repeated cries for water, and ineffectual struggles to reach it, served only to diminish their remaining strength; while death was every moment lessening the number of miserable creatures, who experienced relief from swallowing the copious perspiration of their neighbours.

I will not dwell on the shocking description of a charnel house, crowded with bodies of the dead and dying. We may form some judgment of their condition from their attempting, by repeated intreaties, as well as by provocation, to induce the commanding officer of the guard, to fire on them, and at once conclude their miseries. After a night, a long, a dreadful night, which realized or surpassed the torments of hell, the door

door which opened inwards was unbolted, and as soon as the lifeless bodies, which prevented its opening, were removed by their associates; of one hundred and forty six healthy and vigorous persons, only twenty-three escaped alive from this cavern of death!

Such was the fate of the gallant English factory, occasioned by the resentment of the natives against the oppressions and enormities of one Drake, a late governor of Calcutta, who after raising a storm, had safely quitted his post, and left men, whose bravery ought to have excited admiration and esteem in an enemy, to the supine cruelty of an unfeeling Subalt. While Mr. Holwell, one of the unhappy prisoners, to whom I am indebted for the particulars of this dreadful story, while Mr. Holwell was relating their sufferings, this miscreant interrupted him, by saying, in a stern manner, "I am well assured there was treasure in the fort; unless it is instantly given up, expect no mercy;"—this insult was intolerable from a tyrant who had shewn none, from a cool, deliberate murderer, for it afterwards appeared, that the prisoners were driven into the black hole, by his express direction, and expecting what would happen, that he had given positive orders, not to be disturbed during the night.

Had I been one of the survivors, I would, at all hazards, have approached the merciless villain, and have planted a dagger in his heart; in such transactions, the feelings of nature are above law, judges are unnecessary, and the voice of a jury superfluous.—This memora-

ble tragedy has made a deep, perhaps a useful impression on my mind; reflecting on the dismal catastrophe, I have converted it into a source of comparative comfort.—When my temples have throbbled with the irritation of a burning fever, when the wounds of calamity have been exasperated by insidious enemies, or ill-judging friends, and my mind agitated in a storm of hopes and fears, was sinking into despair, I have often cast a thought on the sufferers at Calcutta, compared their miseries with my own, breathed forth a thankful ejaculation to the Almighty, and almost ceased to be wretched.

BLACKSTONE, SIR WILLIAM, Vinerian professor, solicitor to the queen, and lastly, a judge, who, waving over a dry subject the magic wand of genius and taste, has produced from the verbal subtleties and perplexing intricacies of jurisprudence, a pleasing and interesting work.

Yet during the violent debates on the subject of Mr. Wilkes's expulsion from the house of commons, it was the fate of our enlightened lawyer to share a degree of popular odium, and to smart under the severe, but elegant invective of Junius, who asserted, and he was not often mistaken, that Dr. Blackstone had maintained in parliament a doctrine, directly contradictory to what he supports in his excellent commentaries. During these discussions, to which half the kingdom looked up with anxiety and expectation, the subject of this article defended the opinion of the minister and his majority, who had determined that Mr. Wilkes's haying

ing been expelled the house, incapacitated him from being again elected.

"Expulsion," said Dr. Blackstone, "I have ever held to be "one of the disqualifications for "being again elected." Mr. Grenville, whose extensive reading could only be equalled by his ready and almost intuitive application of it, to the purposes of the moment, an art which so few readers carry with them into life, Mr. Grenville directly saw, that the queen's solicitor had laid himself open, and directly quoted his book, in which, after a long enumeration of disqualifications, without the least mention of Expulsion, the Doctor concludes with observing, "but subject to these restrictions, "every individual of the realm is "eligible of common right." "A "book and its author, a great law "authority, thus at variance," continued the Right Honourable Gentleman, "is in effect, a snare "to the unwary." Sir William feeling the irresistible force of the argument, was unable to reply, and sunk on his seat in confusion. A pause of silence ensued, until the *gentle-toned* Sir Fletcher, seeing Mr. Grenville shake his head, elegantly observed, "I wish the "Gentleman, instead of shaking "his head, would shake one good "argument out of it."

The point in dispute was of more importance, than at the first glance may appear to my readers, for the dearest and most invaluable rights of a British subject were involved in the question. If a vote of the House, or rather the Minister, independent of legal disability, could incapacitate a success-

ful candidate, a man, as was the case in the Middlesex Election, hated and detested by his constituents, if he possessed only a single suffrage, might be chosen a Member of Parliament, and the first principle of the Constitution be thus violated, by the fiat of men, whose power is only a trust, delegated to them under certain restrictions.

In the ardour of debate, the queen's solicitor forgot the language of his commentaries, or when writing his book did not recollect there was a precedent upon record, point blank against him. In the year 1698, a Mr. Wollaston was expelled the House, re-elected and admitted to take his seat in the same Parliament. The mortifying contradiction stared the Vinerian professor in the face, and the following conclusion of a letter from his inexorable assailant, whom I have occasionally quoted, was, I think, a sufficient punishment. "If, Sir William, I were "personally your enemy, I should "dwell with a malignant pleasure, "on those great and useful qualifications which you certainly "possess, and by which you once "acquired, though you could not "preserve, the respect and esteem "of your country. I should enumerate the honours you have "lost, and the virtues you have "disgraced: but, having no private resentments to gratify, I "leave the punishment it deserves, "to your closet and yourself."

Sir William felt the necessity, or the inclination, to pen an elaborate defence, which serving only to increase his difficulties, I have perused, without conviction; unable

to remove this blemish from his character, he died, however, not without regret, for many valuable attainments, unhappily employed in the service of bad men, and bad measures, whilst he was surrounded by antagonists and competitors, eager and well qualified, on every occasion, to search for and proclaim, error, or ill design. I could almost excuse the political backslidings of Blackstone for the following acknowledgment, which in a lawyer climbing up the steep hill of preferment, was surely meritorious; "Whenever a question arises between the society at large and any magistrate vested with powers originally delegated by that society, it must be decided by the society itself, there is not on earth any other Tribunal to resort to."

BLETON, ANTOINE, a French shepherd, a native of Dauphiny, and the subject of certain wonderful impressions, which enabled him to point out subterraneous springs, a singular faculty, which is more fully discussed under the word *Virgula Divinatoria*, or Divining Rod, in this collection.

The subject of the present article, while attending his flock, had been frequently observed to faint, and was in other respects much disordered, whenever he sat on a certain large stone, in a valley which he often frequented, but always recovered as soon as he was removed from that particular stone. This circumstance naturally attracted the notice of the inhabitants of Bouvantes, a neighbouring village. Considering the spot as bewitched, they applied to the Curé, to exorcise it, and lay the evil spirit. The parish priest,

more inclined to deduce this effect from natural than supernatural causes, attributed it to certain magnetic particles in the stone; but experiments proved his mistake. After much of silent wonder, and much of extravagant conjecture, it was at last proposed to remove this fragment of a rock from its place; when Bleton being placed on it, he was not at all affected; but as soon as they seated him exactly on that part of the ground from which the stone was rolled, the fainting regularly returned.

Without precisely knowing what they searched for, the persons present immediately began to dig into the earth, and discovered, a few feet under the ground, a spring which at this time supplies a stream sufficient to turn a mill.

These accounts, authenticated on undeniable evidence, did not fail fixing the attention of men of science on the shepherd; he was speedily and profitably employed by the French nobility and gentry, particularly by the ingenious Monsieur Laborde, whose estates were considerably augmented in value by Bleton's discoveries; and, by that gentleman's recommendation, he was engaged by the unhappy Queen of France, at her delightful seat of Trianon, which wanted only the addition of more copious streams of water, to render it almost an earthly paradise. At this place, he realized every expectation which had been formed; and, on one occasion, such implicit confidence was placed in his aquatic prophecies, that the labourers dug thirty feet down, precisely in the direction which he pointed out

out, and a spring at last was found exactly as he promised.

It was not likely that the successful practiser of an art not easily explained to the senses on any known principle, should proceed without opposers; of these, the most learned and most considerable, was Abbé Mongez, a singular character, in whom were united the opposite, and almost contradictory qualities of enthusiastic zeal, with the coldest scepticism, a strong, a lively, a rioting imagination, with a correct judgement, scrupulously and severely suspicious.

In his examination of the herdsmen of Bouvantes, the hard-hearted, inflexible Abbé, resolved he should pass through a fiery ordeal; he appears to have treated poor Bleton, a lad of a remarkably meek and timid disposition, with asperity, and a predetermination not to be convinced; surely an illiberal proceeding in a man of science, who should guard as much against the bigotry of scepticism, as against blind credulity. A number of ingenious, but unfair tricks, were played, with a view of deceiving the shepherd; blind-fold, harrassed, and fatigued, perplexed with cross questions, and occasionally mortified with contradiction, ridicule, and sarcasm, can we be surprized, if the natural exertions of his genius were damped, and that he sometimes announced water in places where it did not exist, and neglected to foretell it, where springs were actually found. However real his constitutional talent might be, we can easily believe, that a system, peculiarly suscepti-

ble of impression, would be intimidated and disturbed by opposition, fear, and ill usage. Instances frequently occur of boys, with strong memories, who, in consequence of an accidental check from their master, have forgotten the whole of a well learned lesson; and probably most of my readers may recollect at some period of their lives, the effect of a public examination on themselves, when a full bottomed wig, a surly judge, an impertinent counsellor, or some empty individual, wrapped up in pomp and official formality, has awed and confused them, though they were conscious, at the same time, that the exalted puppet, who felt the same fears he inspired, disincumbered of external pomp and artificial dignity, and in the unfettered freedom of private life, was a pert coxcomb, or an ignorant plodder.

But the Divining Rod was by no means essential to Bleton; he often exercised his art without it, and seems, in general, to have considered it only as a communicating medium between his own system and the eye of his spectator, an index or minute hand to the internal wheels of the human machinery, which, impelled by nervous emotion, pointed out the time when, and the direction in which, the springs or currents ran; but not at all entitled to those encomiums which have been lavished on it by Pryce, Cookworthy, and others; for Bleton was indebted to uncommon nervous sensibility alone, for the remarkable powers he possessed.

BOSWELL, Mr. a Scotch lawyer, a friend of Paoli, an historian

historian of Corsica, and a biographer of Dr. Johnson, who, with some exceptions, on the score of egotism, has given us a copious, and in the opinion of those who ought to know, a just picture of the life of our great English moralist, in which notwithstanding the high colouring of partiality, a strong resemblance is preserved, and the artist has made near approaches to the life. "Having given a sketch of my friend," says Mr. Boswell, in his account of their journey to the North, "my readers may wish to know a little of his fellow traveller. Think then, of a gentleman of *ancient blood*, the pride of which was his predominant passion; about four years happily married, with a strong inclination to be a soldier, but pressed by his father into the profession of the law. He had travelled a good deal, had thought *more than any body supposed*, and had a *pretty good* stock of learning and knowledge; possessing all Dr. Johnson's principles, with some degree of relaxation, with too much prudence, and in the *liveliness of imagination*, he often said things, of which the effect was very different from his intention; his *acuteness* in the opinion of his friend the Doctor, would aid enquiry, while his *gaiety* and *civility* would soften the inconveniences of travelling."

A writer, who in the unblushing reveries of self-approbation thus dwelt on his own panegyric, palpably exposed himself to ridicule, and the public have, at different times, been entertained in prose and rhyme, at the expence of Mr. Boswell, who with all his singu-

larities, had many good qualities. His attention to the interests of religion and morality, and his assiduous search after truth, in his narratives, though it often tells against himself and his hero, merit general approbation. The following effusion of some wicked wit, which caught my eye in a public print, on the first publication of his life of Dr. Johnson, is I think worth repeating.

LESSON IN BIOGRAPHY.

OR, HOW TO WRITE THE LIFE OF ONE'S FRIEND.

[*An Extract from the Life of Dr. Pozz, in ten volumes folio, written by James Bozz, Esq; who flourished with him near fifty years.*]

—We dined at the chop-house. Dr. Pozz was this day very instructive. We talked of books: I mentioned the *History of Tommy Trip*. I said it was a great work; —Pozz. "Yes, Sir, it is a great work; but, Sir, it is a great work relatively; it was a great work to you when you was a little boy; but now, Sir, you are a great man, and Tommy Trip is a little boy." I felt somewhat hurt at this comparison, and I believe he perceived it; for, as he was squeezing a lemon, he said, "Never be affronted at a comparison. I have been compared to many things, but I never was affronted. No, Sir, if they would call me a dog, and you a cannister tied to my tail, I would not be affronted."

Cheered by this kind mention of me, though in such a situation, I asked him what he thought of a friend of ours, who was always making comparisons.—Pozz. "Sir, that fellow has a simile for every thing

thing but himself; I knew him when he kept shop; he then made money, Sir, and now he makes comparisons. Sir, he would say that you and I were two figs stuck together; two figs in adhesion, Sir, and then he would laugh."—

Bozz. "But have not some great writers determined that *comparisons* are now and then *odious*?" Pozz.

"No, Sir, not odious in themselves, not odious as comparisons; the fellows who make them are odious. The Whigs make comparisons."

We supped that evening at his house. I shewed him some lines I had made upon a pair of breeches.—Pozz. "Sir, the lines are good; but where could you find such a subject in your country?"—Bozz.

"Therefore it is a proof of invention, which is a characteristic of poetry."—Pozz. "Yes, Sir, but an invention which few of your countrymen can enjoy." I reflected afterwards on the depth of this remark; it affords a proof of that acuteness which he displayed in every branch of literature. I asked him if he approved of green spectacles?—Pozz. "As to green spectacles, Sir, the question seems to be this; if I wore green spectacles, it would be because they assisted vision, or because I liked them. Now, Sir, if a man tells me he does not like green spectacles, and that they hurt his eyes, I would not compel him to wear them; no, Sir, I would dissuade him." A few months after, I consulted him again on this subject, and he honoured me with a letter, in which he gives the same opinion. It will be found in its proper place, vol. vi. p. 2789. I

have thought much on this subject, and must confess, that in such matters a man ought to be a free moral agent.

Next day I left town, and was absent for six weeks, three days, and seven hours, as I find by a memorandum in my journal. In this time I had only one letter from him, which is as follows:

To JAMES BOZZ, Esq;

"Dear Sir,

"My bowels have been very bad. Pray buy for me some Turkey rhubarb, and bring with you a copy of your *Tow*."

"Write me soon, and write me often."

"I am, dear Sir,

"Your's, affectionately,

"SAM POZZ."

It would have been unpardonable to have omitted a letter like this, in which we see so much of his great and illuminated mind. On my return to town, we met again at the chop-house. We had much conversation to day: his wit flashed like lightning; indeed, there is not one hour of my present life, in which I do not profit by some part of his valuable communications.

We talked of *wind*. I said I knew many persons much distressed with that complaint. Pozz. "Yes, Sir, when confined, when pent up." I said I did not know that, but I questioned if the Romans ever knew it.—Pozz. "Yes, Sir, the Romans knew it."—Bozz. "Livy does not mention it."—Pozz. "No, Sir, Livy wrote History. Livy was not writing the Life of a Friend."

On medical subjects his knowledge was immense. He told me
of

of a friend of ours, who had just been attacked by a most dreadful complaint; he had entirely lost the use of his limbs, so that he could neither stand nor walk, unless supported: his speech was quite gone; his eyes were much swollen, and every vein distended, yet his face was rather pale, and his extremities cold; his pulse beat 160 in a minute. I said, with tenderness, that I would go and see him; and, said I, "Sir, I will take Dr. Bolus with me.—Pozz. "No, Sir, don't go." I was startled, for I knew his compassionate heart, and earnestly asked why?—Pozz. "Sir, you don't know his disorder."—Bozz. "Pray what is it?"—Pozz. "Sir, the man is *dead drunk*!" This explanation threw me into a violent fit of laughter, in which he joined me, rolling about as he used to do when he enjoyed a joke: but he afterwards checked me.—Pozz. "Sir, you ought not to laugh at what I said. Sir, he who laughs at what another man says, will soon learn to laugh at that other man. Sir, you should laugh only at your own jokes; you should laugh seldom."

We talked of a friend of ours, who was a very violent politician. I said I did not like his company.—Pozz. "No, Sir, he is not healthy; he is sore, Sir; his mind is ulcerated; he has a political whitlow: Sir, you cannot touch him without giving him pain. Sir, I would not talk politics with that man; I would talk of cabbage and pease; Sir, I would ask him how he got his corn in, and whether his wife was with child; but I would not talk politics!"—Bozz. "But perhaps, Sir, he would talk

of nothing else."—Pozz. "Then, Sir, it is plain what he would do." On my very earnestly enquiring what that was, Dr. Pozz answered, "Sir, he would let it alone."

I mentioned a tradesman who had lately set up his coach.—Pozz. "He is right, Sir; a man who would go on swimmingly, cannot get too soon off his legs. That man keeps his coach; now, Sir, a coach is better than a chaise; Sir, it is better than a chariot."—Bozz. "Why, Sir?"—Pozz. "Sir, it will hold more." I begged he would repeat this, that I might remember it, and he complied with great good humour. "Dr. Pozz," said I, "you ought to keep a coach."—Pozz. "Yes, Sir, I ought." Bozz. But you do not, and that has often surprized me."—Pozz. "Surprized you! There, Sir, is another prejudice of absurdity. Sir, you ought to be surprized at nothing. A man that has lived half your days, ought to be above all surprize. Sir, it is a rule with me, never to be surprized. It is mere ignorance; you cannot guess why I do not keep a coach, and you are surprized. Now, Sir, if you did know, you would not be surprized." I said, tenderly, "I hope, my dear Sir, you will let me know before I leave town."—Pozz. "Yes, Sir, you shall know now. You shall not go to Mr. Wilkins, and to Mr. Jenkins, and to Mr. Stubbs, and say, Why does not Pozz keep a coach? I will tell you myself.—Sir, I can't afford it."

We talked of drinking. I asked him whether, in the course of his long and valuable life, he had not known some men who drank more

than they could bear?—Pozz.

“Yes, Sir; and then, Sir, nobody could bear them. A man who is drunk, Sir, is a very foolish fellow.”—Bozz. “But, Sir, as the poet says, ‘he is devoid of all care.’”—Pozz. “Yes, Sir, he cares for nobody; he has none of the cares of life; he cannot be a merchant, Sir, for he cannot write his name; he cannot be a politician, Sir, for he cannot talk: he cannot be an artist, Sir, for he cannot see; and yet, Sir, there is science in drinking,” Bozz. “I suppose you mean that a man ought to know what he drinks.”—

Pozz. “No, Sir, to know what one drinks is nothing; but the science consists of three parts. Now, Sir, were I to drink wine, I should wish to know them all; I should wish to know when I had too little, when I had enough, and when I had too much. There is our friend ***** (mentioning a gentleman of our acquaintance) he knows when he has too little, and when he has too much, but he knows not when he has enough. Now Sir, that is the science of drinking, to know when one has enough.”

We talked this day on a variety of topics, but I find very few memorandums in my journal. On small beer, he said it was a flatulent liquor. He disapproved of those who deny the utility of absolute power; and seemed to be offended with a friend of ours, who would always have his eggs poached.—Sign-posts, he observed, had degenerated within his memory; and he particularly found fault with the moral of the Beggars Opera. I endeavoured to defend a work, which had afforded me so

much pleasure, but could not master that strength of mind with which he argued; and it was with great satisfaction that he communicated to me afterwards, a method of curing corns by applying a piece of oiled silk. In the early history of the world, he preferred Sir Isaac Newton’s Chronology, but as they gave employment to useful artificers, he did not dislike the large buckles then coming into use.

Next day we dined at the Mitre. I mentioned spirits.—Pozz. “Sir, there is as much evidence for the existence of spirits as against it. You may not believe it, but you cannot deny it.” I told him that my great grandmother once saw a spirit. He asked me to relate it, which I did very minutely, while he listened with profound attention. When I mentioned, that the spirit had once appeared in the shape of a shoulder of mutton, and another time in that of a tea-pot, he interrupted me. Pozz. “There, Sir, is the point; the evidence is good, but the scheme is defective in consistency. We cannot deny that the spirit appeared in these shapes; but then we cannot reconcile them. What has a tea-pot to do with a shoulder of mutton? Neither is it a terrific object. There is nothing contemporaneous. Sir, these are objects which are never seen at the same time, nor in the same place.”—Bozz. I think, Sir, that old women, in general, are used to see ghosts.”—Pozz. “Yes, Sir, and their conversation is full of the subject; I would have an old woman to record such conversations; their loquacity tends to minuteness.”

We talked of a person who had
a very

a very bad character—Pozz, “Sir, he is a scoundrel.”—Bozz. “I hate a scoundrel.”—Pozz. “There you are wrong; don’t hate scoundrels. Scoundrels, Sir, are useful. There are many things we cannot do without scoundrels. I would not choose to keep company with scoundrels, but something may be got by them.”—Bozz. “Are not scoundrels generally fools!”—Pozz. “No, Sir, they are not. A scoundrel must be a clever fellow; he must know many things of which a fool is ignorant. Any man may be a fool. I think a good book may be made out of scoundrels. I would have a *Biographia Flagitiosa*, the *Lives of eminent Scoundrels*, from the earliest accounts to the present day.” I mentioned hanging; I thought it a very awkward situation—Pozz. “No, Sir, hanging is not an awkward situation; it is proper, Sir, that a man whose actions tend towards flagitious obliquity, should appear perpendicular at last.” I told him that I had lately been in company with some gentlemen, every one of whom could recollect some friend or other who had been hanged.—Pozz. “Yes, Sir, that is the easiest way. We know those who have been hanged; we can recollect that; but we cannot number those who deserve it; it would not be decorous, Sir, in a mixed company. No, Sir, this is one of the few things which we are compelled to *think*.”

BOYDELL, JOHN, an Engraver, an Alderman of London, and Founder of the Shakespeare Gallery; a man to whom lovers of the fine arts are more obliged, than to any indi-

vidual in this country, except George the Third: I mean not to withhold the just praise of versatility of talent, and unremitting exertion, from Macklin, the proprietor of Poets Gallery.

In Mr. Boydell’s collection, I have viewed the characters of our great dramatist breathing on the canvas; I have seen energy communicated to Shakespeare, and body given to his thoughts. In some instances I have observed a luxuriant riot of fancy, which proved how well qualified the artist was to trace the magic footsteps of our Child of Nature; in others, I have witnessed with pleasure, a richness of humour, a correctness of judgment, and a mellowness of colouring, which we were once taught, should only be sought for and could only be found, in the Flemish and Italian schools. But in a Museum of national paintings, which lays so strong, and so well founded a claim to admiration and applause, which has added new glories to the English school, and twined fresh laurels round the brow of the first of our bards, who does not regret the blind partiality of injurious friendship, who does not lament the admission of pieces, which it is impossible to consider in any other light than as foils to the pictures which surround them; vile daubings, in which every law of perspective, good colouring, effect and shade, are rudely set at defiance; where red hot skies, cærulean cattle, dingy shepherds, and trees such as nature never formed, disgrace, in murky indistinct obscurity, the indignant wall!

“I have

"I have fought for talents," says our worthy Alderman, misled by venial bias, "I have fought for talents, wherever they were to be found, I have resisted all recommendations but those of real merit," yet he so far forgets himself, as to add in the next page, of I believe a prefatory address to one of his explanatory catalogues, "I must apologize for the introduction of a picture, which certainly stands in need of the public indulgence, the painter of it, having been prevented by other avocations from pursuing the practical part of his profession." I allow in full force Mr. Boydell's acknowledgment of the unskilfulness, he might have added the total incapacity of the painter. But was it respectful to a generous public, was it creditable to his own fame, to admit paintings which would disgrace a sign post, into the Shakespeare Gallery?

This article ought not to be dismissed, without remarking a circumstance in the conduct of the managers of the superb edition of Shakespeare. Whilst that great work, irritates or fatigues public curiosity, the subscribers in the ardor of impatience forget the nice and minute progress of the pencil and engraver's tool; the derangements of health, accident, and a thousand unavoidable delays entailed on every production of the press; delays which have often arrested the hand, and deranged the temper of the man who laments them. In such an interval of expectation, they were surprized by a new call on their purses or their tempers, for an edition of Milton, on a similar

plan, to commence while every spare hand is or ought to be occupied by the Shakespeare, for which they have been long and ardently waiting. With the warmest veneration for Mr. Boydell, they cannot help considering this new undertaking, begun under an accumulated load of engagements, as impolitic, if not unfair; with so much to do, and apparently so little time for performance, the most probable method of securing patronage and encouragement to any future work would be, to proceed with all possible celerity, in accomplishing his *present* engagements to the public, without stepping out of his road, in search of new employment, which must inevitably protract the conclusion of the work in hand. "It is," says an artist, as remarkable for his caricature pencil, as the satirical acuteness of his conversation; "it is like chasing a butterfly, while engaged in the dangerous pursuit of an elephant, who will inevitably demolish us, if we do not put an end to *him*."

I perceive with considerable satisfaction that since my former impression, the Alderman and his associates have quickened their pace.

BRANDER, GUSTAVUS, a benevolent man, and an antiquarian, unsoiled by the rust, which such studies so often communicate. His name, which will be recognized by many of my readers, with the sympathy and regrets of former friendship, is inserted in this collection, for the purpose of recording a singular accident, which in the earnestness of devout conviction, he often confessed diffused an ardent sense of piety

piety over his future life, and impressed on a mind, naturally ferocious and contemplative, the superintendence of Divine Providence.

Passing, in his carriage, down Temple-lane, in the year 1768, his horses suddenly took fright, and in spite of every effort of the driver, to restrain them, rushed furiously down three flights of steps into the Thames, continuing their rapid career, 'till they were stopped by the clogging of the wheels in mud, it being fortunately low water, or with his men and horses he must inevitably have perished. From this perilous situation, and in a dark night, he was relieved by the assistance of persons in the neighbourhood, who, after disengaging the horses, dragged the carriage to the shore, without injury to the servants, the cattle, or their master. As a memorial of gratitude and devotion, Mr. Brander bequeathed an annual sum for ever, to the vicar, clerk and sexton of Christchurch, directing in his will, that on every third Sunday in August, a sermon should be preached in that church, to commemorate so signal a preservation, and to enforce useful reflections on posterity.

BROWN, the first propagator of a religious sect of separatists or levellers, called from their leader, Brownists.

In his treatise of reformation, printed at Middleburgh in the sixteenth century, not ill written, but breathing an exasperated spirit, the natural consequence of persecution, he endeavours to prove, that all church government is anti-christian, that the rites of

the Church of England are superstitious, and its Liturgy with many admirable specimens of pathetic sublimity, a mixture of popery, paganism, quaintness and unceasing repetition, evidently occasioned by its being compiled from various services, originally intended to be read at different times.

I cannot help thinking that Dr. Middleton (who wanted help as little as most men) had Brown's book at his elbow, when he was writing his famous letter from Rome; for that formidable antagonist of the hierarchy, frequently treads in the same path, and occasionally uses the same arguments.

Brown shared the fate of many reformers: he died at the age of eighty, in a prison at Northampton, where he had passed many years of his life. "I have endured the buffetings of Satan, I have served God, I have despised Mammon; two and thirty times have my enemies confined me in a dungeon;" was his dying boast, in the conscious pride of persecuted zeal, a pride happily not encouraged by the good sense, or indifference of the present age.

His enemies record with pleasure some blemishes in his character, and describe him as an idle man of dissolute manners; But does the world afford more than one instance of a corrector of abuses which affected the interests of many, in whom the microscopic eye of an adversary could not discover a spot?

Those who had been the cause of his passing half his life in a jail, had little right to accuse him
of

of idleness; and it is highly improbable, that one who stood boldly forth as an arraigner of the lives and doctrines of others, should continue in an open and gross violation of the moral duties himself. However numerous the errors of Brown, his intentions appear to have been good; he certainly was of a bold temper, considering the times in which he lived; and a disposition naturally unaccommodating, was rendered turbulent, and perhaps malignant, by the severity of persecution.

I was induced to mention his name in this collection, by accidentally meeting with the following curious passage in Howell's *familiar* letters. "Difference in opinion may work a disaffection in me, but not a detestation; I rather pity than hate Turk and Infidel, for they are of the same metal, and bear the same stamp as I do, though the inscriptions differ:—if I hate any, it is those schismatics that puzzle the sweet peace of our church; so that I could be content to see an Anabaptist go to hell, on the back of a Brownist."

The system of Howell, since my former impression, has had the honour to be openly avowed and warmly enforced by a learned Prelate.

BRUCE, MICHAEL, a pathetic, but not a generally known poet, of North Britain, born of parents, remarkable only for innocence of life, and simplicity of manners, at a remote village, in the shire of Kinross. Nothing, says the ingenious and interesting author, to whom I am obliged for all I know of Bruce,

nothing more powerfully awakens the sympathies of a benevolent heart, than the consideration of genius depressed by situation, pining in obscurity, and perishing, for want of those comforts and conveniencies, which might have fostered a delicate frame, and too susceptible a mind, to maturity, and length of days.

"I never pass the place, in which Michael Bruce resided, a little hamlet, skirted with venerable trees, without stopping my horse; a small thatched house, distinguished from the cottages which surround it, only by a faded window, instead of a lattice, marks the spot; a honey-suckle, which the poor youth had planted and trained round the window, now almost covers it; in the dream of the moment I picture out a figure for the gentle tenant of the mansion; I wish with a swelling heart, that he were still living, and myself a great man, that I might have the luxury of visiting him in his humble habitation, and bidding him be happy."

"Movemur, nescio quo pacto, locis ipsis in quibus, eorum quos diligimus aut admiramur, adsunt Vestigia."

Our young poet, whose form and constitution were not calculated to encounter the austerities of his native climate, the exertions of daily labour, and the rigid frugality of humble life, in a northern county, was seized with a fever, and cough, which proving consumptive, terminated his days, in the twenty-first year of his age. Convinced of the hopeless nature of his disease, he contemplated the approaches of death, with composure,

sure, and dignity of mind, and within a fortnight of his decease, wrote a poem, which concludes with the following stanzas :

- " Dim in my breast life's dying
taper burns,
" And all the joys of life, with
health are flown.
-
- " Starting and shivering at the
chilling wind,
" Meagre and pale, the ghost of
what I was,
" Beneath some blasted tree I lie
reclin'd,
" And count the silent moments
as they pass.
- " Oft morning dreams preface
approaching fate.
" And morning dreams, as poets
tell, are true ;
" Led by pale ghosts, I enter
death's dark gate,
" And bid the realms of light
and life adieu !
" Then ! let me sleep forgotten in
the clay,
" Let death quick shut these
wearied aching eyes,
" Wait the great hopes of that
eternal day,
" When the long night shall
cease, and the last morn arise."

The Abbé Chaulieu, in similar circumstances, has left, it is true, a composition on the same subject ; but Bruce, appears to have been equally a stranger to the tender, the sentimental Abbé, and to the language in which he wrote. More than one poet has been ambitious (not without incurring the charge of affectation) has been ambitious of the fame of poetic composition, a few hours before the perils of an engagement, when

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the attention of most men would be occupied by more important concerns, than the jingle of a rhyme, or the arrangement of syllables. The praise of a firm and collected mind cannot be denied to Bruce, he views the insidious approaches of an incurable disease, which gradually sapping the fountains of life generally selects for its prey, the fairest and most amiable victims ; without pretending to that apathy, which would have been unnatural and impious, in such circumstances, he feels and acknowledges the gloominess of his prospects, and turns for comfort, to a world beyond the grave.

BRUCE, JAMES, a North Briton, and an explorer of the sources of the Nile, a question, still considered by many as unsettled, doubtful and obscure, notwithstanding our travellers learned toil, his patient diligence, and heroic sufferings. Few writers have been more exposed to critical suspicion and reproof than Mr. Bruce, a circumstance arising from his neglect or contempt of a maxim, which authors of voyages into unknown countries, should ever bear in mind ; not to betray a fondness for presenting to the public eye, marvellous facts, and astonishing anecdotes, however founded on truth, when no other evidence can possibly be produced in support of them, than the bare assertion of the relater.

I see nothing impossible in persons regaling themselves on the flesh of lions ; and, after a pause for reflection, I might probably be prevailed on to believe, that brutes in the shape of men ex-

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isted

isted, who enjoyed the cruel luxury of carving quivering muscles from the back of the living ox; but conscious of the ungovernable and stubborn nature of faith, and aware of the suspicion attached to solitary evidence. I should have been cautious how I scattered miraculous narratives in the body of a work, that would probably excite attention, and in which a country seldom seen was described.—Such errors, are trifling and venial, but Mr. Bruce's book inherits, in common with other human productions, original sin; it is bulky, unreasonably bulky and diffuse, dull, tediously copious, and uninteresting.

With good materials, a fund of learning, and a country before him, calculated, in an extraordinary degree, to irritate, as well as satisfy curiosity; our author, unblest with taste, and the graces of good writings, has produced a composition, which drains our pocket without enriching our memory, and fatigues the few who have had sufficient resolution to wade through his extracts from dusty volumes, fabulous history, and cobweb system; a fault, from which that ingenious, and well-informed traveller, Cox, is not wholly exempt; few purchasers of his amusing and instructive travels into Russia, expecting to have their volumes swelled in size, as well as price, with stale northern chronicles, uniformly chequered with court intrigue, bloody cabal, and female perfidy. The defects of Bruce cannot be placed in a stronger light, or be more usefully applied, than by comparing the fate of his massy volumes, with the fortune of

a superficial traveller, who galloped a few years since over the beaten tract of Italy, Sicily, and Malta. With an exhausted subject, scanty materials, little learning, and no very interesting information, the writer has contrived to touch his pages with the magic rod of genius and taste, they have been universally read, and afford general satisfaction.

In perusing the Abyssinian Historian, I have been struck with a resemblance of Warburton's controversial acrimony, and have been told, that excepting his vast corpulency, their features were not very different; I see in both the same unconquerable pride of learning, a similar, domineering, jealous spirit, and a fretful impatience of rebuke: If I were disposed to continue the analogy, I might say, that while the Bishop was diffusing a cloud of unread learning and elaborate obscurity, around the Scourge of Egypt, our traveller was conducting his reader, by a tedious, unpleasant, and unprofitable journey, along the muddy banks of the Nile.

The Baron de Tott, a writer whose literary credit has been impeached, says, that he saw at Cairo, the servant who was guide and companion to Mr. Bruce during his journey, and, that this person assured the Baron, he had no knowledge of the Caledonian having discovered the Sources of the Nile, "It may perhaps be objected," says De Tott, "that a learned man, like Mr. Bruce, was not obliged to give an account of his discoveries to his valet; but in a desert, the pride of celebrity vanishes,

nishes, the master and servant disappear, and become only two men, necessitated to assist the wants of each other; if there is any superiority, it must be enjoyed by the strongest, especially if he is better acquainted with the country. The servant in question, was a native of Egypt, and of course, would have been able to corroborate his master's assertion, in a discovery purely topographical. He declared, with every appearance of truth, that he was never absent a moment from him, in his Egyptian researches."

"Utrum horum mavis accipe."

This article ought not to conclude, without severely censuring Mr. Bruce's frequent references to the king's collection for plates and views; strange! that a heavy work, whose accurate drawings, and curious specimens in natural history, are its chief recommendation, should be deprived by its patron, of such embellishments, for the selfish purpose of swelling a collection, whose exhibition must necessarily be narrow and circumscribed: a mode of acting, highly injurious to the cause of science and public improvement, since the port-folio of the rapacious collector, is often more inaccessible, than the chest of the miser.

BUBB, GEORGE, the son of a Dorsetshire apothecary, and the nephew of Mr. Doddington, from whom he inherited a name and an estate, which, with the abilities he certainly possessed, might have rendered him that first of characters, a respectable and independent country gentleman. But, to use his own words, *he resolved to make a figure*; of what

kind, posterity must determine, for after practising many years those obsequious arts, without which, the road to court preferment will be trodden in vain, he was admitted into the family of Frederic Prince of Wales, and received a promise, that whenever he succeeded to the Crown, Mr. Doddington should be made a Peer, and Secretary of State, and lastly, that the House of Lords should be submitted to his management. The death of his Royal Patron blasted these rising hopes, and he was soon after informed, that the family of the deceased entertained a strong aversion to him. But, political intrigue and borough influence, soon enabled him to mitigate or subdue hostile prejudice; and he became Lord Melcombe, a political associate with the old Duke of Newcastle, and an object of the fulsome adulation of Doctor Young.

In the vicissitudes of a courtier's life, he was not without his moments of horror and depression; and, on a certain occasion exclaimed, in the anguish of delayed hope or mortified ambition, which are so ready to put on the garb of devotion, "Father of Mercies, thy hand which wounds, alone can save; forgive them, O Lord, thou knowest I deserve not this usage from them."

Although the Diary of the subject of this article, is in effect a satire of the severest kind, it has been well observed, by the ingenious Editor, that the mean, time-serving, avaricious, and selfish spirit, apparent in almost every page, did not appear, to the noble writer, as at all derogatory to his

memory, but that he considered and designed it as an ample and satisfactory apology for his political conduct; he had into manners moralized his crimes, and relates, with unfeeling coolness and unconcern, transactions which are a libel on the British Constitution, and almost on the human character.

"Let us get," said Doddington to Mr. Pelham, "a Whig Parliament together, a proper Whig House of Commons, such as the King may depend upon, and will do as he thinks proper!"

It was not to record the unblushing versatility of his political attachments, which excited and deserved the dramatic satire of Foote, or his various, his ardent efforts to procure a lawful heir, that this article was introduced; yet his eccentric conduct in this curious business, the singularity of his amorous adventures, and the minute details of his *previous agreements*, would afford materials for a laughable novel. Pregnancy, within a certain period, was to secure the courageous heroine a title and a husband; but, by a fatality more honourable to the fidelity of the ladies, than the prowess of the statesman, he was, in every instance, unsuccessful; yet the stipulated sum was honourably paid, and answered a purpose almost as important, it procured his fair favourites, vigorous husbands, and numerous olive branches round their tables. The writer of this article, has been in company with two ladies, who had been candidates for the vacant post of provider of an heir to his Lordship. One of them, a plea-

sant sensible woman, (with sons who would have done credit to Lord Melcombe) and who would have presided at his table with much spirit, has more than once entered on the subject, and described his provisional matrimonial treaty, as conducted with much of scrupulous decorum, due solemnity, and legal form, ratified by seals and parchment. But gratitude and esteem always impelled her to conclude with observing, that Lord Melcombe would have been a charming husband, and capable of making any wife happy; and that a woman who could have behaved ill to such a man, ought to have been hanged. I can only say, that the Peer was peculiarly fortunate in the subjects he selected for his nuptial experiments. I fear women *might* have occurred, who would have thought themselves bound to produce his Lordship an heir at any rate.

"Doddington, with his fierce looks, and his fine flowing wig, which almost covers his neck and shoulders, and the waving majestic motion of his head, puts me in mind of Scipio, the old lion in the Tower," said a nobleman at the last coronation;—"Yes," replied a friend at his elbow, "but we hear none of his roaring, though it has long been expected." This tame reply, from a man of rank, passed current for a *bon mot* of the day; but it conveyed a real truth, for Lord Melcombe, whose health and spirits were exactly, and almost ridiculously regulated by the barometer of court sunshine, had, from the death of his master Frederick, been growling and brooding over discontent; but, the cordial

dial of a Peerage and a Pension, had been effectually administered, which, to continue the simile, had pacified the indignant animal.

"After all the arguments against 'bribery,' says a warm advocate for corruption, with a snug pension in his pocket, and much useful knowledge under his bag wig; 'I congratulate mankind, on a safe and easy expedient having been invented for subduing the spirit, applying the energy, and directing the abilities of great men to public benefit; that a little silver lace, sewed on one side of the coat, a broad ribbon over the shoulder, and a pension of a few thousand pounds a year, have softened characters, who, without these soothing expedients, might have proved the Syllas, the Catilines, the Jugurthas, or the Coriolani of the age. If mankind prefer being governed by bribes, by influence, by rattles, and by toys, in preference to the nobler motives of justice and public spirit, you must provide for them such douceurs as they chuse to accept. Were you sinking under a dangerous disease, and a physician, at your bedside, was to refuse giving you advice, unless, instead of guinea fees, you consented to call him Sir Isaac Newton, and that he should wear your wife's fatten petticoat thrown over his shoulders; in such circumstances, would it not be folly to reason with, to irritate, and counteract him. You would immediately stretch forth your hand, consent to his conditions, and thank God and Sir Isaac, that you could, *by any method*, get rid of your malady."

BURKE, EDMUND, an orator highly endowed with genius and imagination, exhibiting at sixty, the strong feelings, intellectual vigour, and lively rhetorical flourish of eighteen, but possessing in an equal proportion the common defects of a juvenile temperament; ungovernable violence of passion, puerile prejudice, and rapid decision without a necessary and previous examination of facts; and an unceasing tendency to diffuseness, rant, fustian, and bombast. In support of this singular mixture of praise and censure, I refer my readers to almost every page of his *Reflections on the French Revolution*, the elaborate but ineffectual Vindication of his principles as a Whig; to his exaggerated charges against Mr. Hastings; and to every speech he made in Parliament, directly or remotely connected with France. His style of writing, and his mode of speaking are in general classically pure, correct, affecting, nervous, and chaste; yet such is the influence of virulence, selfishness and passion, the moment he is touched by the Talisman of these malignant dæmons, the instant his vivid rays are overshadowed by the dark cloud of an impending or expected pension, he sinks into obscurity, dogmatic insupportable tenet, vulgar idiom, and what is strange in a man aspiring to the fame of good taste, into nauseous and filthy allusion.

A native of Ireland, educated in a foreign seminary, and afterwards designed for the law, the late Lord Rockingham became acquainted with and rewarded his merits,

merits, and our successful adventurer was for some years nominal proprietor of the estate and mansion of Gregories near Beaconsfield in Buckinghamshire, a purchase which the liberality of his bookseller, the legacy of Sir Joshua Reynolds, and the sale of his pension, have since enabled him to complete. Through the long and ruinous tedium of the American War, as a powerful associate of the Marquis's party, he opposed the administration of Lord North; and few individuals brought into the Senate, a mind more richly stored with the treasures of ancient and modern learning, or a heart more alive to that refined species of philanthropy, which teaches us, or ought to teach us, that the world is one great family, and every one of its inhabitants, our brother. The friend of Toleration, and an enemy to civil and religious oppression, though in the infancy of the French Revolution, Pride and Passion have rendered him inconsistently intolerant, he lost the favour of the good men of Bristol, a city wholly absorbed in commercial avarice, and proverbially intent on pounds, shillings and pence.

"The character of the Marquis," says an able political writer, "was debility, so is that of Mr. Burke, he possesses genius, but wants judgement, he never deals in open downright argument, but renders politics a system of metaphysics and poetry; we admire but are not convinced, trifling sometimes, and always diffusive, *ludit amabiliter*, is his motto, and when we expect him in all his dig-

nity, in the front of the Theatre, we find him at play behind the scenes." His Bill for securing the Independence of Parliament, and for reforming the expences of the Civil List, was considered at the time as presumptive evidence in favour of himself and friends, but certain late events have strongly confirmed the Theory of Sir Robert Walpole, that like other men, they only waited till they could get their price. It is generally acknowledged that this measure had it not been attacked by open violence, or defeated by private intrigue, would have laid the axe to the root of all our evils, THE CORRUPT DEPENDANCE OF PARLIAMENT ON THE CROWN. After mentioning several places which perform real service, and many which perform none, he describes the Dutchy of Lancaster, a province, encumbered with the expensive formalities and sinecures of a great kingdom, and a long train of establishments, complicated, useless, expensive, and answering no purpose but that of influence, "an influence, which takes away vigour from our arms, wisdom from our councils, and credit from our Constitution;" he concludes this part of his plan with an important truism, that how great soever our resources may be, they are not likely to be increased by waste and prodigality.

His account of the disturbances which took place in Wales, on the appointment of Mr. Probert to improve the Crown Rents of that Principality, is a picturesque and well drawn sketch; "he went like his masters on other occasions to seek

seek revenue, and like them he found rebellion, he was no sooner arrived, than all were in arms to meet him; tumult, alarm, and uproar, were heard through the region of Prestatyn, Snowdon shook to its base, and Cader Edris was loosened from its foundation. The Fury of Discord blew her horn on the mountains, the rocks poured down their goat-herds, and deep caverns vomited out their miners, every thing above ground and every thing under ground was convulsed."

The impediments laid in the way of Reform, in consequence of Members of Parliament enjoying places in the Household, are humourously described, and Mr. Burke's description of Lord Talbot's disputes in the Royal Kitchen, and the various difficulties he met with in his æconomic plans, *because the King's turnspit was a Member of Parliament*, kept the house in a long-continued roar of laughter. Yet it cannot be denied that these evils are seriously felt, and after so much has been said both in and out of Parliament, neither Patriot or Minister has a right to public confidence who does not honestly endeavour, as far as is consistent with expediency, to set bounds to public and royal expence, and purify Parliamentary Representation.

It is to be lamented that the French Revolution has produced intemperate heat in a man, to whom we are indebted for much literary entertainment, and much political information: I expect at some future time, from his good sense, and cooler reason, an ho-

nourable apology, an ample recantation. For notwithstanding his elaborate declamation in defence of the corrupt superstructure of religious establishments, I see no reason for an Archbishop's receiving ten thousand pounds a year, while the majority of curates in his diocese are struggling with hopeless poverty, or worn down with unrequited toil; it is in vain that he endeavours to prove his hook to be more or less than a Defence of Absolute Monarchy, whose crimes he attempts to varnish over; he forgets or wishes to make us forget, that Whig principles are built on the basis of a controuled King, a deliberative judicial Aristocracy, and a pure Representation of the People.

Among the various attacks on Mr. Burke, provoked by his poetic Pamphlet, I have observed the effort of an assailant, who probably thought that *poetical reasoning*, was best answered in rhyme; it commenced as follows:

The chearful trav'ler after jour-
nies past,

O'er hill and dale, and many a
dreary waste,

At distance views with exquisite
desire,

The smoking village, or the
Gothic spire,

And sees, or thinks he sees, the
wish'd-for shed,

Where love and peace shall
smooth his humble bed,

The sight of home with trans-
port fills his breast,

Sooths ev'ry pain, and lulls his
foul to rest,

Thus didst thou Edmund, ma-
ny a toiling year,

Keep

Keep thy strong course in honour's high career,
 Whilst vigorous effort and successful aim,
 Still cheer'd thy steps, and led thee on to fame.
 On themes Atlantic, impotent and wild,
 When Guildford rav'd, and Sandwich play'd the child;
 When Prince and Senate leagu'd in base design,
 To dig revenue from oppression's mine;
 And thousands sent to fair Columbia's field,
 To tempt resistance, but at last to yield;
 Purchas'd with gold each German tyrant ran,
 And thinn'd his realms to crush the Rights of Man.
 Then despotism, in arms, her flag unfurl'd,
 Had blotted freedom's mem'ry from the world.
 Call'd forth by Rockingham's benignant smile,
 Kerne gave thee to our British isle;
 With patriot's join'd, illustrious dust thou bare,
 Thy throbbing bosom in the gen'rous war,
 And stem with freedom's heroes, unabash'd
 The despot storm, and ministerial blast.
 Thee too, when vile enthusiasts madly strove,
 To mar with violence religious love,
 Reason inspir'd, in Ciceronian strains,
 To free mankind from vile polyemic chains,

While toleration, heaven-born nymph, repin'd,
 That tests tyrannical should plague mankind.
 From such pursuits which long had made thee lov'd,
 From Thames to Ganges, honour'd and approv'd,
 Say, what could tempt, thy course of life just run,
 To cloud the glories of a Gallic sun?
 Freedom's bright sun, whose vivifying ray
 Spreads o'er all France one great enlighten'd day,
 Calls forth the seeds of energy divine,
 To teach new lessons to the Bourbon line;
 Detested line! which 'till the magic rod
 Of freedom chang'd it, was the foe of God
 And man, God's image—sift the dogs of war
 'Gainst humble industry, and drove afar
 Worth, science, arts, on foreign shores to roam,
 Or die by fire and bayonet at home.
 Unhappy France! to ministerial sway,
 To fav'rites, fools, and prostitutes a prey
 For many an age; thy heroes vainly bled,
 To fatal vict'ries by ambition led,
 Thy gallant spirit serving but to mark
 And swell the triumphs of the Grand Monarque;
 In vain thy banish'd parliaments complain'd,

Thy

Thy laws perverted, and thy
trade inchain'd :

Spite of our Irish orator's re-
port,

A beggar'd nation, tho' a splen-
did court,

Each eye that wept, each heart
that dar'd to feel,

Oblivion buried in the dark
Bastille;

Deep cell of woes ! where hus-
band, father, child,

Snatch'd from the world, in
hopeless anguish wild,

Immur'd in loathsome dungeons,
damp and drear,

No wife to sooth, no friendly
voice to cheer ;

From ills like these, which fore-
ly press'd the land,

Why should not France emerge
and take her stand

With favour'd realms ? to whom
is kindly given,

Freedom, that sacred gift of
gracious heaven,

Which gilds the poor man's cot,
which smooths each frown,

And makes the bitter draught
of life go down !

Why would'st thou, Edmund,
palliate regal crimes,

And damn thy well-earn'd fame
through future times ;

Why, gnat-like, plac'd on self-
opinion's throne,

Resist the god-like plan, tho'
not thy own ?

BURNÉY, Miss, daughter of
the agreeable and well known
historian of music. This inge-
nious writer, and pleasing novel-
list, was appointed to a place
at court, as a reward for merit of
no common cast, or, for the ho-
nourable, but less generous pur-
pose of an agreeable and instruc-

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tive companion, a situation from
which she has lately receded, on ac-
count of ill health, or rather, as I
am inclined to suspect, from a
sense of her superiority to a post,
which required her listening with
patience to the harmless, but op-
pressive chit-chat of a dressing-
room, and occasionally to join in
discussions on caps and ribbands.

I hope not to be suspected of in-
vidious designs towards the author
of *Evelina*, whose works, when
circulating libraries, and their
contaminating trash shall sink into
oblivion, will afford no ill picture
of the manners of the age in which
she lived. But of late, doubts
have arisen, and opinions have
gone forth, unfavourable and de-
rogatory to the originality of Miss
Burney's pen. The propagators
of what, at most, can be only sur-
mise, have not scrupled to declare
her father, as the actual author of
the excellent novels, to which her
name has been prefixed. The ge-
neral literary powers of the doctor,
and the long pause which has suc-
ceeded these her entertaining pro-
ductions, have also been supposed,
to strengthen this malevolent
charge, against which, like other
charges, built only on hypothesis
and conjecture, it is not easy to
bring demonstrative evidence.

May I be suffered to ask these
illiberal raisers of injurious ob-
jection, if the absorbing and un-
improving nature of her occupa-
tion, if the restless inquisitiveness
of a great lady and her lovely off-
spring, and the daily unceasing
and often unanswered questions of
that lady's husband, in his usual
good-natured rapidity, afford any
intervals for mental cultivation, if
they

N

they are not a full and sufficient reason for unproductive time, for burying talents, if not in a napkin, in an inundation of lawn, gauze, lace, and tiffany, in frivolous pleasures, and wearisome dissipation? Add to these, that ease, independance and matrimony are generally observed to diminish, if not extinguish energy and exertion.

Another reason which perhaps may not be allowed in the court of criticism, in my own mind, effectually answers every argument against the writer of Cecilia. The goodness of her heart, the solidity of her understanding, the general and exemplary tenor of a life and character without spot, will not suffer me for a moment to think Miss Burney guilty of literary fraud and imposition, however natural it may be to consider her as obliged to the occasional corrections of a fond, but judicious parent.

BURTON-UPON-TRENT, mentioned in this place, for the purpose of recording a sensible addition, which was proposed to be made to an address presented to the king, in consequence of a late proclamation.

"We return thanks to your majesty," said the movers of this amendment, I fear with too much severe truth and sterling sense, to obtain audience at court, "We return thanks to your majesty, for your late royal proclamation, but we should have considered it as a more effectual demonstration of your majesty's paternal care, had you been pleased to have sent us copies or extracts from the publications therein alluded to, as many

of them have never reached this remote spot, and the finances of the majority of your subjects, from many causes, with the mention of which they will not grate your ear, do not at all admit of superfluous expence; we have besides, ever held it to be the most sacred and inviolable right of every Englishman, to judge of and decide, wholly and solely for themselves, on the nature and tendency of all productions of the press, for the punishment of whose errors, the laws of the land afford ample and sufficient remedy; without the ill-advised, rash interposition of ministerial anathemas, which we hoped, had been long and eternally banished from this country, in all political and religious investigations. Your majesty's faithful subjects, more particularly lament, the dogmatic and pointed condemnation of the publications alluded to, since they have been informed that the chief purposes proposed in them, were to diminish the enormous expences of government, to relieve the middling and lower classes of mankind, to provide prompt and sufficient resources of labour, provision and comfort, for unemployed indigence, and helpless old age, which if neglected, threaten to involve these kingdoms, in calamities, it is easier to prevent than provide a remedy for."

CADOGAN, WILLIAM, an ingenious physician of the old school, strongly prejudiced, against the improvements of modern practice, whose treatise on the gout excited *in its day* much attention; it contains the opinions of Sydenham, and the doctor's old

old master, Boerhaave, clothed in good language, and may be perused with advantage by the gouty man and valetudinarian, as I have myself experienced. That temperance and exercise are the parents of health, that most diseases originate from indigestion, produced by excess or indolence, and that to remove those evils, we must recur rather to the causes that produced them, than to medicine, are the doctrines he enforces.

If his book has not any strong claim to novelty, it however possesses the merit of inculcating important truths in a forcible manner, and of setting them in new points of view. He errs occasionally in vague theory, and refined hypothesis. I cannot agree with the severe censure of Dr. Johnson, pronounced on Cadogan's book, "All that is good he stole, the nonsense is evidently his own."

On the subject of wine he deals rather in paradox, perhaps a little extravaganza was necessary to catch the public eye. Yet the physician is said to have departed occasionally from his own maxims of moderation, with his medical associates, at the St. Alban's Tavern, and the Thatched House. Probably he thought it right to *try all things*, and considered it as his duty to speak *experimentally* on both sides of the question, to qualify himself to say with the poet,

"Haud ignarus mali miseris succurrere disco."

CANNING, ELIZABETH, for an account of her trial, which affords a remarkable instance of deeply-contrived imposition, and general infatuation. See Squires, Mary.

CAMPBELL, MUNGO, an exciseman of Saltcoats, in Scotland, the circumstances of whose case, attracted general attention; and, in the versatile hands of certain writers of the day, were considered as fortunate and well timed for aggravating popular discontent, and fanning the flames of national animosity, at a period (1769) when Great Britain was an alternate scene of popular insurrection, arbitrary violation, and mutual party virulence.—Campbell, whose abilities, attainments, and high sense of honour, appear to have raised him, at least in his own opinion, above the common class of revenue officers, had, from his youth, been passionately attached to shooting, hunting, and other sports of the field, a species of strenuous relaxation from business, an extinguisher of care, which, absorbing for a moment, the whole man, and uniting the charms of fresh air, society, amusement, and an animating object of pursuit, with excessive labour, is wonderfully calculated to fascinate that portion of mankind, who, from a variety of causes, are not qualified or obliged to fill up the intervals of life, by professional or commercial exertion, political warfare, literary labour, or intellectual toil.

Being of a respectable character, and family, he had obtained permission to shoot on several estates adjoining to the lands of the Earl of Eglintoun, a young Scotch Peer, with high notions of the prerogatives of birth and fortune, strong passions, and many estimable qualities, but a rigid enforcer of the game laws, that disgraceful

part of our statute-book; which, under the specious pretence of protecting the pleasures of country gentlemen, and preventing the labouring class of mankind from lapsing into the idleness and infamy of poaching, places the hateful instruments of revenge and oppression, in the hands of irritated sportsmen (for the Justice is generally a *dead shot*) and is replete, in a thousand instances, with glaring injustice, personal distress, and collateral calamity. Hurried by that characteristic ardour which a keen sportsman only can feel, and is best qualified to describe, Campbell had, on two occasions, broken in on the Earl's boundaries, and on this account, for some time, had been a marked object of aversion at Eglintoune House.

During this unfortunate interval of recent irritation, in the month of October 1769, his Lordship, accompanied, by Lord Kelly, with a train of horses, servants, dogs, guns, &c. in their way from home, received intelligence, that several shooters were perceived at a distance; and, on one of the attendants saying, that he was sure one of them was *that Campbell*, Lord Eglintoune directly leaped out of the carriage, in which he often rode part of his way to the field, mounted on horseback, and galloped towards the subject of this article, who was now deserted by his companions, and reproached him with the meanness of having forfeited his word, by again incroaching on his ground, though he had so lately been detected in killing a hare. Campbell replied, in an undaunted manner, "I have

"for I have shot nothing to-day."

Lord Eglintoune. I insist on your delivering me your gun directly, and without further words.

Campbell. (suddenly drawing back.) Deliver my gun—I ask pardon, my Lord, but I shall surrender my gun to no man.

Eglintoune. I must and will have it.

Campbell. In my return to Saltcoats, after having been on duty, it is very hard that I must not be allowed to amuse myself on my way home; but if your Lordship thinks I have infringed on your rights, the laws of the land are open to punish me; but I will never submit to the disgrace of surrendering my fowling-piece.

After these words, Lord Eglintoune, having neither whip or spurs, pressing and kicking the horse with his heels, attempted to ride in upon the Exciseman, who retreating, but still facing the noble Lord, and pointing his gun towards him, desired him to keep his distance. On the Earl's continuing still to force his horse upon him, and peremptorily persevering in his demands of the gun, Campbell, somewhat raising his voice, said, "Keep off, my Lord, or I shall be obliged to shoot you in my own defence." Lord Eglintoune then dismounted, ordered his servant to charge one of his fowling pieces, and turning to Campbell, said, "I can then shoot as well as you." They then continued, my Lord advancing as his adversary retreated, while the gun was cocked and pointed towards Eglintoune, for near fifty yards, Campbell often repeating, "My Lord,

"Lord, keep off, I have a right to carry a gun, and no man shall take it from me; if you persist, I must repel force by force."—At this moment, while the Earl was reproaching his servant for his slowness in loading the gun, Campbell's foot, in his retrograde progress, hit against a stone, and he fell backwards with violence, when the Peer instantly ran in to seize the piece, but was prevented from succeeding in his attempt, by receiving the whole contents of Campbell's gun in his body.—Mungo considering himself as at the mercy of his foes, and not doubting but they would immediately put him to death, instantly jumped up, and ran towards the servant who had just loaded the gun, and attempted to force it from him, but failed; he was soon after, with the help of the other servants, bound and conveyed to prison. After much delay, proceeding from certain doubts of the jurisdiction of the Scotch court, which were overruled, Campbell was arraigned at the Court of Justiciary in February 1770; and, after a long trial, marked with declamation, and invective, and a complaint from the prisoner's counsel, that a list of the jury had been shown to the prosecutor's agent, and altered before it was signed by the court, the Exciseman was found guilty; but, previous to the day appointed for his execution, prevented that disgrace with his own hands.

It was alledged, in favour of the prisoner, that waving the general question of right for every freeman to carry arms, Campbell was expressly and specifically authoris-

ed so to do, by the licences of the Earls of Loudon and Marchmont; that, for this reason, Lord Eglington was not authorised in demanding his gun, and that the utmost legal penalty Campbell, in the present instance, incurred, was a prosecution for a trespass. That the noble Lord's ordering his servant to charge his piece, and the character he and his father had for many years born of ill treating persons shooting on their grounds, were causes sufficiently strong for the exciseman's expecting instant death, dishonourable blows, or coercion.

Various have been the opinions on this interesting case, which produced a pamphlet from the pen of the ingenious Dr. Langhorne.—Whilst some have applauded, in warm terms, the sentence of the court, others have not been wanting, who, in this and many other instances, have considered the Caledonian code as intolerably harsh and severe; in the latter sentiment, the writer of the present article feels himself compelled to join. Should accident or inclination hereafter place him in circumstances similar to those of the unfortunate exciseman, he does not hesitate in declaring, that in repelling outrage, and defending his life and property from injury and violation, he would act precisely in the same manner.

But, as a patriot and a Christian, here he would have paused; and, instead of flying for refuge to the dishonourable sanctuary of suicide, he would have submitted, without murmuring, to the laws of his country, satisfied with having taught the governors of the world

world an awful and useful lesson; that the personal privileges of the humblest individual, are equally sacred with those of the most exalted ranks; that while priests and legislators are industriously rearing the vain ramparts of fear and superstition, against the natural feelings of mankind; the oppressed man, at any time, retains, in his own hands, the power, as well as the means, of rendering himself ample justice, by inflicting on the tyrants of the earth, those pains and penalties, which they are scattering, with so lavish a hand, among their afflicted fellow creatures.

It was once observed, by an artful sycophant in the court of Augustus, "that few of the assassins of Julius Cæsar, or their abettors, died natural deaths;" he added, cloathing a republican sentiment, in the guise of a loyal lamentation, "but, alas, the torments of blood, shed at Philippi, could not heal the wounds inflicted on the Dictator, by Brutus, and his associates; nor could ten thousand proscriptions, call back to life, the shade of the immortal Julius."

CHAPELAIN, JOHN, the first writer who attempted a Poem on the subject of the Maid of Orleans, which notwithstanding rugged verse, and uncouth French, is by no means an unpleasant book.

Voltaire, who evidently profited from this work, treats his predecessor, a man of his own trade, with illiberal and unmerited severity, and says, he got more by his Poem than Homer from the *Iliad*, an assertion, which, however true,

by no means proves Chapelain's profits to have been considerable. The lively philosopher of Ferney afterwards rescuing the virgin from his rival's rude embrace, has produced a composition, replete with humour, satire, and fine poetry, but disgraced by impiety and lewdness.

I give Chapelain a place in this collection, to recite an improbable story he tells concerning some of the lost Decades of Livy. It is taken from a little volume of letters published under the auspices of Christina, after her secession from the throne of Sweden.

I was told, says Chapelain, by the tutor of the Marquis de Rouville's son, whose veracity I have no reason to doubt, that having occasion to play at tennis, he had purchased some parchment battledores, and while he and his pupil were one day amusing themselves at this salutary exercise, that he discovered accidentally the Latin titles of the eighth, tenth, and eleventh Decades of Livy on the battledores with which they played. Prompted by curiosity, and enquiring where the parchment was procured, he was informed, that it was bought of an apothecary.

On applying for further information to this gentleman, who was employed professionally at the Abbey of Fontevraud, he told him, that he had often observed a heap of dusty parchment lying neglected in an obscure corner of a dirty room at that place. After looking at them, and finding they were the writings of Livy, he begged them of the Abbess, telling her, they could be of no use to any one, as the works of that author

thor were in print. This account, for many obvious reasons, will not bear the touchstone of criticism, the name of the tutor ought to have been mentioned, besides the rackets generally used for tennis have no parchment on them, but, in its stead, a kind of catgut netting. It served to amuse the leisure of the Swedish queen, who was soothed by the title of patroness of arts and of learning; indeed it would have been happy for her attendants if this strange woman could have been always satisfied with such harmless amusement for she was sanguinary, and in one instance in the violence of passion, committed wilful murder, for which, had I been king of France, where the outrage was perpetrated, she should have certainly been suspended by the neck.

CHATEAUNEUF, Mr. keeper of the seals in the tumultuous minority of Lewis the Thirteenth. But it is not for keeping seals, or keeping a king's conscience, that he is mentioned in this place.

At the age of nine he was introduced to a French bishop, who said he would give him an orange if he would tell him where God is. "My lord, I will give you two if you will tell me where he is not," replied the boy. He had hardly read the sublime scepticism of Lucretius.

"Jupiter est quodcunque vides quocunque moveris."

which has been almost literally translated by Mr. Pope,

"All are but parts of one stupendous whole,

"Whose body Nature is, and God the soul."

CHAMBERS, Sir WILLIAM, Knight of the Polar Star, and Comptroller General of the Public Works. This gentleman, if not remarkably witty himself, has clearly been the cause of wit in others; he has the merit of having incited the famous Heroic Epistle, by his singular Dissertation on Oriental Gardening, in which he proves, or endeavours to prove, that the English style, first introduced by Kent, Southcote, Hamilton, and Brown, who followed nature for their guide, is far excelled by the passion of the Chinese, for the Grotesque, the surprising, the horrible, and the sublime; such scenes, in short, as are displayed in the Emperor's garden of Yven-Ming-Yven, near Pekin.

If certain productions of this phoenix of modern architecture have been somewhat perishable and transitory, it may afford him some consolation, that he called forth, by his extravaganza, a performance which will be perused with pleasure and emotion, when the cracking beams, and sinking walls of Somerset House, with the colossal Hercules in the cellar, their patron, and their projector, will be mouldering in dusty oblivion.

"What is nature?" says Sir William in the fervour of his Asiatic transports; "ground, plants, and water."

"For what is nature?" says our knight's admirable poetic commentator, suppos'd, but not certainly known, to be Mr. Tickle.

For what is nature? ring her changes round,

Her three flat notes, are water, plants and ground;

Prolong

Prolong the peal, yet spite of
all your clatter,
The tedious chime is ground,
and plants, and water.
So when some John his dull in-
vention racks,
To rival Boodle's dinners, or
Almack's;
Three monstrous legs of mut-
ton shock our eyes,
Three roasted geese, three but-
ter'd apple pyes."

But our poet soon feels, that
powers like his were not to be
occupied in crushing butterflies;
he soon starts nobler game; like
the great President Sir Joseph,
who quitted, for a time, the busy
avocation of pursuing insects, for
the more laudable employment
of hupping out French spies, and
concealed Jacobins, in which, I
thank God, he has been success-
ful.

But we must not lose sight of the
Heroic Epistle. The author ad-
dressing his muse, thus proceeds:

I know the vigour of thy eagle
wings,
Thy searching strains can pierce
the ear of kings;
Thy solemn vein of irony so
fine,
Which e'en Reviewers own,
adorns thy line.
With all thy powers, O God-
defs of the song,
Come then, and guide my care-
less pen along;
Yet keep it in the bounds of
sense and verse,
Nor, like Mac Homer, make
me gabble Erse.
No, let the flow of these spon-
taneous rhymes,

Exactly touch the temper of the
times;

Then shall my song, undisci-
plin'd by art,
Find a sure patron in each En-
glish heart.

If this my fate, let all the frip-
p'ry things,

Be plac'd, be-pension'd, and be-
starr'd by kings;

Frown on the page, and, with
fastidious eye,

Like *old young Fannius*, call it
blasphemy.

For other ears my honest num-
bers found,

With other praise these num-
bers shall be crown'd:

Praise that shall spread, no
pow'r can make it less,

While Britain boasts her bul-
wark of the press.

Yes, Sons of Freedom! ye to
whom I pay,

Warm from the heart this tri-
butary lay;

Whate'er my fame, or fate, on
this depend,

I am, and still *will be*, my coun-
try's friend,

'Tis but to try my strength, that
now I sport,

With Chinese gardens, and a
Chinese court;

But, if that country claim a
graver strain;

If real danger threat fair Free-
dom's reign;

If hireling Peers, in prostitution
bold,

Sell her as cheaply as themselves
they fold;

Or those who honour'd by the
people's choice,

Against that people lift their re-
bel voice;

And,

And, basely crouching for their
paltry pay,

Vote the best birthright of her
sons away.

Permit a kingdom's inborn
wealth to fly,

In mean unkingly prodigality;
If this they dare, the thunder
of my song,

Rolling in deep-ton'd energy
along;

Shall strike, with truth's dread
bolt, each miscreant's name,

Who, dead to duty, senseless
e'en to shame,

Betrav'd his country; yes, ye
faithless crew,

The Muses' vengeance shall
your crimes pursue;

Stretch you on Satire's rack,
and bid you lie,

Fit garbage for that hell-hound
infamy.

The man of genius, who is emulous of such genuine productions of the Muse, and it will be no easy task to equal them; in the glow of early patronage, and after such patriotic promises and denunciations, let him be cautious, how he lends his name, and countenance, to men and measures, whom his cooler reason would teach him to abominate and reject, least the arrows of repentance be barbed by the revolvings of suppressed integrity, and the struggles of tongue-tied independence, and he ultimately fall a victim to the insufferable anguish of a wounded spirit.

CHARDIN, Sir JOHN, a Jeweller, a Persian traveller, a French protestant, and what may seem extraordinary, a favourite of James the Second, King of England, to whom he dedicated his

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travels into Persia, in a strain of lavish panegyric.

It is remarkable, that Chardin, who appears not to have been deficient, either in mercantile acuteness, or personal intrepidity, concludes his fulsome address with a prophetic invocation, in which his gratitude, appears to have warped his judgment. After acknowledging James's goodness in suffering him to reside under the shadow of his august throne in England, which he calls the Land of Promise, he assures his infatuated patron, that the English sceptre shall be as immovable in the hearts of his people, as it is in his own triumphant hands. This mistaken prophecy was written only a few months before the ideot, to whom it was addressed, had raised such a general spirit of opposition, that he found it most prudent to quit precipitately the kingdom, and a throne, for the despicable and precarious subsistence of a fugitive, in a foreign realm.

If we except the singularity of a Huguonot, choosing for his patron James, whom we may literally call a martyr in the cause of the church of Rome, and a laudable strain of piety, produced by the traveller's frequent and narrow escapes from robbery and murder, on which occasions he perpetually, and I think, too wantonly speaks of God's preventing, almost as if the Almighty had actually and visibly interfered; particularly in one instance, where he had concealed money from certain marauders, which escaping their researches, with a spirit, favouring more of the devout avarice of a jew,

jew, than the pious resignation of a christian, he exclaims, "but God saved the money!" With these and other exceptions, there is little to interest or amuse a modern reader, who, in seeking for information, respecting a remote, and at one period an interesting country, will often be arrested in his enquiries, by frivolous disputes of French ambassadors, on ceremonial nonsense, by tedious details of petty freebooters, annals of sovereigns never heard of out of their own districts, and diffuse, uninteresting historical discussions, something in the manner of Mr. Bruce, but without the acuteness, learning, and general knowledge of our Abyssinian traveller.

Chardin's frequent, inapt, and I think indecent invocations to heaven, or his expecting celestial aid on every trifling occasion of loss, or of mischance, reminds me of the outrageous expression of a person, who had met with an unlucky nail in climbing over a gate, "I have torn my breeches, as if heaven and earth were coming together," was his ridiculous and irreverend exclamation.

I have remarked the singularity of a protestant refugee, being protected by a prince, who sacrificed his crown, and beggared his family, rather than forego his attachment, to the selfish impostures of the Vatican. But a catholic descendant from an inveterate Jacobite of the last century, who retains the stubborn opinions without the fortune or the influence of his restless ancestor, informs me, that the fugitive king valued himself on his tolerating spirit; that one of the principal sources of

comfort afforded to the *pious monarch*, originated from his being driven from the inheritance of his fathers, by the intolercancy of his subjects, and that the following was the common language at the court of St. Germain: "These are your protestants, who pretend to allow freedom of conscience; they have rebelled against and refused to me, the Lord's anointed, and their only lawful sovereign, what they profess to deny to no one else, liberty of opinion." Had I been at the King's elbow, I would have repeated to him,

"Quis tulcrit Gracchos de feditione querentes."

This is not the first instance, in which the practisers and defenders of harsh measures have occasionally assumed the language of toleration and philosophy. Mr. Burke, I fear, comes under this description, as well as the National Convention of France.

It is, perhaps, the unavoidable effect of inflamed passions, and clashing interests, that while we are shaking off the disgraceful manacles of superstition, we do not sufficiently guard ourselves against the comfortless and unrelenting bigotry of scepticism, which too often narrows our views, destroys liberality of sentiment, and produces hardness of heart. The philosopher (at least the supposed one) who thinks a little severity useful in reclaiming an erring brother, would in another cause, have assisted in kindling the popish, the hellish fires, in Smithfield. An intolerant free-thinker, a republican despot, a Christian without charity and humility, are shocking and contradictory paradoxes, disgraceful

graceful to whatever cause they affect to support, but, alas! too frequently exhibited.

If, as I am informed hath been remarked, too much acrimony against the Romish church hath occasionally flowed from my pen, I hope and trust that this excess proceeds from the warm, I hope the honest interest, I feel, in whatever relates, to the temporal and eternal interests of mankind; these (and God so help me at my greatest need) I firmly believe, have not a more inveterate foe than the Catholic superstition; which, as hath actually been the case in a neighbouring kingdom, will, I fear, ultimately tend to eradicate real Christianity. Such indeed will ever be its baneful effects, by impressing on the great body of the people, a firm, but concealed conviction, that where there is externally so much pompous nonsense and implicit reliance, and internally so much fraudulent casuistry, there can be no real truth. To conclude, let me ask those whining fanatics, who with the wafer in their mouths, and the inquisition in their hearts, dwell so pathetically on the *unproved* Atheism of France, whether, the subversion of religion, in that unhappy kingdom, was produced by a few obscure philosophers and freethinkers, known and regarded only in a narrow circle. What think they of the great body of nobility and dignified clergy, uniting ritual observances with profligate lives, of their publicly assenting to, but, in their families, notoriously ridiculing and despising the religion of their ancestors. The effect of such a spectacle, of

the great expecting to restrain their vassals by ties, which they themselves refused to acknowledge, and of Spiritual wickedness in high places, I need not describe; the terrible farce hath been conspicuously played, and its effects are shaking Europe to its foundations.

It would to *some* be an amusing, to others an instructive task, to peruse the various addresses presented to King James, a short time before he was deserted by the majority of his subjects.

This incense so flattering but ultimately so fatal to royalty, was presented to the deluded monarch in different addresses, and at different times, in their corporate or collective capacities, by various worthy and loyal subjects. I have collected, and concentrated the quintessence of their compositions. To have given them all at length, would have occupied a space, inconsistent with the nature of my collection, and probably have cloyed my readers with sweets, besides exhausting their patience. "We abhor," say these gentlemen, "those pernicious principles by which persons consider themselves authorized seditiously to petition for reformation and redress of grievance. In duty to Almighty God and your sacred Majesty his vicegerent, we declare our detestation of such petitions, we believe and maintain that kings derive not their titles from the people but God, that it belongs not to subjects to censure, but to obey their sovereign, who is become such by a fundamental, hereditary indefeasible right of succession.

All opposition to *such a king* whether secret or avowed, we consider as jesuitical hypocrisy, or seditious impudence, designed and contrived in hell. The efforts of such men we denounce as abominable, affassinating, cursed, damnable, dangerous, desperate, destructive, diabolical, disingenuous, execrable, hellish, horrid, illegal, impious, insinuating, malicious, monstrous, pernicious, prolific, rebellious, seditious, spawning, venomous, villainous, begun and carried on by *fanatical, atheistical, and republican desperadoes*.

Your majesty is the breath of our nostrils, your sacred life is of more value than a hundred millions of ours, and your majesty may rest assured that such persons shall be chosen in Parliament as will facilitate at the risk of their lives, fortunes, and all they hold dear, your majesty's gracious intentions. We doubt not that the Almighty will preserve you the hearts of your subjects, and give you the necks of your enemies."

The subject of addresses, which have so often been the hollow conveyances of falsehood and insincerity, ought not to conclude without mentioning a famous composition of this species presented by the Borough of Totness, to (I believe) George the First. The raising the Land Tax to four shillings, had at that period excited a formidable opposition to the court. "So far from being uneasy at the said four shillings," said the inhabitants of Totness, "we make your majesty a free-will offering of the other sixteen."

CHATHAM, Lord, the first of that title, whose merits and defects, whose brilliancies and singularities, at a certain period of his life, treading closely on the heels of insanity, have exhausted the patience of a modern reader. My first reason for mentioning him in this place was for the purpose of repeating an answer he made to the following question, which I submit to the consideration of his second son.

"What will become of poor England, which doats on the imperfections of her constitution?"

"The gout will dispose of me time enough to prevent my feeling the consequences of this infatuation, but before the end of this century, Parliament will either reform itself from within, or be reformed with a vengeance, from without."

On first entering into office, Mr. Pitt softened the animosity of the King, who had been extremely exasperated at his coarse invective, by reading certain important dispatches on his knees. "It is not," he observed, "my duty to sit in your majesty's presence, but although the gout disables me from standing, I can kneel." After a certain period, the irritable, but well meaning old gentleman was heard to say, "I like that Pitt, he's an honest man, I understand all he says."

To an Envoy at a German Court who attempted to excuse his not having written officially for a long time, by observing, that "every thing was so *still* and quiet," he replied, "It was necessary for me to know all was *still* and

quiet, as well as you, let this conduct be mended, Sir."

The following character of this English statesman caught my eye, since writing the former part of this article; it is evidently written by one, with no strong partialities in favour of the House of Burton Pynsent; there are sentiments in it calculated to excite surprise and regret, for who can suppress them, at being told by one well acquainted with public business, that a scrupulous sense of honour, incapacitated a man for the office of a Prime Minister. "No man was ever more successful, nor ever deserved less to have been so than Mr. Pitt. He entered the army early in life, and there he ought to have remained; his enterprising spirit, his rashness, and his scrupulous sense of honour, were extremely proper in the profession of arms, but these qualities, and his uncontrollable arrogance, rendered him the most improper of any man living for a Prime Minister. To those advantages and those views which are acquired and communicated by study and habits of reflection, he was a stranger. In a country where eloquence is little known, his noise and vociferation acquired that name. By the same singular infatuation he was extolled beyond Demosthenes or Tully, though without common sense. His vanity was excessive, he observed no bounds of decency or truth, in the contempt he expressed for others, or his exulting approbation of himself; capricious to the most boyish excess, he formed and abandoned resolutions before he could put them in execution, yet by a whimsical

concurrence of circumstances, his instability generally led the way to glory, and his blunders procured him a reputation to which he had no legitimate title, popularity was the idol which in every instance but his title and his pension, he implicitly obeyed, a certain proof that his conduct was not influenced by those superior ideas which arise in high, liberal, and virtuous minds. The violence of his temper, like that of Mr. Burke, often hurried him into declarations which he knew were unfounded, and led him to harshness and indiscretion, which though his cooler reason repented, his pride would not suffer him to disavow. A respectable character was no security against the licentious fury of his tongue. In private life he was restless, fretful, unsociable, and perpetually affecting complaints he did not feel."

"Mr. Pitt," says another of his *good natured contemporaries*, "was born an orator, with every requisite to bespeak awe and respect; a manly figure, with the eagle face of the famous Condé, fixed attention and commanded reverence, before he uttered a syllable; the lightning of his eye spoke the fierceness of his soul; HIS TONGUE DROPPED VENOM; Murray and even Fox, faltered and shrunk back from an adversary breathing fire unquenchable. Yet his speeches could not be read, there was neither sound reasoning, nor accuracy of expression in them. The old Duke of Newcastle used to say, that Pitt's talents would not have got him forty pounds a year in any country but this. He virulently abused Walpole when alive,

alive, and like other political adventurers complimented him when dead."

"Urit enim fulgore suo qui
ravat artes

"Infra se positas, extinctus
amabitur idem."

CCHESTERFIELD, Lord, a wit, a man of pleasure, and a statesman of ability and reputation, notwithstanding the sarcasm of a surly moralist, "that he was a lord among wits, and a wit among lords." The Peer had been once taught to expect that Johnson's Dictionary would be inscribed to him, but the Doctor resolving that his Dedication should be rather produced by gratitude, than excited by hope, the design after much awkward coquetry between them, dropped, and mutual coolness took place.

The unwarrantable theory of dissimulation, and hypocrisy laid down in his Letters have exhausted the arrows of the divine and the moralist; they have been attacked by satire, and their evil tendency exposed in novels. "Lord Chesterfield," says one of his assailants, "has plundered his system from the perfumer, the dancing master, and the devil." Mr. Pratt, in his pleasant novel, the Pupil of Pleasure, professedly written as an antidote against the Chesterfield poison, has fallen into the very error which he wished to prevent. By the richness of his colouring, the luxuriance of his descriptions, and the decided success of his hero, notwithstanding his fatal exit, the book is sufficient to tempt a young man with a full pulse and strong passions, to become a scholar in the school of the

Graces. Like the view of the Internal Evidence of the Christian Religion, by Soame Jenyns, it injures the cause it professes to defend.

I shall not be suspected of defending his Lordship's maxims, yet the ill effects of them have been much exaggerated. For if I am to be cheated and plundered, as is the fate of many an open hearted undesigning man, I would rather fall into the hands of a specious scoundrel, who would perform the operation in a workmanlike manner, than be butchered by a blunt blundering knave, who would at the same time deprive me of my property, and torture my feelings: I should prefer being genteely eased of my purse by an accomplished pickpocket, to being knocked down and robbed by a villainous footpad. If it is my fate to be cornuted, or to have my daughter debauched, I am surely not more injured in having it regularly and preconcertedly performed by a well bred man of the town, than the unfortunate individual who is under this singular obligation to a Brighton taylor, or a rascal in his own livery.

After an education so elaborate and expensive, after days of toil and nights of anxiety, it is a natural, and perhaps a useful question to ask, how was this fond father repaid? was the harvest adequate to so much labour and cultivation? Mr. Stanhope, as a politician, a member of the *corps diplomatique*, and a scholar, was highly respectable. But as a pupil of the graces, as a cultivator of the little decourums, and minute elegancies of life, points, on which such painful

ful exertions had been made, he was not only unsuccessful but grossly deficient. Yet I record with pleasure that the lessons of duplicity and nuptial infidelity, laid down by his lordship, were, in a manner, almost wholly forgotten, or obliterated by an enlightened understanding, and a good heart.

Lord Chesterfield, early in life, lapsed into the abyss of deep play, which he frequently complains injured him in the opinion of the late king, and retarded his political career. He very properly guards his son against this bewitching pursuit, by collecting arguments, and recounting common-place maxims, which have been and will be heard and neglected by thousands, against an evil which, if confined to the enormously wealthy, would almost cease to be one. For the present state of society produces such numbers of men in affluent and independent circumstances, that with every want and every wish either gratified or anticipated, they are without that necessary ingredient to happiness in this life, the ardent and frequent impulses of hope and of fear, and of course are so perpetually sinking into listlessness, ennui, or suicide. But as desperate diseases, call for desperate remedies, the spirit of play (I care not in what shape) steps in, and gives to these idols of greatness, that stimulating and energetic vigor, which, in a greater or less degree makes us feel that we exist, and which the ambitious courtier, the keen commercial man, and the candidate engaged in a liberal but laborious profession, so pleasantly and so honourably experience. Young Stanhope had

that which exceeds a thousand rules and moral sentences, he had employment to fill up and enliven the intervals of lie; blest employment! the want of which, drives the infatuated exhausted lordling to his opera girl, the heir to the gaming house, and the bacchanalian to his bottle. The consequences of persons of moderate income taking a turn to play, are I confess alarming, and frequently dreadful; but I see no one evil that can result to society or individuals, by sweating down the bulk of Asiatic plunder to a more moderate size, or by reducing the rent roll of an unwieldy commoner, or a wealthy peer, from sixteen to eight thousand pounds a year. I could point out two families, in which, if neither a zealous partyman, a contested election, or an endower of hospitals should occur for two or three generations, it will prove a most unfortunate circumstance for the interest and happiness of this country.

CHRISTIAN FLETCHER, a warrant officer in the British navy, a skilful seaman, and a mutineer, who forgetting the faith and honor of a British sailor, laid violent hands on his commanding officer, Lieutenant, now Admiral, Bligh, and with a considerable portion of the ship's company, whom he had seduced from their duty, took possession of the *Bounty*, an armed ship, employed by Government, for the benevolent and highly useful purpose of transplanting the Bread Fruit Tree from the Friendly Isles to the West Indies.

This, and other objects of the voyage being attained, they were
on

on their return to Europe, but three weeks after leaving Otaheite, the subject of this article, at day-break, and master of the watch, suddenly seized and bound Mr. Bligh, with eighteen of his petty officers, whom they thought unlikely to join in the conspiracy, and hurried them into the launch, a ship's boat, twenty-three feet long, and seven wide, with a quantity of bread, pork, and water, which, according to common consumption, unrestricted by scarcity, could not have lasted more than eight or nine days, to which, by art or by intreaty, were added a few bottles of rum and of wine. Thus scantily provided, driven from his ship into an open boat, ill calculated to resist a tempestuous sea, Mr. Bligh perceived the severity of his alternatives, and with a firmness not uncommon in English seamen, resolved to cross the great Southern ocean, in search of succour from the Eastern settlements of some European nation.

The circumstances of his situation and the distance, were indeed sufficient to have appalled a man of common resolution, as the nearest civilized spot they could reach, by an accurate but melancholy reckoning, unassisted by a chart or map, which they were not permitted to take, was at a distance, considerably more than three thousand six hundred miles.

After a computation dictated by necessity, of the length of their voyage, and their stock of provision, they all agreed to adhere rigidly to the allowance of an ounce of bread, in the adjustment of which, cocoa nut shells were scales, and pistol bullets served for

weights, and a quarter of a pint of water per day, and recommending themselves to Providence, commenced their voyage, under a reefed lug-sail, occasionally and alternately rowing, and encountering at times severe gales of wind, with a tremendous swell, which pouring into the boat in torrents, required the almost constant exertion of baling, to prevent its filling. It is not necessary to describe the danger and distress of men, who, in addition to the multitude of marine perils, and the serious idea that only a quarter inch plank separated them from inevitable destruction, had to contend with hunger, thirst, and almost continual drenching rain. Under this inconvenience it may appear singular, but it is a fact worth recording, that they experienced considerable refreshment, from stripping off their wet cloaths, and wringing them in salt water.

After a voyage of forty-one days, during which death was rather prevented, than life adequately sustained by scanty morsels of bread, sometimes a thin slice of pork, occasionally a bird, called a Booby, caught by the hand, divided into nineteen parts, and after they passed New Holland, a few oysters and clams, and a species of the Dolico bean, while to those who appeared sinking under their calamities, a tea-spoonful of wine or rum was sometimes administered. After difficulties and trials, in which the Lieutenant displayed a collected mind, and cool conduct, which all must praise, though few could imitate, they discovered at break of day, Timor, one of the Molucca islands.—A glimpse of heaven

heaven to an expiring martyr, or, rescue from everlasting torments to a guilty wretch, could not have proved more welcome; as their situation was every day becoming more critical and hazardous, the provision reduced to ten days allowance, and their strength, from constant fatigue, scanty diet, and broken repose, hourly diminishing; but it was a consolation in all their distresses, that not a man was lost by disease or accident, during the voyage.

They were received with humanity at Coupang, a Dutch settlement, whilst their exhausted ragged appearance, and their skeleton forms, excited curiosity and sympathy in all who beheld them. A building was allotted for the Lieutenant and his companions in misfortune; every comfort of food and raiment, which their melancholy circumstances seemed to demand, was afforded by the hospitable Dutchmen; their complaints were alleviated by Mr. Max, a disinterested surgeon, and a liberal credit (with commercial men no small favour) was granted, which enabled Mr. Bligh, two months after his arrival at Timor, when his men were recovered, to purchase a schooner, in which he sailed to Java, and was afterwards conveyed in a Dutch packet to Europe.

"When I reflect," says Admiral Bligh, in an earnest and becoming spirit of devotion, (to the Sailor of all men living, that best companion;) "when I reflect on our escaping death from the Indians at Tofoa, and on our crossing a sea of more than twelve hundred leagues, in stormy weather, in an

open boat, without shelter; that we passed the unfriendly natives of other countries free from accident, and at last, without the loss of a man, happily met with the most generous relief at Timor; the remembrance of such great, such repeated mercies, enables me to bear with resignation, the failure of an expedition, so honourable to its promoters, and which I had so much at heart."

On this, as on other occasions of difficulty and danger, the commander was exposed to peculiar difficulties, constantly assailed by the demands of his people for an increased allowance, which it seemed cruel to refuse, but which it would have been madness and destruction to comply with: compelled to suppress his own opinion of their situation, though every moment uppermost in his thoughts, and obliged to put on a placid serenity of countenance, while every individual in the boat was better satisfied, and apparently less sensible of the shocking and precarious nature of their expedition. Superior knowledge, though quicker sighted, and better able to extricate itself from calamity and disaster, than ignorant unconcern, is oftner borne down by despair and hopeless anxiety.

The attention and curiosity of my reader naturally revert to the perfidious Christian, and to the motives which probably induced him, with a band of ruffians to revolt from, and desert their commander, in a remote and dangerous sea, and near an uncivilized coast. With a tendency inherent in the breasts of us all, to magnify alike, present evil, and remote

good, they probably regarded the life and habits of a sea-faring man, in their worst point of view; they beheld with detestation and discontent, their daily toils and inquietudes, their coarse diet, and broken sleep, their severe, but necessary subordination. These they compared with an easy and luxurious life at Otaheite, remarkable for beautiful women, where, without labour, the commands of a superior, the whip or the whistle of a boatswain, they might pass the remainder of their days, in the unbounded gratification of every appetite and every passion. A life of liberty and love, presenting an irresistible temptation to their minds, they yielded to the seducing dream, which soon vanished, as by a singular train of events, several of the mutineers were secured, sent in irons to England, and, at the moment I wrote, were under sentence of death, from which they were saved by Royal Clemency.

Of this transaction, the Editor conceived a faithful account had been given, but an anonymous letter has been received, which calls his candor in question; and the writer warmly insists, "it was satisfactorily proved at the Court Martial, that on this occasion many valuable young men had been sacrificed to the avarice of Captain Bligh, whose narrative was proved to be false by the evidence examined on the trial; and that the mutiny would never have taken place, under a commander of a liberal mind; in which case, Christian would, at the present moment, have been an ornament to his profession, and a comfort to an aged parent."

I should feel peculiarly happy, to bring forward any circumstance on the present occasion, which might tend to soothe the sorrows of an afflicted family; and, however difficult it may prove to imagine any want of liberality in a captain, sufficient to justify the murderous violence of seizing a king's ship: a love for truth and justice, compel me to declare, that I shall be ready, at any time, to receive, and lay before the public, any authentic documents which may throw new light on the business in question, or at all diminish the guilt of the rash young men concerned; with this express proviso, that I am permitted to communicate the same to Admiral Bligh, and publish *his* observations with them, a mode of proceeding, by which alone I can ensure the character of rigid impartiality, which I confess myself ambitious of deserving.

After thus noticing my anonymous correspondent, who will see, that in attending to justice, I have not wholly neglected his appeal to my feelings, I beg leave to suggest, the absolute necessity of implicit subordination in the navy, on which the existence of thousands, and, perhaps, in our present situation, of the whole kingdom, so peculiarly depends. I would also wish to press on the mind of the letter writer, the mercy and moderation, which have *hitherto* marked the judicial proceedings, against so flagrant a violation of humanity and discipline.

Little is known of the rash and unhappy Christian, it may be sufficient to observe, that a royal frigate sent in pursuit of

of him was unfortunately lost; and that the adventurer himself banished from his native country, and an out-cast from civilized society, after making several attempts to fix his residence in the Friendly Isles, had been driven off by the natives; and there is good reason for supposing, that, with a view of eluding pursuit, he has run into a creek on some remote uninhabited coast, broken up the ship, and with the materials, formed habitations for himself and companions. If, at the Islands where he attempted to land, a few females have been, by force or fraud, added to their society, this colony of marauders, may, like the Romans, (those classical robbers of old,) whose success varnished their crimes, the descendants of this colony, three or four thousand years hence, may repay the benefits, or retaliate the injuries of Europe.

CHELSEA HOSPITAL, not remarkable for prudent œconomy.—See Monsey, Dr.

CHUDLEIGH, ELIZABETH, a flagitious and impudent woman, the daughter of a Lieutenant Governor of Chelsea Hospital, who made a conspicuous figure at Doctor's Commons, and the Bar of the House of Peers. At the age of eighteen she was married privately, for the sake of retaining her place, in the suite of the Princess of Wales, to Mr. Harvey, afterwards Earl of Bristol, a boy, only seventeen, at Lainston, a small parish near Winchester; the business being dexterously conducted by her kind aunt, Mrs. Hanmer, who thought it an excellent match for her niece. The raptures of secret meetings and stolen joys, in-

terrupted or improved by intervals of absence, were soon exhausted, the young couple disagreed, and, at the end of two years, separated, never to meet again.

I will not crowd my page with lascivious anecdote, I will not repeat her rebuke to the good old king, when she endeavoured to prove his head was softer than her bosom; it is sufficient for my purpose to observe, that after a period of more than twenty years, marked by private intrigue, and public indecorum, she attracted, by conduct which would have disgusted most men, the regard of the late Duke of Kingston, and being pronounced a single woman, by the management of an ecclesiastical court, whose sentence did not escape censure, was actually married to him, in the year 1769, during the life of her first husband. "Was it not kind in his Grace, to marry an old maid?" she exclaimed to a female friend, in the unguarded or artful moment of triumph and exultation. But it was not consistent with the views of private interest, or public justice, that her conduct should pass without notice; she was arraigned before the House of Lords, in the year 1776, and after a long and elaborate display of much civil, as well as ecclesiastical knowledge, with a curious contest on the score of confidential communications imparted to Lord Barrington, the culprit was found guilty of bigamy; but, on the High Steward's asking why judgment should not be pronounced, pleaded her Peerage, and was discharged on paying her fees.

Can we consider such privileges
P 2 in

in any light, but as faults in the English constitution, easily, and without confusion, removeable by the hand of reform, guided by good sense and moderation. It would surely add to the dignity of our nobility, to destroy by their own voluntary act, such injurious exemptions, which in the case here recited, sheltered from legal punishment, a female of loose life, and criminal manners, who confessed, without a blush, her own infamy before her judges, and complained in the common-place cant of detected iniquity, of her own persecution, and the malice of her enemies.

I believe most readers of her trial, have viewed with a smile or a sigh, the proceedings of the ecclesiastical court, which, by collusion or imposition, almost legalized a violation of the law, and threw over the mercenary designs of an unprincipled woman, a thin veil of pompous proceeding, and absurd formality, which effectually blinded the eyes of a doating, amorous old man, who was caught in the snare, and like other foolish people, repented when it was too late. It is, I believe, the general opinion of disinterested men, that the common law, and the public courts of justice, admirably calculated to afford relief in all cases, would answer every purpose looked for, or found in the canon law, which is too often converted into an engine of fraud, revenge, or oppression. The trial of this person, her life, and evasion of punishment, brought to my mind, the following lines of a writer, more remarkable for humour than delicacy or judgment;

they are a proof that ridicule is not always a test of truth. Speaking of the Peers, he says:

“ To fact and long experience
I appeal,

“ How fairly to *themselves* they
justice deal,

“ For if my Lord, o’erpower’d
with wine and whore,

“ The next he meets shou’d
through the entrails scour;

“ ‘Tis pity, his relenting brethren
cry,

“ That for his first offence the
youth shou’d die;

“ ‘Tis true, a most magnificent
parade

“ Of law, to please the gaping
mob, is made.

“ Scaffolds are rais’d in the li-
tigious hall,

“ The maces glitter, and the
ferjeants bawl;

“ They statutes read, quote law,
and prattle on her,

“ What’s the result? Not guilty,
upon honour.

“ Shou’d I, who have no co-
ronet to show,

“ Fluster’d in drink, serve the
next comer so;

“ My twelve blunt god-fathers
wou’d soon agree,

“ To doom me sober to the
fatal tree.”

Yet fact and experience, in many instances, contradict the assertion of the poet, as the offender in the present instance, escaped, in consequence of a defect in the constitution, and by no means from a want of honour or independence in her judges; and the fate of Lord Ferrers will long remain a proof that exalted rank affords, in this country, no protection for violence and murder.

CLIVE,

CLIVE, Lord, a warrior, who saved our East-India possessions, at a moment, when they might indeed be said to hang on the slender thread of opinion: great alike in the cabinet and field, he occupies this short article solely with a view of reminding the editors of the new *Biographia Britannica*, that however brilliant his military career, this nobleman has by no means a just claim to indiscriminate and lavish panegyric. Notwithstanding the warm admiration of his relations and acquaintance, for he was an affectionate son, a good father, and an excellent friend, his name illustrious as it undoubtedly is, will be handed down to posterity with a long list of Indian delinquents, who, dazzled by gold, and commanding that powerful engine, military power, have converted public authority to private emolument, and levied immense sums, on the hopes or fears of the natives under the specious name of voluntary presents.

I am sensible that it is a fashion in the present day to place great public services as a *set-off* against offence, but such conduct is neither calculated to attach our distant possessions, or produce honourable effects on future commanders: if performing a man's duty in nine instances be considered as a sufficient excuse for fraud and oppression in a tenth; Verres, after plundering and insulting the Sicilians for many years, might have pleaded, that he had destroyed a fleet of pirates, and suppressed an insurrection of the slaves.

I have been called upon by a writer whose worth I venerate,

whose abilities I admire, but whose opinions on East India subjects I wholly dissent from; I have been called upon to point out one specific well substantiated charge against Lord Clive; I will produce several, one of which puzzled the versatility of his able defender, the present Chancellor, to whom, as a young man at that time *getting on* in the profession, Lord Clive's retaining fee, both as to money and reputation, was a considerable help. First, by fraud or by compulsion, real or implied, for on that minute difference, much depends in oriental discussion, by fraud or by violence, and in consequence of the deposition of Rajah Dowlah he became possessed of more than 20 lacks of rupees, nearly amounting in European currency to two hundred and fifty thousand pounds sterling. Secondly, by a monopoly of salt, tobacco, and betel nut, equally unwarrantable and pernicious, he secured a prodigious profit on these necessities of life, and to the extreme distress of many thousand miserable natives. Thirdly, he corrupted the faith of Omichund, a native merchant, and after having tempted him to be guilty of the blackest treachery, left to ruin and disgrace an individual who had before enjoyed the confidence of his sovereign, and the esteem of his countrymen. Fourthly, by menaces and violence he compelled Admiral Watson to sign an iniquitous treaty, for which the Admiral never forgave the General or himself.

These charges, it is true, Lord Clive attempted to answer, but a perusal of his defence, has only established

established in my own mind a conviction of his guilt; the various recriminations between his Lordship and Sir George Colebrooke did not at all alter my unfavourable opinion of both parties. I remember writing with my pencil on every pamphlet on these subjects which at that time attracted considerable attention, the following words of Cicero.

"Inveteravit opinio, et nobis et reipublicæ perniciofa, non modo Romæ, sed apud exteras Gentes, pecuniosum hominem, quamvis sit nocens, neminem posse damnari."

I beg leave to say, that nothing in this article is meant directly or collaterally to convey censure on Mr. Dundas, whose proceedings against a certain gentleman, commenced so vigorously, but terminated so suddenly.

"Confine yourselves," said Lord Clive, on a particular occasion to the East-India Directors, "Confine yourselves to the three provinces of Bengal, Bahar, and Orixá, and you will prosper, but if you seek further acquisitions, and remote conquests, *the expence of supporting your armies, will exceed the revenue of your territories, and the profits of your trade.*"

COAL, a bituminous fossil, and the general fuel of the inhabitants of London, first used in the metropolis in the year 1350, but considered as a noxious material by the cautious citizens, who in the year 1400 petitioned that it might be prohibited. The answer given to this singular application, I cannot ascertain, but had it been implicitly complied with, had the bowels of the earth been preposterously closed against this

prodigious branch of human industry, I scarce think the surface of it would have afforded a sufficiently rapid succession of wood for the immense and increasing consumption of manufactures, luxury, and trade. Its use, has however been regularly continued, not only without injury, but rather as some think with chymical advantage to the unelastic density of a London atmosphere.

But as an article of commerce highly advantageous, as a collateral security to the British Navigation Act, a nursery for, and a supporter of our great national bulwark, the navy; the vast importance of the Coal Trade is best appreciated by the politician, and becomes most interesting to every Englishman. It employs five hundred vessels of various size and tonnage, and these are navigated by fifty thousand seamen and stout boys. To this we may add, that in the year 1788, seven hundred and sixty-six thousand, eight hundred chaldrons were imported at the port of London, which besides a comfortable addition to the Duke of Richmond's fortune, put into the Exchequer no less a sum than 306,718*l.* without the expence of one additional revenue officer.

COPPER, a poisonous metal, applied in various forms, and to various purposes in the preparation of food. On this highly interesting subject, repeated appeals have been made by several public spirited individuals, to the sense and feelings of mankind; and it may appear singular to my readers, that a custom, which exposes us to death in its most excruciating form, and

and at the table of friendship and hospitality, should not have been peremptorily stopped by rigorous legislative interference, the moment its destructive effects were ascertained.

It probably will be said that tinning with grain tin, for a good method of performing which, a premium was given by a benevolent society, will effectually secure us from the effects of this malignant material; but I intreat my readers to recollect, that this simple, obvious, and salutary precaution, cannot be made use of without incurring a degree of expence, to save which, daily experience convinces us, letters of lodgings, inn-keepers, confectioners, brewers, cooks, pastry cooks, oilmen, pickle makers, &c. will risque poisoning the very people, on whom they depend for support. Prudence and self preservation would naturally induce us, to shut up as far as possible, every avenue to mischief, and I have inserted this short article, by way of exciting useful suspicion, and salutary alarm in the minds of my readers on a subject, which I am convinced has in a thousand instances been productive of disease, in its most hideous shape, and of a train of stomach complaints, to which modern physicians have been puzzled to afford relief, or even to give a name.

I earnestly advise the master of every family to turn a deaf ear to the suggestions of oeconomy or convenience, and positively to forbid the use of copper, in any form or for any purpose in his kitchen, cellar, or brewhouse. That under the minute inspection

of scrupulous cleanliness, many of its dangers may be evaded or diminished, I will not deny; but would any sober-minded man, retain in his court-yard or his paddock a mad dog or a wild bull, satisfied with an assurance, that the furious animals were muzzled, and safely tied up; would it not be far more prudent, entirely to rid his premises of such unwelcome and dangerous inmates. The diseases of our nature are sufficiently numerous in common life, without wantonly laying ourselves open to the poisonous neglects of indolence, or the interested omissions of avarice; besides, tin and iron offer a substitute so safe, and in every respect so very preferable, that I should hope they would be universally adopted; if enveloped in a nine inch coat of grease and rust, however offensive to the eye or palate, they contain no particles so injurious and destructive to the human body, as is clearly the case with copper.

A connoisseur to whom I am obliged for the little I know, on the present and other culinary subjects, tells me, that in well regulated families, where shillings and half crowns are not paramount objects, the dangers I point out are seldom incurred, but that the principal risque, is with those persons who at stated intervals, take furnished lodgings in London, Bath, or the sea side, but more particularly at inns on the road, "At such places," says my MENTOR, a very Epicurean in the business of eating, "Let me advise you to abstain from made dishes, and particularly from melted butter, be content with plain roast meat, a salad

fallad or a potatoe, with a slice of *butter unmelted*, which from their mode of preparation, are happily precluded from receiving a deleterious taint from this obnoxious metal.

I cannot close the article, without suggesting a hint to the possessors of sugar plantations in the West Indies, but more particularly to the sugar bakers of the metropolis, whom I wish not to interrupt in their rapid and enormous acquisition of wealth. Of the precise modes and processes adopted in the business of preparing sugar, from cutting the cane, till in its various states of progressive refinement, it serves to sweeten our tea, or decorate our deserts, I confess my ignorance; but I understand from the erosive nature of part of the ingredients made use of, that they are calculated in a high degree, to act powerfully and almost instantaneously, on copper. It is therefore my wish, without design of offence, to impress on the minds of these gentlemen, the urgent necessity of giving to their overseers, boilers, and other servants concerned, repeated and strict instructions on the subject of unceasing cleanliness, for which, workmen in the sugar-houses, *are not very remarkable*. It has been said, that cleanliness is unnecessary, for that in refining sugar, every impure adventitious substance is skimmed off and depurated. But in a substance abundant in acidity, should one particle of the rust of copper, from negligence or uncleanness have been dissolved, boiling and refining for a century, would never enable the sugar to get rid of its mischievous

addition, without an operose and tedious chymical decomposition.

I am the more intently and seriously called to the mention of sugar on this occasion, from the circumstance of its being so very apt to disagree with the stomachs of myself and many of my acquaintance. Indeed I have been long tempted to attribute this disagreeable effect, to an error or a neglect in its mode of preparation, and by no means to the sugar itself, which taken in moderation, I think a wholesome article of domestic consumption.

By investigating too minutely the pleasures of the table, perhaps I shall be told, that, as is the case with *other pleasures*, the refinements of wisdom, diminish the bliss of enjoyment.

CORBET, Mrs. a female character celebrated in an epitaph, by Mr. Pope, whose praise of a virtuous, and good woman, is ably supported by the judicious comment and appropriate definition of Dr. Johnson. I find with pleasure that this sepulchral inscription was not a fiction, as is too often the case with poets. "Mrs. Corbet," says Dr. Johnson, "was not discriminated by any shining or eminent peculiarities. Yet she was a character that makes the felicity though not the splendour of life, and such a one as every wise man will choose for his final and lasting companion, in the quiet of privacy, and in the languor of age, when he departs weary and disgusted, from the ostentatious, the volatile, and the vain."

"Of such a character which the dull overlook, and the gay despise, it was fit that the value should

should be made known, and the dignity established. Domestic virtue as it is exerted without great occasions, or conspicuous consequences, in an even unnoted tenor, required the genius of Pope, to display it in such a manner, as might attract regard and enforce reverence."

It is common to lament the increasing number of batchelors, and to cry out against the number of young men in the present age, who, preferring an unsettled life and licentious amours, to the solid comforts, and manly cares of a family, sink into old age, without that best solace for infirmity, a tender wife, and fall into the management of insolent favorites, or selfish relations:

"Who mould their passions till they make their will"

God forbid that I should be the defender of illicit love; the general tenor of this work, and other proofs I could give, will, I hope, exculpate me from the charge. But in times like the present; Is not he a bold man, who, in a profession, a business, or even with a tolerable fortune, ventures to marry?

Is a woman capable, even if she were inclined, of forming a rational companion, or to inspect and superintend the concerns of a family, whose education has been wholly and solely directed to accomplishment, to ornament, and to pleasure. Deposited in a female boarding school, that species of modern seminary calculated to form any character but that of a good wife or a good mother, and from which half the nuptial infelicity of the age originates; a

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young lady able to draw, talk bad French, work in fillagree, dance, and thrum her harpsichord, considers her education as compleat. If indeed dress and amusement were the principal business of life, her decision might not be wrong, but the frequent, the hourly bankruptcies, journies to the Continent, and suits at Doctors Commons, prove the present system of my fair countrywomen to be grossly deficient. I am far from attributing the evils I have enumerated, wholly to the sex, for I know numbers as greatly good as they are fair. Yet I still affirm, that the expensive turn for dress and amusement, universally exhibited by the daughter of the peer, the peasant, and the tradesman, is the grand source of the present fashionable celibacy.

We cannot expect this national evil will be remedied, till parents are wise enough to devote *some* portion of their mis-spent time, to inspecting, if not managing the education of their offspring. Every desirable purpose of emulation may be answered, by sending our children to a well regulated day school; but in their vacant hours, sons and daughters ought to be under the roof of their parents, to correct the redundancy of evil habits, to form their manners, and adorn their hearts. We have no right to expect that a mercenary motive will act sufficiently powerful on a *Preceptor*, to fulfill those duties, which *we* neglect, and young people left together uncontrouled and undirected, in their hours of leisure and amusement, will inevitably corrupt each other.

I wish not to offend my female readers, I love them, (and a sigh
bursts

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bursts from my bosom whilst I make the declaration) I love them with ardour, honour, and disinterestedness. But let them not imagine, that every young man they see professing to live single, remains so from choice, let them be assured, that there is a woman on whom he doats with all the fondness of genuine love, but that her pursuits, her habits, and her pleasures, put it out of the power of all who are not nabobs, army contractors, or sharers in scrip and omnium, to make an offer of marriage.

It is impossible that any man in his senses, can prefer the obscene and bought embraces of a prostitute, steaming from an hospital, or reeling from the watch-house, with all the uninteresting hurry, and deceitful joys of vicious dissipation, to the blissful enjoyment of beauty, virtue, health and tranquillity, if the marriage state had not, like the garden of Eden, a flaming sword at every corner.

I cannot quit the contemplation of so amiable a woman as Mrs. Corbet, without repeating to those young people, who are ambitious of attaining different renown, the following lines of Prior.

“ All this world which tempts
them so.
“ Is a dull farce, an empty
show;
“ Is powder, pocket-glass, and
beau;
“ A riddle of romance and lies,
“ False oaths, and real perjuries,
“ Where the fat bawd and la-
vish heir,
“ The spoils of ruin'd beauty
share.”

In my former impression I took

occasion to mention, the spirited conduct of an American wife, whose misfortune it was to have that contradictory but not uncommon character, a fond, but with respect to the interests of his family, a negligent husband. As a proof of, and in compliment to the wishes of genuine worth, which ever avoids the panegyric it deserves, I reluctantly suppress the name, in my present page. This amiable and exemplary woman, was under the necessity of retiring with her infant to the house of a near relation. Finding life, without his companion, joyless and uncomfortable, irritated by some real or imaginary affront from her friends, and mortified by the apparent neglect of one, whom, notwithstanding his imprudence, he still loved, the unhappy husband had, in a moment of discontent, published an angry advertisement, in which he warned tradesmen against trusting his wife.

Vexed at such indecorum and want of feeling, and angry at being accused as the producer of calamities, which had been notoriously brought on by the conduct of her yoke-fellow, she answered him by the same channel, and in the following words.

“ Whereas, my husband, has cautioned tradesmen against trusting me, and laid much stress on my quitting him, as if it arose from any fault of mine: I conceive it would be unjust to myself, as well as my sex, to submit any longer to so cruel and unjust an accusation; I therefore beg leave to inform the public, that by his idleness and perpetual absence from home, he compelled me to seek support for myself,

myself, and a helpless infant, from the kindness of my relations. His caution against my running him in debt is ridiculous, as he well knows nobody will trust him with sixpence."

"But, notwithstanding what has passed, I am still ready to forget and to forgive, and will immediately receive him as a tender and faithful wife, if he thinks he has sufficient resolution, to forsake the expensive licentiousness of his manners, and will endeavour to regain his lost credit, as a father and a master of a family. In the mean time, I think it necessary to caution all persons against trusting him on my account, while we are separate."

This fair vindicator of her honour as a wife and a mother, happily recovered her infatuated wanderer, and restored him to that domestic peace and satisfaction, which can only be ensured by a conscientious discharge of our social duties.

CROFT, MR. HERBERT, a gentleman engaged in preparing a Dictionary which I sincerely wish him health and resolution to persevere in and finish; it is not every man who would have been hardy enough to handle the bow of Ulysses. Mr. Croft is mentioned in this short referential article, merely to say, that his attempt to prove Dr. Young's Lorenzo could not be his son, has produced an effect of which he was not aware. —See Young, Dr.

CROMWELL, RICHARD, son of the Protector, and, by no means inferior to him in abilities, but unwilling to secure power and exaltation by those per-

fidious and bloody arts too successfully practised by his father. "I should feel extreme concern," said Richard, in a confidential moment, "if the blood of a single man be shed, to retain a situation which I wish to hold no longer than shall be consistent with the public good, and the wishes of those I govern."

He exhibited an affecting reverse of fortune in the decline of life, being compelled, by the unnatural conduct of his daughters, to appear in the Court of Chancery, before Sir John Holt, who during part of the reign of Queen Anne, was chief justice and first commissioner of the seal. On this occasion, the worthy judge felt for the unhappy parent, whose domestic affliction must have been aggravated by recollecting that he himself once possessed supreme power; Sir John desired the old gentleman to sit with him on the bench, insisted on his keeping his hat on his head, and, after severely reprimanding the base ingratitude of his children, who wished to dispossess their father of his property, made a decree in Richard's favour, to the great satisfaction of the court, as well as the Queen, to whom the circumstance was afterwards related.

During his short Protectorate, the fanatic preachers (who enjoyed, or fancied they enjoyed) the confidence of Oliver, accused Richard of neglecting the godly, and keeping company with the prophane: after reproaching them for their selfish hypocrisy, and clapping his hand on the shoulder of an associate, he concluded with saying, "And here is Dick Ingoldby, though

though he can neither preach or pray, I would rather trust him, than the holiest man of your tribe." He also kept, to the day of his death, two large trunks full of the Addresses presented to him when Protector, which, from the servile common place cant, too generally adopted in such compositions, he called *the lives and fortunes of the People of England*. These, and other traits in his character, prove that Richard Cromwell was by no means deficient in acuteness of intellect, though he hath been so described. At first sight this may seem a trifling point to decide, but I think it of importance, on every occasion, to resist a theory which is too readily received by mankind, that good people are generally fools, and that a villain must of course be a man of ability.

CRUSADES, warlike expeditions so called, first commenced by the Christians of the eleventh century, who, impelled by religious enthusiasm and intolerant zeal, exhausted the blood and treasure of Europe, in attempting to recover from the infidels, a country promised by the Almighty to the Patriarchs, and in which a benevolent rescuer of mankind from sin and Satan, long foretold, first declared his mission, wrought miracles, exemplified in his own life the mild purity of his precepts, patiently suffered, and triumphantly rose again.

Certain historians, as well as satirists, in speaking of these memorable transactions, have attempted to prove the savage cruelty and injustice of invading the Holy Land, which had long been

in quiet possession of the Mussulmen; an opinion in which I cannot entirely agree with these ingenious writers, who seem to have forgot, that our red cross knights only employed against the disciples of Mahomet, the same weapons by which they had already gained possession of so considerable a portion of the earth. I see no greater hardship in attempting to dislodge them, than in my wrestling, by force of arms, from a highwayman or house-breaker, my own violated property. The folly, the madness, the wretched policy and military skill of rushing unprepared, and often, in the first crusades, unarmed, of the enthusiastic thousands, and hundreds of thousands, whose bones whitened, for several centuries, the plains of Hungary, I readily allow; but the glaring injustice of the principle on which they took the field, I confess myself unable to discover.

The intolerant religious system of the Mahometans, their haughty, but ignorant intercourse with other nations, in short, the whole mass of Turkish institutions, civil as well as military, are so foreign to every thing good, enlightening, learned, moral and scientific; so bloody, despotic, morose and unsocial, that the whole strange fabric of pride, fanaticism, cruelty, lust, and imposture, sinking without delay into irretrievable ruin, is a consummation devoutly to be wished for; could a guarantee, or barrier, sufficiently powerful, be raised and provided to secure Europe against the enormous, overgrown, and (if her population was equal to her extent of territory) the

the dangerous and threatening power of the plausible, but artful, AUTOCRATIX OF ALL THE RUSSIAS. The negligent apathy, the long inattention of Europe to this highly interesting subject, till suddenly roused by recent inroads, and declarations, can only be accounted for, by a retrospect to the traditional terrors affixed to the Turkish arms, and the magnified fears afterwards produced by the mad valor, misguided heroism, and intemperate declarations of Charles the Twelfth of Sweden. While his, or the Sultan's degradation, were viewed with silent indifference, or malignant pleasure, the vast, and, in my opinion, the fatal aggrandizement of the Muscovites, seem to have been overlooked. When the bugbear of the Great Turk, and the rhodomontade of Charles, are vanished and forgotten, the Sovereign of Russia will be found, at some remote period, to realize what was so much dreaded from Lewis the Fourteenth, the subversion and destruction of the balance of Europe.

To plant her soaring banners on the devoted walls of Constantinople, is confessedly an object on which the eye of the aged Empress has been long and steadily fixed: the keys of Europe and Asia once firmly grasped by the rude talons of the Russian eagle, would confirm, I might almost say, the omnipotence of the court of Petersbourg as a maritime power. Her desires on this subject are said to have been irritated or soothed by the prediction of a Greek enthusiast, who, emboldened by prophecy on the successful side, has assured this aspiring woman, that

he shall, 'ere long, assist in celebrating the pompous rites of the Greek church, in the profaned temple of St. Sophia, and that the shades of the seraglio, so long polluted by mutilated monsters and impure desire, shall shortly re-echo with triumphant hallelujahs, and resound with Christian psalmody. Such declarations, the offspring of undue ambition, or the dream of religious rancour, will not, I trust, be forwarded by the wishes or prayers of the considerate and humane, if they will but imagine for a moment, a luxurious and unwarlike capital, delivered up to the exasperated fury, and brutal lust of savage barbarians, whose conduct at the late storming of Ockzacow, Ismail, and other places, resembled rather the blood-thirsty fury of wild beasts, than the cool courage of civilized men.

In such assaults, rapine, rage, violence, and death, in all its horrid forms, are expected and admitted, with a sigh; but after the appetite of the blood-hounds has been satiated by a due proportion of massacre and plunder, the unresisting citizen and helpless artisan have been generally protected, by the policy and chains of the victor. Yet, on the occasions I record, after every battery was silenced, every musquet thrown down, every fabre yielded, and all opposition ceased, the promiscuous prostrate multitude, the widowed mother, and the wretched infant, were inhumanly butchered, without distinction of age, sex, or occupation; the streets became a pestilent, unwholesome solitude; the garrison and inhabitants were extirpated by the merciless banditti.

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Had the prophetic spirit or dove of Mahomet, whispered in his ear, that an empire and religious system, reared with so much artifice and labour, and cemented with such torrents of blood, after being alternately insulted or oppressed, by women, eunuchs, and janissaries, should, after eleven centuries, yield the palm to the arts and institutions of Europe: had he been informed, that the everlasting black-ey'd Houris should receive, with open arms, an eastern renegado, a thief, and a robber, sprung from the implacable enemies of his family; that the beautiful virgins of Greece and Circassia, should be profaned by the rude embraces of Tartar peasants, and Finland boors, from the frozen banks of the Volga. Could he have foreseen, that after repeated defeat and disgrace, the Turkish crescent should at last, owe its protracted safety to the joint intercession of certain christian dogs, inhabiting a remote island, in the Atlantic ocean, and the descendant of an obscure Burgrave of Nuremberg, who would erect a splendid and memorable military monarchy, on the wreck of the Teutonic knights, and a petty principality in the March of Brandenburg:—After a groan of sorrow and indignation, the mortified impostor would probably have bequeathed to the faithful, a Koran of a different complexion, he would have made it his last, his most earnest request, that if they hoped for, or expected victory or pre-eminence, they must endeavour to keep pace with, or excel the enemies of their faith, in legislative improvement, in science, in com-

merce, in literature, as well as arms.

In the course of this article, which *might* have been rendered interesting and amusing, I have uttered a warm, a hasty wish, for the destruction of the Turkish empire; a wish perhaps, inconsistent with philosophic philanthropy and christian toleration, a character, I confess myself not unambitious of deserving. I would tolerate, and not satisfied with tolerating, I would, to the utmost of my power, encourage and foster every national religion, which did not tend to exasperate wild passions, rivet blind prejudices, and enslave the energy of the human mind; more particularly, if it promised to diffuse happiness, and impress moral truth. The Mahometan superstition, as radically defective, and grossly erroneous, in forwarding intellectual improvement, and social utility, I would strongly resist and proscribe.

“Were I an highly endowed warrior, a statesman, or a monarch, resembling an Alfred, a Frederic, or a Washington,” (have I sometimes exclaimed, in the fascinating interval of a long and delicious reverie,) “were I, by political revolution, or successful battle, put in possession of the treasures, and dominions of the Turkish Empire, I would first reduce the enormous power of Russia, expel her from every Southern acquisition, and confine her ruffians to their dreary districts of eternal despotism and everlasting frost. I would then secure the submissive obedience of my new subjects, by disarming every individual;

dividual; after which the swords of my victorious troops might rust in their scabbards. Secure in life and property, the adult and the aged captives should continue in the practice of that religion, and those institutions, to which they were tied by the strong bands of habit and enthusiasm. But, justified by the long practice of the Mussulmen themselves, and violating, for the general good of mankind, for the peace and safety of posterity, a first great law of nature; I would rigorously remove every child before it could speak or learn, (probably at three years old) from the arms of its reluctant parents, and in a foreign language, a new religion, and in some distant region, where the Turkish banner never waved, educate the infant race, the future possessors of the inheritance and country of their parents, in the lap of science, philosophy, and freedom."

"Tasted, as I already have, the blessings, and enjoyed the balmy comforts of revelation, it would undoubtedly be my duty and delight, to initiate them in the precepts of Christ, could sufficient precautions be taken, to prevent their being tainted by the perplexities of polemics, the frauds of councils, the rage of sectaries, the jargon of creeds, the cruelty of inquisitors, and the pride of priests, those banes of piety and goodness. But, at all events, and under every circumstance, I would daily and nightly impress on their tender minds, the omnipotence and kindness of one great, superintending Governor and Director of the universe; a Spectator of all ac-

tions, a Reader of the secret thoughts of all hearts, a Provider of all things necessary and essential for the increasing happiness and instruction of mankind. This one idea, indelibly marked, and early engraved on their minds, assisted by a clear code, and a regular police, would powerfully and effectually answer every purpose wished for, or proposed, by the selfish effect of rewards, we are not capable of conceiving or enjoying, and the debasing fear of punishments, which by extinguishing existence, would instantly counteract the terrific purposes for which they were inflicted."

"As the antient stock of Turkish inhabitants diminished by disease or old age, I would, from my store-house of new men, from my colony, enlightened by learning, improved by arts, and softened by humanity, I would introduce a thriving race of strangers, to the manners and language of their native land. After explaining to them the different forms of government, with their several evils and advantages, they would be enabled, by common sense, to chuse the form under which they wished to live. I then would retire, to enjoy the solacing reflection of a bloodless extirpator of despotism, cruelty, and bigotry, a bleaser of a considerable portion of the human race, a conferrer of happiness on hundreds of millions of my fellow creatures yet unborn."

A plan, beset with obstacles, apparently insurmountable, may excite a smile in the politician, and man of letters, perhaps a frown in the orthodox churchman; it may be considered as chimerical;

chimerical; but if it succeeded, its glorious effects would place the projector and executor of it, in veneration and renown, only a few degrees below the Saviour of the World.

CURE, French, sensible address of one, to the National Convention, a Revolution Anecdote, which, whether founded on fact, or benevolent fabrication, merits recording. A venerable veteran, says the writer I quote, lately presented himself at the bar of the Convention, and after depositing a considerable present in gold and silver, requested permission to speak, which being granted, he thus addressed the members.

"I have for more than thirty years been parish priest in a small village on the banks of the Rhone, and the only good building in it is the church, which my parishioners beg you will convert to an hospital for the sick and wounded; it is also their wish that the bells may be cast into cannon, for repelling foreign invaders. I resign my letters of ordination, I discontinue my pastoral functions, I claim no compensation for the stoppage of my salary; as I am still able to support myself by manual labour."

The old man was interrupted by the applauses of *part of the Assembly*, and a well known Free-thinker advancing towards him to seize his hand, exclaimed, "You are an honest man, and a brave fellow, you do not believe there is a God." "Before you applaud my sentiments," replied the Cure, "Permit me to explain them; I rejoice, unfeignedly at our present circumstances, not because

I wish to have Religion degraded, but exalted and purified. By dissolving its alliance with the State, you have demonstrated its dignity and independence, you have rendered the cause of truth an essential service, by enabling it to appear in its genuine lustre and beauty. If, hereafter, I join with my fellow creatures, in returning thanks to our Creator, I shall not be called a mercenary, employed in exhibiting ceremonious mummery. We resign without reluctance, our treasures, our images, and embroidered vestments, because we have never found, that they purified the heart, or enlightened the understanding; our churches also we can spare, for a mind impressed with gratitude to heaven, can never be at a loss for a place in which to pour forth prayer and thanksgiving."

"I understand that as priests we have been accused of misleading the people by inculcating interested falsehoods. This to a certain degree *may* have been the case, but recollect, that 'till the present day, we were not allowed to enquire into the truth of what we taught, we were compelled to preach the same doctrines of implicit faith to others, which we had subscribed to ourselves. As enlightened men and philosophers, you cannot expect us to reject *every thing without discrimination*; let us sift the wheat from the bran, the true from the false; if we are not successful, we shall be what is of more consequence, sincere. If we can produce a peasantry honest, laborious, sober, docile, chaste, and compassionate, our labour will not be vain. I have resigned the name,

and

and I see no necessity for the official dress of a minister, but I am sure you will have no objection, to the ignorant applying for instruction, the unhappy for hope and consolation, and my affording them all in my power. When the villagers assembled in their holy-day cloaths, in a public walk, overshadowed with spreading trees, shall be looking round them, on the vineyards, the orchards, and the flocks, and ask me, how these things came; I shall naturally raise my hands to that Omnipotent and Benevolent Being, to whom we are indebted for all we hope for, and for all we enjoy. When they return from the melancholy task, of depositing in the earth their deceased companions, and ask with anxious looks; Is he gone for ever? You cannot object to my speaking comfort to their souls, by carrying their views to a state of future existence. When they see on every side the baleful effects of corrupt and malignant passions, and the degenerate state of man, may I not venture to speak of an advocate and interceder with the Almighty; when they are lamenting the rewards and triumphs of vice even in this world, it would be cruel not to speak to them, of a state of retribution beyond the grave: without solaces like these, the lot of man would be intolerable, they are independent of, and unconnected with Popes, with councils, with synods, or with bishops; they existed long before ceremonies, altars or pulpits were invented, they are calculated to all meridians, they sympathize with all feelings, they are acceptable to every heart; and will act with

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power unsubdued when London, Geneva, Pekin, Paris and Rome, are crumbled into oblivion."

"Thus you see nature and reason would create religion, even if men attempted to proscribe it;—and legislators! in the present alterations you meditate, which as our civil governors you undoubtedly are authorized to make; beware in destroying one superstition, which had numerous errors, beware that you plant not the seeds of another still more irrational and disgusting, and without *some* of the recommendations of its faulty predecessor. What emotions of anguish and sorrow would it excite in the breast of a philosopher, a statesman and a patriot, were he told by some unerring prediction, that the descendants of a nation whom they had emancipated from civil and religious bondage, should hereafter worship some clumsy idol the work of men's hands, with the bloody rites of a Moloch, or the lascivious celebrations of a Thamuz."

An individual bold and honest enough to make such a speech to the Convention, and an Assembly sufficiently generous and enlightened to give it a candid hearing, would deserve our praise. But the difficulty in encouraging religion, morality, and learning, is to correct the influence and power of those who teach them; a power experience tells us, too often exerted, for the selfish purposes of avarice and ambition. To hope for perfect improvement on this point is perhaps the respectable error of a visionary theorist. The first great step would be a universal abolition of religious establishments,

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ments which hold out loaves and fish to the supporters of one particular set of speculative opinions, but kindle irritation and resentment in the breasts of those who dissent, and think themselves oppressed. "But this," says a cool reasoner at my elbow, "cannot, must not be done, 'till (what is almost impossible) moral and religious instruction have intimately pervaded the mass, and circulated through every ramification of society. Without this necessary precaution we shall only be shaking off a gentle tyrant, the Church of England, for the galling yoke of rigid intolerant disciplinarians, enthusiasts, modern prophets, mystics and madmen."

DADE, GEORGE, a Nottinghamshire peasant, who, after passing through the different gradations of domestic servitude, in which so many acquire habits of selfishness and low cunning, gave a striking proof of scrupulous honour, and delicate disinterestedness, which, for precept as well as example, deserves to be recorded; as it was an opportunity which most men would have seized for securing independence, and under circumstances, in which the peace of a thousand families is daily and irreparably injured, by a perverse combination of folly and indecorum, with fraud and impudence. The subject of our present article had, for some years, secured the esteem of his master, and all who knew him, by integrity, diligence, and affability, set off and improved by the graces of a well proportioned form, a manly and pleasing countenance.

Thus enjoying general regard and that first of satisfactions, the

approbation of his own heart, the tranquillity of his mind was suddenly interrupted, by discovering that he had unintentionally won the affections of a young lady in the family, rich, handsome, and accomplished, the sister of his master, whom, of all women on earth, he would have preferred, had *his* station been more exalted, or *hers* less elevated. Agitated and alarmed, and under the deep impressions of gratitude, propriety, and honour, which, in the war of interests, are found to have so little weight with his superiors, and from the impossibility of entering on an explanation, without mentioning a name, which he resolved to run all risks rather than bring into question; he instantly, without communicating his reasons, quitted his post for the metropolis.

Several years elapsed before the honourable motives of his abrupt departure were at all suspected; but the fair one's attachment to, and perpetual repetition of tunes which George was known to have been constantly playing on his flute, her working in embroidery, a little drawing of his sketching which he had left in the butler's pantry, first excited notice. These, and other little circumstances, which alone would scarce have been considered as evidence, but combined with the state of her health and spirits from the time of Dade's departure, amounting to substantial proof, at length convinced her brother, of the generous conduct of his faithful and excellent domestic. Lost in astonishment, sympathizing with the struggle in his sister's bosom, and assured

assured of the worth of the man she loved, notwithstanding the inequality of condition; he could not rest till he had discovered the retreat of one who had distinguished himself by so uncommon an act of self-denial. He recommended him effectually to a man in power, who gave him a lucrative employment, and he gradually acquired sufficient wealth, for a moderate man.

Accident, or the impulse of unconquerable attachment, produced a meeting with his former mistress, and marriage (I am not writing a novel) marriage speedily ensued. Mr. Dale, at the moment I write, is in the enjoyment of that affluence and domestic happiness, which worth like his deserves. I trust his good sense will excuse my holding forth his honourable conduct, as an exception to the base obliquities of the common herd of fordid and profligate menials; who to forward the interests of a groveling spirit; from dirty sensuality, or incorrigible indolence, marry for bread; and are perpetually on the watch to take advantage of youthful folly, or mature indiscretion. The miserable victims of these inauspicious unions (which commence without probability of happiness, and are carried on in obscene obscurity) repent when it is too late, and find themselves chained for life, to brutality, discord, ruin, and disgrace.

DALE, MR. a merchant of Glasgow, who has a fair and honourable claim to a place in every work, which professes to do justice to philanthropy and public spirit.

This gentleman built a village, and established a manufactory, which afforded employment and food to fifteen hundred men, women and children; in the northern parts of this kingdom, from which so many thousands have emigrated, an highly important and praiseworthy service. But eminent merit, however it may afford internal satisfaction or enable us to suffer with fortitude, cannot ward off the strokes of calamity; the buildings, utensils and expensive apparatus of Mr. Dale, were in one night consumed by fire: a juvenile crowd assembled the next morning to survey the smoking ruins; when they saw the whole of their dependance for support destroyed, and reflected on the precariousness of future subsistence, they suddenly burst into tears, and bewailed their hopeless situation. But Providence which by enacting certain undeviating laws of nature, seems to have permitted such misfortunes, has also reserved in its stores of consolation, a race of men, with hearts to pity and with hands to bless. The worthy master, clearly of this description, and strongly interested by their cries, soothed them by the following words, in which generous promise, was followed by actual performance: "My good children, do not cry, your situation is better than it was before, for 'till the houses are rebuilt, you will have nothing to do but play, and shall still receive the same wages."

DALRYMPLE, HEW, a gentleman of North Berwick in Scotland, who, by disinterested benevolence, personal intrepidity,

and active zeal, has added to the honours of a worthy and respectable family.

Roused at the dead of night, in the early part of the year 1790, by a tremendous storm, and the cries of a ship's company stranded near his house, he rushed forth from safety, warmth and comfort, to rescue the unhappy sailors from the perils of their situation, which were greatly augmented by a lawless banditti assembled on the beach, for purposes more destructive and terrific, than the rage of contending elements. Intent only on their prey, the unfeeling multitude were for some time deaf and unmoved by his most earnest intreaties, 'till irritated by selfish brutality, and urged by the impulse of a generous spirit, our worthy Caledonian boldly declared, that notwithstanding the superiority of numbers, he would defend the unfortunate men from outrage, and their property from plunder, as long as life and strength remained.

Induced probably by dastardly fear, which always preponderates in the breast of bad men, convinced by precept which would not so often fail were it effectually inculcated by example, and touched by conduct so gloriously opposite to their own, they relinquished their abominable designs, and vigorously co-operated with their humane and spirited director, in saving the crew, ship, and cargo; a purpose which they accomplished with considerable difficulty and danger to themselves. For this animated exertion, Mr. Dalrymple received the public thanks of

his country; his behaviour and advice have also had considerable influence with his neighbours on the adjoining coasts, who had long been notorious for a cruel and unwarrantable treatment of shipwrecked seamen; to the merit of preserving the vessel in question, he has added the important benefit of converting a nest of the worst species of robbers, into hospitable and enterprising relievers of marine distress.

D'AUBIGNY, THEODORE AGRIPPA, a French hugonot, a faithful companion, and, as long as he continued useful, pliant and prudent; a favorite of Henry the Fourth, King of Navarre. Uniting in an extraordinary degree, military intrepidity, religious fervor, and literary acumen, he alternately, vigorously, and successfully attacked his catholic opponents with the sword and pen. I know not if the foundation from which he derives one of his names be correct; but he says, that from the circumstance of his mother dying in child-bed, on the day of his birth, he was called Agrippa *Quasi ægre partus*.

D'Aubigny has left an account of his own life in the interesting character of a parent, sinking under age and infirmity, who at the conclusion of a long warfare, delivers to his children a spirited outline of his adventures, accompanied with instructive comment, and pathetic exhortation. If we make some allowance for the buoyancy of national vanity, and the excusable egotism of a man who had performed many gallant exploits, and had been an eye-witness of

or a party concerned in the great transactions of the day, this little piece of biography, is valuable as an original picture of a tumultuous reign, drawn by a character of a peculiar cast. It describes honest pride, and incorruptible integrity, struggling with party perfidy, and polemic rancour; a courtier boldly and openly avowing hostility to every measure and every person however exalted, who attempted to fetter the freedom of private opinion, impeach his honour, or doubt his loyalty to Henry. For he considered a strong attachment to the reformed church, and an unqualified opposition to court measures, as fairly compatible with his duty as a soldier, and his fidelity as a subject.

Besides his *Life*, and a *Universal History*, which, from change of circumstances, opinions, and attachments, do not exactly tally with each other; and several short religious tracts, written on the spur of the occasion, but now lost, there remain his *Baron of Fœnesté*, a singular, but entertaining work, in dialogue, with many sarcastic descriptions of the fashions, follies, and luxuries of the fine gentlemen of that day, which an Englishman, unacquainted with the Gascon dialect, will find some difficulty in comprehending; and his *Confession of Sancy*, a curious satirical production, of which an edition was published in the beginning of the present century, with notes, by Duchat, a useful and necessary addition to a modern reader.

At the age of six he was able to read, a word capable of different constructions, for many boys read

what they do not understand; he is said to have been able to read Latin, Greek, and Hebrew; and at seven, to have translated the *Crito* of Plato, a work, to which he was incited by the promise of his father, that it should be printed with a portrait of the juvenile translator prefixed. But his puerile studies were interrupted, by a vision of sleep, or an apparition, the image of a disordered fancy. "As I lay in bed, a tall female figure, dressed in white, and of a pale countenance, entered my chamber, drew back the curtains, and impressing on my quivering lips a clay-cold kiss, suddenly vanished, leaving me speechless, and for some time unable to move."

This circumstance considered by a school-boy as supernatural, and related with the solemnity of implicit faith, like other wonderful stories, originally blended with real fact, was probably produced by the nocturnal visit of a doating nurse, a wanton servant, or some fond domestic, who, from early attachment, not uncommon in persons of that description, or from high spirits, might feel an inclination to kiss a beautiful boy in his sleep; an object in the eye of friendship and affection, highly interesting and attractive. Almost the only incident of infancy, which the compiler of the present article can recollect, and which still diffuses a dim light through the clouds of his succeeding life, is that of an affectionate and faithful mother, regularly paying a midnight visit to her children before she retired to rest, and kissing them in the ecstacy of maternal love.

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The spirit of party, as well as literary ascendency, appears to have burst forth early in young D'Aubigny's mind, and the incident which first excited it, probably impressed on his mind that constitutional antipathy to the Catholic superstition, which was the leading feature of his character, and determined the fate of his life. Riding with his father to Amboise, he remarked the heads of several Hugonots, who had been lately executed at that place; but when he heard some of them were particular friends of his family, he exclaimed, "Scoundrels and hangmen have depopulated France! The anxious parent, alarmed for the safety of his child, directly hurried him away. Actuated by similar zeal, in his future life, whenever he commanded at the taking of a town, he always obliged the prisoners to make the following addition to their capitulation; "renouncing for ever, and to all intents and purposes, the authority of the detestable Council of Constance." He also strictly observed, after gaining any important advantage, the good old custom of returning thanks to the Almighty on his knees. At thirteen he became an orphan: "The good old man," says our author, speaking of his father, "recommended to me, with his dying breath, three things, which I hope I have not forgot; the love of truth, a zeal for religion, and an unwearied pursuit of knowledge."

As soon as it was understood that a dissenter might be injured with impunity, he was oppressed

as a sectary, and plundered as a minor; but escaping from a prison in which he had been confined for rash zeal or juvenile indiscretion, he was sent to finish his studies, or confirm his calvinistic principles at Geneva, and afterwards went to Lyons. At the last of these places he improved himself in mathematicks, and in magic, "resolving, at the same time, to take no advantage of his knowledge of that mysterious art;" an art he might have added, so dangerous at different periods to its professors, and so harmless to every one besides. But whatever were his powers, his convictions, or his attainments, they were not sufficient to preserve him from poverty and distress, to which the fraud of others, and his own want of conduct, had reduced him. Lively men, *wben dejected*, are said to be the most melancholy of animals; and the subject of our present article, who capered, coquetted, danced, sung, and made more racket and noise than any mad-cap of the neighbourhood, resolved, the instant adversity frowned in his face, which bottle companions in all ages have considered as a signal for desertion, he resolved to rid himself of all sorrow by suicide. But previous to taking so awful and unwarrantable a step, he determined, under the combined impulse of devotion and despair, to ask pardon of his Maker, for the crime he was about to commit, and fell on his knees near the banks of the Saon. He was roused from prayer by the trotting of a horse over an adjoining bridge: thinking it his duty to try

try all expedients before he had recourse to the last fatal one, and stimulated by revolting nature, to catch even at a momentary respite, he hurried to the spot, and fortunately discovered that the person on horseback was one of his relations in the suite of Admiral Châtillon. From this gentleman he received a supply of money and good advice, neither of which he made a proper use of; for he frankly confesses, that his industry and application to study, considerably relaxed; that he disliked books, and was never easy out of company; that he had acquired the character of a facetious companion in joyous circles; a sporter of epigrams and satirical repartee; a mimic and a buffoon; accomplishments, which we are so ready to join in and admire, at the convivial table, although in the cool hour of reflection, we dread and avoid the persons who possess them; an axiom confirmed by daily experience, which certain young men of strong animal spirits, in the glow of a second bottle, and panting for distinction as wits and bon-vivants, will do well to recollect and apply. With such tendencies which had deranged his finances, the subject of our present article, entered as a volunteer into the army, that last and common refuge for violent spirits, and what Mr. Burke calls fiscal difficulties; Guyenne, Anjou, Touraine, Normandy, and Picardy, were the scenes of his provincial campaigns, in which the impetuosity of youth, hurried him into many imminent dangers, and hair-breadth escapes, while the flippancy of his tongue, and the eccentric liveliness of his

manners, attracted the notice, and sometimes the displeasure of his officers.

On a field-day, ridiculing and censuring in his usual way, the awkwardness of some of his associates, in which, though correct as to the matter in question, he had neither authority or right to interfere; his talking and loud laughing were remarked by the Prince of Condé, who demanded the name of that forward and troublesome young man. On being told, he recollected his family, sent for him, and, in a good-natured way checking his intemperate vivacity, asked the Colonel if he could spare his young volunteer. "I will make your Royal Highness a present of him with great pleasure," replied the commanding officer, glad to get rid of an unmanageable stripling. "A truce with making presents, my good Colonel," cried D'Aubigny in a characteristic strain of youthful levity, "a truce with your presents, you may give away a dog, or a hawk, a valet, or even a mistress, when you are tired of her, but young men of my metal are not to be disposed of with so little ceremony." After thanking the Prince for his kind intentions, he politely declined his offer, and retired.

At the age of nineteen, his imagination was inflamed, and his muse inspired by the charms of Diana Salviati, but, like other romantic heroes, he met with difficulties; slender finances, and difference in religious opinions, proved a bar to success in his first love, which communicates a bliss on its approaches, a lover only can describe,

describe, and which, it is said, *even a lover can feel but once*. "This disappointment," he observes, "was fatal to the beautiful Diana, who drooping like a flower nipped by untimely frost, at length died of a broken heart." I have seen in an old collection of French poetry, a song called *Le Printemps de D'Aubigny*, the stanzas of which are strongly marked with ardent desire and violence of passion, such as a man of his fiery temperament, must naturally have felt.

In his twentieth year, he was introduced to Henry the Fourth, as a young man whom neither difficulty, distress, danger, hunger, thirst, or cold, would prevent from doing his duty; but as a drawback from this recommendation, it was added, that he would not bear restraint or opposition, and would, on every occasion, and whatever the consequence, always speak his mind. He escaped almost miraculously the massacre of St. Bartholomew, having, by accident or from business, left Paris only a few hours before that volcano of popery and hell burst forth. This tragedy is never mentioned without an obvious reflection, directly presenting itself to my mind; the circumstance to which I refer, is the trifling and ineffectual resistance made by the unfortunate victims, or the few of their relations who escaped. That in almost every instance they were slaughtered at an unguarded moment, without previous alarm, and for the most part without apt weapons in their hands, is, I acknowledge, a sufficient reason; but if one individual escaped, he was deficient in his duty to God, as well as man,

in not devoting the short remainder of a life, deprived by murderers of all his friends and all his satisfactions, in devising means of sweeping, in terrible and comprehensive ruin, the perpetrators of that abomination from the face of the earth.

The same Being who hath pronounced, that the department of vengeance is his, hath also emphatically decreed, "That he who sheddeth man's blood, *BY MAN* shall his blood be shed;" a cool, a premeditating cool murderer, walking the world not only in credit, but, as was the case with the St. Bartholomew assassins, with glee and boasting to his grave, is an outrage on morality, and almost an argument against a Divine Providence. Had I been one of the miserable surviving remnant of those men whose infants, wives, parents and relations, had been butchered by the merciless ruffians, neither books, nor business, nor pleasure, neither royal frowns, or female smiles, should have turned me aside from the measure of just revenge; I would have strained every nerve to prevent, by signal and memorable example, by fire, by sword, by fraud, or by force, a repetition of such enormities, should similar men, with similar principles, at any future period predominate; for I again repeat (though mine has been checked as superfluous, ill-timed, and unnecessary zeal) I again repeat, supported by evidence presenting itself on every side, by words and by actions, that the restless, perturbed, insidious spirit, the horrid persecuting inquisitorial spirit of the popish religion,

religion, IS NOT DEAD, IT ONLY SLUMBERS, WATCHING FIT OCCASION AGAIN TO LEAP FROM ITS DEN, AND PRACTICE ITS OLD ABOMINATIONS. This dreadful business appears to have made a deep and indelible impression on the mind of a man who had so narrowly escaped; for after the peace of Paris, Henry the Third being desirous of seeing and conversing with one, of whose gallant intrepidity he had heard so much, and from whose active opposition the Catholic cause had considerably suffered; no entreaties could prevail on our Protestant soldier to wait on the tyrant, "I will never bend my knee," he cried, "to the approver, if not the director, of the massacre of Bartholomew."

It was not long before our adventurer gave a specimen of the rudeness of his pen, by a sarcastic stanza on Henry's giving him a portrait of himself, for services which D'Aubigny thought deserved more valuable remuneration; this bagatelle, penned in a moment of rash irritation, I have seen thus translated:

"Why for a thankless prince's good,
My brother soldiers toil?"

When all he gives us for our blood,

Is canvas, paint, and oil."

We cannot be surprized that such a return for an intended kindness should offend the Prince, and that he resolved to punish the author, who saved himself by flight; but, at the moment of his departure, riding boldly to the royal tent, spoke as follows: "Such, Sire, is your usage of a man who is

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covered with wounds, and has shed his best blood in your service; and all for what? because he will not be a flatterer and a pander?"

(For it ought to be recorded to the honor of the subject of this article, that he would never submit to the degrading and infamous employ of procuring prostitutes, or seducing innocence, to gratify Henry's loose desires, and unbounded fondness for variety; an office, in succeeding times so ardently sought for, and so honourably executed: "If he wants women," cried D'Aubigny, "let him seek them himself in the stews; it is a base business, which no man of spirit will undertake, and indeed what one gentleman ought not to expect from another.") This honorable trait of the age of chivalry, I agree with Mr. Burke, is passed away. "Permit me," continued our imprudent courtier, whose parting address to the king I began, but did not finish, "permit me, before I take my leave, to communicate to your majesty, a necessary truth, which none of those polite gentlemen, who so assiduously attend your court, will venture to tell, though there is not a man among them, who is not of the same opinion. You are scrupulously severe in remarking the faults of your servants, but ungratefully tardy in acknowledging or rewarding their real merits." With these words he applied spurs to his horse. To this remonstrance the king might have replied, "that with exhausted finances, and a kingdom torn by civil and religious discord, it was not in the power of a prince, how much soever it might be his inclination, to reward his followers on every occasion, according to their merits;

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that although ingratitude has been accounted a royal vice which paid well, yet, from the nature of men and things, the faithful servants of a king, *like those of God*, must have other reliances, and rewards more solacing to look forward to, than prompt and immediate retribution."

The banished courtier, with a few followers attached to his fortunes, immediately resolved on offering his services to Prince Casimir, son of the Elector Palatine; but, in his journey, like other knights errant, was again wounded by female glances from a window, as he passed through a country town. The fair unknown, proved, on enquiry, to be Sufannah de Zézay, of the house of Vivonne, and a celebrated provincial toast. A man composed of inflammatory materials, soon found means of introduction, for, as the lover observes,

" J'étais dans l'instant eperdue-
ment amoureux."

His expedition to the Palatinate was given up, and, for a time, his military ardor cooled; the lady was afterwards his wife, and is often praised by him for 'obedience, that first of duties in a married woman;' which, in the case of D'Aubigny, it probably was, as opposition appears to have always roused him to an extravagant pitch of fury and resentment.

With such spirits, it seems the wisest and kindest part of friendship and affection, in irritable moments, to avoid discussing disputable points, and to endeavour, if possible, by diverting attention to other channels, and by the fascination of female converse, to soothe

and soften, rather than fan the flames of discontent, by ill-timed appeals, and unavailing expostulation, however reasonable and right. Peculiar tempers I would treat like bodily diseases, by abstinence, by regimen, and diet; and the medical man, who would order a patient with weak ancles, to run a race, or prescribe for a nervous hysterical woman, novels, tragedy, and green tea, would surely deserve reprehension. To many of my female readers, recommending condescension and submission, even when they are the party aggrieved, will probably appear a mortifying lesson; but the advantage it will give them in the cool hours of reflection, and the glory of self-conquest, will make ample compensation for the sacrifice. A neglect or contempt of this apparently trifling point, has, in a thousand instances; hurried youth, beauty, and accomplishment, to separation, infamy, and Doctor's Commons, while the plainest and most homely creatures alive, without one attraction, corporal or mental, by attending to this, "which, though no science, far outweighs them all," have passed through life with ease, satisfaction and comfort.

Letters in the mean time were delivered to D'Aubigny from the king, which (affecting the pride of injured worth) he threw, unopened, into the fire; mixing however a little worldly policy with his resentments; and after repeated invitation, and assurances, that his offences should be overlooked, the truant returned to his master, but found that the Catholics, in his absence, had been busy with
Henry,

Henry, who began seriously to think of making his peace, by abjuring his religion, a circumstance which soon after took place. In this business, Monsieur Seguier, a corrupted protestant, was a powerful instrument, who strongly advised a journey to Paris, which D'Aubigny violently opposed, and, in the midst of a warm conversation in the royal presence, observing Seguier looking out of window, he stepped towards him and said, "Monsieur Seguier, do you perceive a precipice from the window where we stand;" "Yes," replied Seguier, the most timid of animals, "and a tremendous one it is, I shudder and grow giddy only with looking at it." "I advise you then, Sir, to make up your mind on the subject of the king's journey; if he goes to Paris," (*fixing his eyes sternly on him*) "myself, and a score or two of friends, have resolved that you shall take a leap from this identical window." (Seguier drew back.) "You need not doubt what I say, it will as certainly be the case, as that God made Moses."

By this and other extravagancies, Henry was again offended; and swore in a transport of passion, he would destroy him. On such an occasion most men would have fled; but he who had reason to expect, at least had merited punishment, knew whom he had to deal with, and hearing a few days after of the royal repentment, rushed, without previous notice, into the presence; and pretending not to hear the king, who reproached and threatened him, as well for the general offensive impropriety of his conduct, as the

present indecency of his sudden intrusion. "I am come to know," said this singular character, seizing and pressing the king's hand, "I am come to know what reward I am to meet with for my past services; do you wish to be considered by posterity, as a good prince or a merciless tyrant." After a long pause, during which sensibility and affection triumphed over resentment: Henry replied, "You know, D'Aubigny, I love you; but what can be done with Seguier, for you have offended him beyond forgiveness; pray try to make your peace with him." "That shall be done in an instant," replied D'Aubigny, who had seen Seguier as he passed the anti-chamber; "Be so good, Monsieur Seguier," opening at the same time the door, "be so good as to inform his majesty what you have to alledge against me;" with a significant look, and laying his hand gently on his sword, unobserved by the king, "Nothing in nature," replied the minister as he entered the room with a low bow; "I am convinced his majesty has not a servant of equal fidelity, or a more valiant soldier in his dominions." Thus D'Aubigny, like Mr. Burke, commencing with outrageous invective, concluded, like the arraigner of the civil list, by accepting a pension.

But however zealously Henry might wish D'Aubigny to follow his example, nothing could prevail on him to abandon the Protestant cause, his obstinacy on this subject diminished the regard of his master, whose coldness towards him was also increased by his strenuous and

unqualified opposition to a marriage with the widow of the Count of Guiche and Grammont, the enchanting Diana Dandoni; on this point the King, it is true, had demanded his advice with apparent frankness and sincerity, but *like other consultants*, having previously made up his mind, would certainly have led the bewitching Diana to the altar, if a new face, to him an irresistible temptation, if the new face of Gabrielle d'Estrees had not rescued him from a step, which in his circumstances would have been highly blameable; thus caprice and amorous propensity, as hath been the case with many of us, saved him from an imprudent marriage.

These and other circumstances rendered his continuance unpleasant, for the King was perpetually teasing him, to quit the reformed church, in consequence of which, he determined to devote a good portion of a winter passed in country quarters, to an examination of the merits of the cause.

"I sat down in good earnest," he adds, "and diligently perused the works of Pangerole and Campion," who, I believe was an English Jesuit, executed in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, for a real or pretended conspiracy against her life; "I was pleased," continues D'Aubigny, "and almost convinced by the strong arguments and methodic arrangement of Belarmino;" but the well prepared poison of the Cardinal, was effectually counteracted, "by the powerful antidotes of Whitaker and Lambert."—I have heard of two friends, a Protestant and a Catholic, who commenced an ami-

cable debate on the subject of their different persuasions directly after dinner; that they pursued their debate undisturbed, reasoned so fairly, and were on both sides so open to conviction, that after a long continued chain of arguments, on retiring to rest, each man had changed his religious opinions; but it was not so in the present case. D'Aubigny, like many readers and many writers after a long and fatiguing journey in the circle of controversy, concluded exactly where he began. It is worthy of remark, that the King, however he might *profess* to differ with the subject of our present article, could not rest satisfied, during a severe indisposition, without a long religious conversation with him; detained him in his room four hours, and was particularly earnest, in wishing to know his opinion, with respect to the sin against the Holy Ghost.

As a firm resister of ecclesiastic oppression, and a Protestant pillar, he attended their synods and religious meetings as a deputy, and on a certain occasion was highly provoked by the conduct of the President Canaye, the editor of three folio volumes of Treaties, whose place on a certain shelf, I have often at an early period of my life, wished supplied with more amusing materials. D'Aubigny answered in a spirited manner a virulent attack of the President on the conduct and tenets of the Hugonots, but was interrupted by Canaye, who exclaimed, "Is the service of the King, and the good of the state to be for ever disturbed," "And pray, Sir, who are you," cried his opponent, "who
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are you, that pretend to instruct *me* in my duty to the King? I both knew and practised it when you were a prating boy with a fatchel at your back; was it worthy of your master, or did he think it the only business for which *you* were qualified, thus to set the province in a flame by opposing a royal edict to the express word of God? Learn young man to be silent and attentive to the words of your superiors both in age and ability, who have an independent deliberative vote in this Assembly, and a right to deliver their opinion on any subject." "Where and what am I?" exclaimed the astonished Canaye, "What are you," said D'Aubigny, "You are a mouse breaking your teeth against a file."

The vanity or powers of this singular man also exposed him to the Polemic harangues of the Bishop of Eureux, the famous entity and quiddity man of his day; the combatants disputed publicly for five hours, in the presence of four hundred persons of distinction, and "*very much to my own satisfaction*," says our author. With all my strong partialities for the reformed church, I cannot perceive the force of a syllogism, with which D'Aubigny in a triumphant strain, says he posed the Bishop, who I think might fairly have accused his opponent, of what logicians call *petitio propofiti*, in plain English, begging the question; but D'Aubigny, like other people *who tell their own story*, appears to have enjoyed the triumph; his wonderful syllogism, in a few words was this;

Whoever errs on a controverted

point, is incapacitated for judging that question.

The fathers are in a palpable error.

Therefore the fathers cannot be competent judges.

"With this formidable weapon," he observes, "I cut down every argument of the Prelate so effectually, that in the agonies of defeat, large drops fell from his forehead, on a Chrysostome he held in his hand, and were noticed by all present."

But in spite of industry or zeal, the Protestant cause, from regal defection, and the corruption of courts, rapidly declined, few like the subject of our present article could resist the blandishments or the gold of the King; for this reason and conscious of their own sinister views, many of his party were jealous and fearful that D'Aubigny only waited like themselves till a sufficient bribe was offered: "What is the meaning," said a precise but artful Angevin, who had been purchased, but fancied it was not known, "What is the meaning of Madam La Varenne making you so many visits? I have seen her come out of your apartments, at least a dozen times." "She has tried a dozen times to do that with *me*, which she accomplished with *you* at one visit, you rascal."

He would never kneel to Henry, for which being reproached by the Duke de Villeroy, he answered, "I consider and treat his Majesty as a King, not pay him the adoration of a God."

The Duke de Bouillon, whose esteem our Protestant hero had enjoyed

joyed for thirty years, was at length offended by the firmness of his religious principles, though he had himself been originally a considerable and rigid Hugonot, but *softened* by court manœuvre. On a certain occasion he was advising the Protestants to give up their fortified towns, adding "that there was no reason to doubt of royal clemency, but that if it proved otherwise, *theirs would be the merit and glory of martyrdom.*" "We are infinitely obliged to the Duke," replied D'Aubigny, "for his kindness, and are well acquainted with the sufferings of those Saints and holy men, who in perilous and persecuting times, died in the cause of truth; but I am surprized that a person equally devoid of religious faith, or political sincerity, should venture to touch on such a subject. The man who like Iscariot abandons his Saviour for twenty pieces of silver, is an odious traitor; but he who is instrumental in delivering his friends to punishment, or persuades them to part with their only safeguard from treacherous and blood-thirsty men, is little better than an insidious informer, or a common hangman:" the Duke, struck dumb by truth, blushed, hung his head, and retired.

The Treaty of Loudun may be termed the shipwreck of the reformed party; D'Aubigny called it a public auction of Faith and Principle; on this occasion differing in opinion with Condé, the Prince exclaimed in anger, "Well, Sir, I thank God we can do without you, you may return to your Castle of Doignon, when-

ever you please;" "And you will shortly," said D'Aubigny, leaving the room, "retire to a castle not quite so distant from Paris," meaning Mr. Burke's favourite castle, the Bastille: this prophecy was a short time after, literally accomplished.

He was accused by his opponents of keeping in his house a soothsayer, a man born deaf and dumb, by whom they alledged he was forewarned of public disaster, and private mishap; that this domestic prophet had not only predicted the King's death, but the precise manner of it, the exact time when and the street in which it would take place; the siege of Rochelle, and the ruin of the Hugonots. "Alas!" says he, "there wanted not a prophet to foresee these melancholy events; I kept, it is true, a poor young man, born without sight or hearing, and destitute of friends or support, or he would inevitably have perished. By means of his fingers, the motion of his lips, and other gestures of his body, he attained, as is not uncommon in such cases, a mode of communicating his ideas; but to suppose that I had any other motives than charity and compassion, is too ridiculous to bear discussion; if I possessed or profited from any helps, they were such only as God, nature and a religious education afforded me; they were probably improved and called into action, by the persecuting spirit of the times."

Disgusted with his countrymen and the preponderance of Catholic councils, he determined to visit Geneva; at this place, being received

ed with the greatest honour and treated with unbounded confidence, he died in the eightieth year of his age. A little before his departure, Rochelle was dismantled, and the two fortresses of Mallezais and Doignon, his private property were proposed by his own friends to be levelled without compensation: on this occasion the Duke de Villeroy thus addressed him; "How much are you indebted to your party, who in return for your forfeiting the favour of your Sovereign, in the common cause, as well as a pension of twelve thousand livres a year, have kindly resolved to pull down your houses, and sequestrate your estate." Our refugee, however received a considerable sum for the demolition of his castles, and retiring from France, after all his dangers, resigned his breath in the land of Calvinism.

DAVIS, HENRY EDWARDS, an Oxford Divine, a learned Polemic, and a furious assailant of Mr. Gibbon; indeed the only antagonist, who appears to have irritated the temper, and roused the resentment of our historian; whether this effect is to be attributed to the degrading nature of some of his charges, or the unanswerable truth of others, it is not my business to determine. Yet so important are many of Mr. Davis's remarks, that the proprietor of the History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, would render an essential service to the cause of Christianity, and indeed do no more than his duty as a conscientious Dissenter, were he to print them by way of Appendix, to every future edition of

that celebrated work, stripped of their petulance, and *some* of the unfounded assertions.

Davis, who at the moment of his attacking a considerable and highly endowed writer, had not reached his twenty-third year, accuses him of misrepresentation, inaccuracy and plagiarism; asserts, that to prevent detection, he artfully adopts a mode of reference, and quotation, peculiarly loose, incorrect and unsatisfactory; that, for the sake of indulging a vein of spleenetic wit, he imputes to the fathers, and other venerable writers, opinions, which cannot be deduced from their words without the most unwarrantable perversion; and lastly, that instead of perusing original works, he derives most of his authorities from French translations. We cannot be surprized at such accusations awakening the sensibilities of a good writer as well as a gentleman; having occasion to mention Dr. Watson's criticism, he calls it a keen weapon, but Mr. Davis's a rustic cudgel; to an illiberal hint from the same quarter, of his not possessing proper books, he replies, "If Mr. D. will call any time *when I am not at home*, my servant shall shew him the library." Another evil of Davis's book, is, that he quotes different editions from those referred to by Gibbon, a circumstance which diminishes the force of observations, in many instances, sensible and acute; to this we may add, that his strictures and deductions are frequently unfair, his language and insinuations gross and unbecoming; he probably thought Luther an example sufficiently respectable to authorize

thorize scurrility, and seems to have been of opinion that no terms or decency should be observed, with an enemy of revelation.

It was remarked that the tutor of Baliol on this occasion, received from the King, a handsome pecuniary present, and that his Majesty almost at the same time signed the commission of the man he attacked, as a lord of trade: of these apparently contradictory transactions, it may be said, that the money given, I believe two hundred guineas, was an honourable reward for defending Christianity; but that the place was merely a Treasury bargain, between the Historian, who was member for a Cornish borough, and the great man in Downing-street, his patron and confidential friend.

The subject of my present page appears to have been endowed with remarkable talents for controversy, but feeling himself master of his weapons, and elated by the justice of his cause, occasionally forgot the meek spirit of his divine master; yet it has been said that the mildness of our Saviour was on one occasion roused to resistance, when he beheld the house of God polluted by money changers, publicans, and sinners; and it cannot be denied that an open and bold attack would have been more honourable on the part of Mr. Gibbon, than his dishonourable method of proceeding by sneer, sarcasm, and implication; which repeatedly excited and deserved the reproof of his adversaries. To a charge of this nature, once produced against him at the table of a learned lady, he replied in words

to the following effect: "My adversaries may dwell as much as they please on the generosity and courage of a fair and open attack; but I cannot meet on equal ground my opponents who have half the civilized portion of mankind on *their* side of the question. Whatever may be my convictions, and all I have hitherto heard, serves only to confirm them, I feel no inclination to throw the gauntlet of defiance to a numerous, and in many instances a respectable body of men, an *imperium in imperio*, who are supported by the doctrines they preach, and deeply entrenched in dignity, revenue, establishment, authority, influence and prejudice."

Mr. Davis acquired considerable reputation by his book, but with a frame delicate and tender from his birth, he had qualified himself for the contest at the expence of his constitution, and died at an early age, of a complication of disorders brought on by a studious and sedentary life. His familiar acquaintance with and accurate examination of the earliest evidences of the Christian Religion, his critical acumen, his dogmatic, but correct precision, induce me to rank him with Bishop Bull, whom he also resembled in stubborn unaccommodating orthodoxy.

DEBTS of the PRINCE, a source of considerable regret to the friends, and of malignant triumph to the enemies of royalty, on which much has been well, and much indecorously said. I see neither truth, justice or policy in *their* arguments, who speak of the indignity offered by those, who contributing so amply to sup-
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port, expect from kings, their descendants, and all public functionaries, retrenchment of public expence; in times and circumstances like the present: such doctrines are as false as they are fatal; we expect frugality in every branch of public expenditure, and WE HAVE A RIGHT TO EXPECT IT.

In the beginning of the present century, a namesake of his Royal Highness, George Frederic, Margrave of Bareith, found his Exchequer empty, and a long catalogue of debts, particularly one of four hundred and sixty thousand florins due to the late King of Prussia. On its being suggested to him that it would be necessary to lay new taxes on his subjects, he rejected the advice with honest indignation, and determining to rely, rather on his own prudence and oeconomy, than the patience and generosity of his people, immediately dismissed a useless train of hirelings and slaves, the exhausters of revenue, the appendages of pageantry and pomp; appointed a regency, and retired to Geneva, where he lived in the style of a private gentleman on three hundred pounds a year. At the end of sixteen years, having liquidated the debt, the Margrave returned to enjoy public love, and adoration, and passed the remainder of his life in sober splendour, and magnificent hospitality.

"The predicament in which you are placed," says the author of a Solemn Expostulation lately addressed to the Prince of Wales, "the predicament in which you are placed, is awkward and singular. At a moment when Europe

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is almost over-run with republican torrents, and the mouldering barriers of monarchy are shaken to their foundations by the arms and doctrines of triumphant Democracy; when the dynasty of the Bourbons is grovelling in the dust, when Liberty and Equality are almost elbowing us from our hereditary seats; at such an inauspicious moment, most prudent men, at least most prudent princes, would have thrown over the disproportioned form, and morbid excrescencies of Aristocracy, a wholesome veil of exterior decency and moderation."

Judge then of our surprize, after an immense sum so lately and so generously paid, with an income fully adequate to necessary expenditure, and dignified superfluity; imagine our surprize, at your again presenting yourself, burthened with debts, which accumulating in endless items, puzzle the arithmetician to calculate and perplex your *new friend* the Chancellor of the Exchequer, to palliate or name. It is not my wish to degrade you by personal invective, or to violate the decorum of a Prince or the manners of a gentleman; but permit me, Sir, as the friend of your family, as an individual of that nation which called your ancestors to the throne, permit me to lay before you the sentiments of your foes, and the advantages they will take of your thoughtless and imprudent behaviour. "Such conduct," say these keen observers, who are watching every moment of wantonness or levity in you and your brothers, "Such conduct in the Prince, while the majority of his father's

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father's subjects are pining in penury, and while the necessities of life are at a price almost amounting to famine, is criminal, cruel, and insulting; it is moistening the hard-earned morsel of the poor man with additional tears, and conveys at the same time, an opinion" in which I hope and trust your foes will find themselves mistaken, "that he has no feeling for the common calamities of mankind, that he is indifferent to public opinion." "Trust me, my gracious Prince, we will not give credit to these harsh, these unfounded suggestions, we look forward to happier times, we anticipate more joyful events, and our hopes are in some measure fulfilled. An honest man may now venture to approach the portico of your palace, the magic of Calypso has lost its fascinating influence, the wolves, the vultures, the harpies, the hyænas are driven from their recesses, at the radiant approach of THE BLUE-EYED CAROLINE AND LOVE."

DEBBIEG, COLONEL, an Engineer remarkable for military sagacity, a life devoted to the service of his country, and his sufferings for presuming to differ in opinion with the Master General of the ordnance.

The ruinous expence of surrounding with bastions, an island like Great Britain, whose safeguard and pride are its wooden walls, requires not an argument; after securing ninety-nine points, you are equally open to an attack at the hundredth; besides the insuperable argument, mentioned by the late General Lloyd, and which most military men are fully

aware of, that you are providing a retreat and batteries for an enemy, which, if he once makes a lodgment, he turns against yourself. With our naval arsenals sufficiently fortified to prevent a sudden descent, or a *coup de main*, and an active, well-disciplined, *moveable* force kept up, we have little to fear; without expending on earth, brick, and mortar, sums that might create a navy sufficient to awe the world. Every friend to his country, must tremble when he recollects, that the tremendous schemes of the Duke of Richmond, which would have involved us in endless expence, were rejected only by a majority of one; I believe the important vote was Wolfran Cornwall's; a service almost sufficient to make us forgive the versatile pliancy of his political life, which has been compared to that of a celebrated character, the Vicar of Bray.

A court martial was held to enquire into the conduct of this worthy veteran, and the sentence pronounced by the gentlemen who presided, discovers evidently their good sense, and their real opinion of the subject. On this occasion, the Master General talked of benefits which he had, or which he meant to have conferred on this honest man. "If I have experienced any benefits from his Grace," said the old Soldier, "they have, like certain blessings of the Almighty, *appeared in disguise*."

DE GONDY, JOHN FRANCIS PAUL, Cardinal De Retz, and coadjutor to his uncle, the Archbishop of Paris, whom he succeeded in form, but not in effect,

fect. This ambitious and turbulent prelate, taking advantage of the discontented spirit of the times, privately fomented, at the same time, publicly reprehending a faction, who called themselves Frondeurs, (slingers) during the minority of Lewis the Thirteenth.

Few people will deny that Mazarine was a cruel, unprincipled, and despotic minister, who by every means in his power, attempted to depress and enslave mankind; but the motives of De Retz, and those he joined, were neither laudable or patriotic. Like other popular leaders they appear to have considered the resentments of an oppressed people, only as instruments of revenge, with which they promoted their own selfish views.

The Cardinal has left Memoirs, which like those of his secretary, Guy Joli, are occasionally interesting, and give a just picture of a country distracted by civil war; but the narrative is so frequently interrupted and perplexed by trifling incident, or circumstances foreign to the business, and the facts so irregularly thrown together, that I remember when perusing them I frequently was tempted to throw them down unfinished; they possess the art of irritating our curiosity, without satisfying it. The book of Guy Joli, proves what has been often said, that no great man was ever a hero in the eyes of his valet de chambre. His master owed much of his influence to female intrigue, but oftener injured his interest, and neglected great occasions, that he might indulge the variety of his amorous excesses.

It was the fashion of his day, to quote the classics in public debate, and he had the fame of doing it very aptly. On a certain occasion, he perceived that his hearers were expecting this customary ornament of speech, but not recollecting a passage exactly to the purpose, he successfully ventured an extempore effusion; and on being told by those about him, that they did not remember from whence he took his quotation, he replied, "It is in some of Cicero's works, but I cannot exactly point out the place."—That could not be bad Latin which passed for the language of Tully.

Yet on all occasions he did not discover this useful presence of mind; after his friends had effected his escape from a certain castle in which he had been confined, his fears and apprehensions were so strong, that he was for many hours deprived of sense, and unable to sit on his horse;

The Cardinal has been produced as an instance of a man of learning and ability, resisted, and ruined by antagonists confessedly his inferiors in intellect, but superior to him in back stairs intrigue, court manoeuvre, and low cunning.

When kings, or mankind, who are the makers of kings, delegated so much authority and power to churchmen, they did not recollect what powerful antagonists they were raising against themselves. It must be confessed, that this two-edged sword has not often been drawn in favour of the people, but if Constantine, Charlemagne, or Alfred, had been permitted to dive into futurity, they would have

have seen, with surprize and horror, sovereigns defied by pontifs, and their subjects plundered, imprisoned and tortured by inquisitions. Starting at the arrogant turbulency of Becket, and the seditious hypocrisy of De Retz, they would not have permitted the seeds of ecclesiastic greatness, to have been scattered with so lavish a hand. They would have heard with regret, and have believed with reluctance, that a bloody and mysterious system of tyranny, fraud, and extortion, would hereafter be built on the pure and sublime precepts of the gospel.

DÉ LA METTRIE, JULIUS, OFFRAI, a French physician in the early part of the present century, a man of learning, and a sceptic, patronised by the Duke of Grammont, by whom he was appointed surgeon to his regiment of guards. Indeed it required all the power of his patron, to protect him from the numerous enemies he had created, by his imprudent and irreverend treatment of the popular opinions of his country.

His *Histoire Naturelle de l'Ame*, first raised the resentments of the clergy; and as if it was not sufficient to irritate one powerful body of men, his next work, entitled *Ouvrage de Penelope ou Machiavel en Médecine*, roused a swarm of angry wasps, powerful alike to buzz, to threaten and to sting. In this impolitic, but sensible production, he injudiciously attacked his own fraternity, a class of men, who, without any provocation, but the exasperated animosity of opposite interests, are

seldom deficient in professional rancour, and brotherly hatred.

Apparently detemined to be at peace neither with God, man, or himself; and, in the anxious perturbation of a restless spirit, which, in the form of zeal for propagating truth, sometimes takes such entire possession of much worthier characters; he next endeavoured to prove in Man a Machine, that, we have no immaterial principle; an attempt which, without the depth of reasoning, brilliant acuteness, and varied learning of his other publications, passed, for many years, as the work of the Marquis d'Argens. Having, by this time, reached or surpassed the extreme verge of patience and provocation, nothing seemed wanting to compleat his ruin, but the loss of his patron, the gallant and generous Duke, who was killed at the battle of Dettingen.

Our physician's enemies, whose passions had been raised by delay, almost to fury, considered Grammont's death, as the signal for rushing on their prey; but, in the blind ardour of vengeance, lost sight of that cool caution, which would have ensured the destruction of their victim. De la Mettrie saved himself from the tygers of the law, by a precipitate flight to Holland; in the meantime a prosecution was carried on against him for *Pantheism*; his memory was consigned, by a judicial sentence, to everlasting ignominy, and his writings burnt by the hands of the common hangman; the King of Prussia feeling for the sufferings of a sceptic, afterwards afforded him an asylum, and he died

died at Berlin, in 1751, at the age of forty-three.

In the attack on his *Brethren of the Craft*, which, in English, we should call Penelope's Web, or the Machiavellian Art of Physic, he displays considerable wit, a lively fancy, and a just picture of the medical world; observing, that we must make some allowance for the distortion of caricature, the hyperbole of exasperated resentment, and the foreboding of a wounded spirit, occasioned by the injurious treatment of his medical cotemporaries, who keenly resented professional heterodoxy. "Kill, says De la Mettrie, if I may be permitted to rely on my memory, after a lapse of twenty years; "Kill your patient, by an exact conformity to the established rules, as sometimes must be the case, and you will be allowed to have done your best, whilst the heir will applaud, and the widow pay your bill with tears of unfeigned joy; you will live, with credit and satisfaction, an orthodox practitioner, and a good man. In another instance, save a sick man's life, by listening to the voice of reason, and departing a little from the beaten path, and you will draw down on your devoted head, the abuse and resentment of every little whipster in physic, and every old woman in the parish; you will be thought a dangerous man, and not improbably be prosecuted for malpractice."

Man a Machine, was answered, in a short, but conclusive way, by a German protestant divine, whose name I forget; the title of it was *The Logic of Probabilities*, a

well written, and to those who do not strain at the gnats of revelation, while they swallow the camels of infidelity, to those who are not eternally hunting out matter for doubt and controversy, a satisfactory performance.

A zealous German, scandalized at the protection afforded at Berlin to a notorious infidel, pursued La Mettrie's memory, by an abusive epitaph; in which, says a pleasant writer, the charity and wit of the poet, are pretty nearly on a par with the orthodox piety of the physician: after vilifying him as a glutton and a debauchee, he very kindly dooms the unbeliever to hell, and gives him, as an employment, the honourable office of pander to his infernal majesty.

DENMARK, a kingdom in times not far remote, remarkable for its abject submission to vassalage, and a formal surrender of its liberties; but I congratulate our northern neighbour on the melioration of its condition, the wisdom of its counsels, the political acumen, and cabinet diligence of its young monarch, an example well worthy the imitation of his illustrious cousins. It is as singular as it is gratifying to a speculative, perhaps a gloomy mind, to observe that, in this absolute monarchy, the Freedom of the Press is formally and inviolably established; if any production is libellous the injured party, as in England, may seek redress from the Courts of Law, an ample and sufficient provision for every evil, produced by the Liberty of the Press, a liberty, which

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writers of a certain description, have so elaborately declaimed against, and lately so grossly abused.

In a periodic paper, published at Copenhagen, the following passage lately appeared:

"While the royal palace was on fire, an English gentleman, in spectacles, was seen amongst the crowd, and was heard to say: "It will cost an immense sum to repair this loss, it would be better employed in taking part in the war against France." This paragraph excited the notice and resentment of Mr. Hailes the British Envoy; he preferred a formal complaint against the printer for these words, considering *the English gentleman in spectacles*, as a description of himself. The complaint, as well as his repeated and strenuous efforts to persuade the Danes to quit their profitable and safe neutrality, was civilly and firmly answered, but without the wished for effect. "I stated only a simple fact," said the printer in his reply, "without any personal allusion; I confess there are a great number of English in Copenhagen, and that in general *they are very short sighted*."

The correspondence which took place a few years since, between the Courts of Denmark and Sweden, may be ranked among the diplomatic curiosities of the day. A power in friendship and close alliance with Sweden, thinks it no infraction of treaties, faith, or friendship, to assist Russia in invading the Swedish territory, and attacking her troops and towns with fire and sword; such is the practical subtlety, or the con-

tradictory paradox of European politics.

DE SOLIS, ANTONIO, a Spanish Cardinal, and Archbishop of Seville, who, notwithstanding the luxurious tendencies of ecclesiastical elevation, and the temptation of a prodigious income, extended the term of his life, to more than one hundred and ten years, in the uninterrupted enjoyment of most of his faculties, and an exemplary exercise of episcopal duty.

His great age, and healthy appearance, excited the curiosity of the late King of Spain, who questioned him concerning the regimen he pursued, and the general habits of his life; "By recollecting when I was young, that I might hereafter be old," replied the prelate, "I find myself young, though in fact very old. My life has been sober, studious, and contemplative, but by no means lazy, or sedentary. My diet has been sparing, though delicate; my liquor the best wine of Cerez and La Manchà, of which I exceed not a pint, except in very cold weather, when I allow myself a third more; I ride or walk every day in the open air, except in wet weather, when I exercise for two hours, in a gallery or piazza of the palace. I endeavour to preserve my mind in a due state of obedience to the Divine Commands: I discharge, as faithfully as I am able, the office of a Christian bishop, and as far as is consistent with human frailty, endeavour to preserve a conscience, void of offence towards God and man. By these means, I have arrived at my

my present age, without any considerable injury to my constitution; by the mercy of God, and relying on the intercession of a blessed Redeemer, I am now, like ripe corn, ready for the sickle of death!"—He died in 1774.

DIVORCE, New Law of, in France, decreed by the National Convention, whose proceedings, venal emissaries with the wafer in their mouths, so assiduously misrepresent and revile. Apparently enacted for the purpose of promoting domestic happiness, but liable to a thousand objections from the perverseness, the caprice, and inconsistency of man, that singular compound of reason and passion, energy and weakness, this provision against nuptial misery, had passed but a short time, when there applied to take the benefit of it, a young couple, who had been generally considered by their neighbours, as patterns of connubial felicity. The young woman was beautiful, rich, and married to a lover without fortune; but a few days after the divorce had taken place, they were again united in wedlock, a transaction which exciting considerable surprize, was thus explained.

Their first union having been what is called a *love-match*, the lady's guardians, actuated by laudable prudence, would not consent to, 'till the whole fortune was settled on the wife, absolutely independent of her husband, whose moments in the giddy raptures of a honey-moon, rolled on with facility and pleasure. But when time and reflection had sobered the bridegroom's senses, he complained that his hands, by the il-

liberal distribution of his wife's fortune, were tied up from engaging in agricultural, professional, or commercial pursuits, so admirably calculated for giving a zest to all enjoyments, by occupying those intervals of life, which are otherwise too apt to stupify our faculties in the listlessness of leisure, or the gloom of inactivity. For such evils this excellent wife, saw and provided a remedy; by dissolving their first marriage, she became the uncontrolled mistress of her fortune, and gave an effectual proof of liberality and affection, if not of prudence, by making her husband, on their second marriage, the unfettered master of all she possessed. The happy husband was thus enabled, by love, the great arbiter of destinies, to whom we are indebted for supreme happiness, or harassing inquietude, he was enabled to devote a portion of his fortune to elegant or useful occupation.

Without wishing to recommend *her* conduct as an example to my fair countrywomen, who would probably suffer for their unguarded generosity; I can easily believe, that the new law of divorce in France has, in many instances separated those whom God and nature, education and temper, never formed to come together; that it has frequently afforded liberty and peace to the miserable victims of avarice and indiscretion; but I am firmly convinced, that it has opened a door to the gratification of loose desire and inordinate passion, that it has removed a necessary bar to the licentiousness of roving imaginations. If married people, particularly those of strong passions
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and weak understandings, in which we may include more than two thirds of our species; if they are once taught that they may separate by mutual consent, whenever they please, moments of petty irritation, which few are strangers to, may separate for life, those who in fact are warmly attached to each other; the tender ties of father, mother, brother, sister, friend, will be rudely violated, and a fatal blow be given, not only to the peace of families, but to the most sacred and important duties of social life. I will not deny, that separation by mutual agreement, in certain cases, may obviate inconvenience, and alleviate distress; but if adopted as a generally practised law, it would produce terrible evils, and all the calamitous consequences which have been so strongly urged against the indiscriminate indulgence of Mahomet, the sanctified and more abominable lasciviousness so *piously* defended and inculcated in the Thelyphthora; that solemn mockery of Mr. Madan.

This article recalls to my mind, the famous and eloquently pleaded cause of Borach Levi, which so long engaged the attention of the Parliament of Paris, and put so much money into the pockets of the French Advocates. This person was a convert to Christianity, but could not prevail on his wife to forsake the religion of her forefathers. She strongly remonstrated against his taking such a step; and, on his being baptized, instantly quitted her husband. Deserted by the partner of his bed, he won the affections of a neighbour's daughter; but on applying to a priest, acquainted with his former mar-

riage, he refused to perform the nuptial ceremony; and the opinion of the ecclesiastic was confirmed, after a long and expensive hearing before the Gallic Parliament, whose decree thus devoted an apparently conscientious Christian to comfortless solitude, or a direct violation of the rules of a church into whose communion he had so lately and so eagerly been initiated. If any circumstances or situation can excuse a state of concubinage, those of Borach Levi seem to approach nearly to them; abandoned by the wife of his bosom, and denied a second marriage by the church. But ***** tottering from his wife and lovely family in the City, to his Parisian doll in Marybone, is without excuse, and without shame.

DODD, WILLIAM, a popular preacher of moderate abilities, whose misfortune or whose folly it was to marry imprudently; a proceeding not to be excused in clergymen without fortune, though it has been said in their defence, that they cannot decently have recourse to those methods, of keeping down the solicitations of passion, which the rest of mankind unhappily think themselves justified in having recourse to. This false step might however have been recovered, as by a pleasing person, plausible manners, and a share of pulpit eloquence, to many interesting and agreeable, he gradually preached himself into preferment, was patronized by Bishop Squires, appointed a Court Chaplain, and drew large congregations to the Magdalen.

But the extravagance of the tunes, the pride of the eye, and the

the luxury of life, involved him in pecuniary difficulty; and a letter was written to Lady Apfley, at that time the Chancellor's wife, offering her a present of five thousand pounds, in case Doctor Dodd could be presented to the vacant living of St. George's, Hanover-Square. In consequence of this application, he was dismissed from the Royal Chapel, and considerably lowered in the public esteem; Foote introduced him and his wife into his Comedy of the Cozeners; and the poor divine became ridiculous to the few who did not before despise him. Yet after this violation of sacerdotal propriety, his circumstances were by no means irretrievable; but a taste for expensive pleasures, to which he was not entitled by birth or income, and a fondness for inconsistent splendor, still ruled in his heart. He endeavoured however to improve his income by taking private pupils, by publishing the Bible with annotations, and scribbling novels. His style of writing, is a specimen of the florid and diffuse, with few proofs of taste, invention, or correct judgment; he is grossly deficient in that art, without which, in the present day, few writers will be able to gain attention, the art of expressing what we have to say, either instructive or amusing in few words.

One of his productions, the *Sisters*, exhibits scenes culpably luscious, which could not have been sketched but by an eye witness, and highly indecorous for a clergyman to describe. From these, and other faults, and perhaps from a want of taste in myself, I con-

fels I never heard Dodd preach, or read any of his productions, either with pleasure or instruction. From not liking the man, I saw, or fancied I saw, that nothing came from the heart.

But the whirlpool of dissipation drew him stronger and stronger into its vortex; he had been prevailed on to make an excursion to Paris, with a design to engage engravers for a work he was preparing for the press; but the genius of folly still possessed him, for he was recognized on the Plains de Sablons, in regimentals, and driving a *fille de joye* in a phaeton. In consequence of this and other imprudence, his difficulties increased; and he was at last tempted, in the eagerness of want, to forge the name of his patron Lord Chesterfield, to a security, on which he borrowed a considerable sum.

The fraud being quickly discovered by the characteristic sagacity, and acuteness of bankers and their clerks in every thing relating to money transactions; he was tried for his life, on the evidence of his former pupil, to whom he had refunded, found guilty; and after intercessions, which for number and respectability, have no example, suffered an ignominious death. It was in vain suggested, that regal clemency, which had been extended in cases of murder to the Kennedies, to Balse, and to M^r Quirck, might have been shewn to an unhappy man, who, however culpable his conduct, had made ample restitution; and in his public capacity as a minister of the gospel, had saved, and was lamented by thou-

sands. But his station was considered as only a stronger reason for enforcing the execution of the law; and in a country which owes its existence to commercial credit, it has been thought necessary to imprint in letters of blood, **THAT HE WHO IS DETECTED IN FORGERY, SHALL NEVER ESCAPE DEATH.**

The conduct which led to Dodd's crime is daily and hourly imitated, in a greater or less degree, by us all: at the enchanting voice of fashion, folly, or dissipation, and in pursuit of a phantom, which dances before us, but always eludes our grasp; we tread the flowery path of what the world calls pleasure, at the expence of our health, our fortune, and our peace. If our wealth is immense, a journey to the Continent, harrassed spirits, and a broken constitution, are all we suffer; but to the million, who dissipate their *whole*, in pursuits which they do not enjoy, and in rounds which they travel with indifference or disgust, dissatisfied with themselves, and ridiculed by others; how dreadful the alternative! from health, plenty, and friends, to infamy, suicide, or fordid penury. Young people are too apt to forget that every guinea they throw away, is an ill used friend, which in all changes of life, would have shewn them the same face, and that in dissipating their substance, they bereave themselves of those very pleasures which constitute their happiness, and cast away all provision for domestic comfort, and the soothing solace of old age.

Of vicious extravagance, which I have been told is the burthen of my song, the tendency, and shabby-

ness, have been repeatedly pointed out in this collection; the effect of it in women, proceeding from a faulty education, and producing the present fashionable celibacy, debauched batchelors, and crowds of miserable impures, has been occasionally pointed out.

But I have endeavoured to distinguish between that meanness, the offspring of actual poverty, produced by dissipation and selfish gratification, and two other apparently similar, but very different systems of œconomy; the one, an habitual love of money, a mechanic affection of the fingers and palm of the hand, for collecting and perpetually feeling new heavy guineas and bank notes, and accompanied with that gratification of pride, so soothing to the human heart, that the collector excels nine in ten of the persons he meets, in the number and value of these precious rouleaus, and fascinating pieces of paper; and all without the remotest look towards making use of, or expending them. The other, a laudable and rational determination to deny ourselves superfluous pleasure and indulgence; and with the honourable produce of self denial, to diffuse, by well-directed, but not indiscriminate bounty, comfort and relief to distress; but more particularly, to that species of distress, which too often escapes, the rapid but benevolent glance of modern charity; I mean in a useful but neglected class of people, in the middle ranks of society, who struggle with calamity, and strive, ineffectually strive, to cover want by decent effort. What the bliss, what the luxury, to extend bounty by private channels

nels to such objects! while the sturdy beggar, throwing himself, without aiming at self exertion, on the public shoulders, should whine and lament, unpitied, but not uncouraged.

I have ventured to censure, on two occasions, the neglected discipline of our Universities, which I rejoice to hear is more attended to; in another place I have given to royal munificence, and princely generosity, its *proper name*: but my reader shall be no longer disgusted, by fatiguing references; a page, a far more interesting and impressive page, the book of human life, is daily, is hourly, open before him. In how many of the faces he meets in this metropolis, absorbed, hurried, and swallowed up, in business, or in amusement; in how many faces will he see, eroding care, and distorting vexation, ill-disguised, and lurking behind the mask of forced gaiety, and ineffectual smiles. How few the countenances, in which Lavater could read, a heart at ease, and the calm composure of innocent content. Such are the inconsistencies, and if they were not tragic in their effects, such the ridiculous inconsistencies, into which we are led by pride and affectation. On false hope and chimerical expectation, on peradventure infamous for lies, a twenty thousand pound prize, or the death and legacy of a forty-eighth cousin, we build a cobweb fabric of doubtful probabilities; and at the siren voice of vanity, plunge into habits and expences, which at once render us poor and ridiculous. At a single touch of the wand of time, of truth, or human accident, the building

suddenly tumbles; we start from the disgraceful *walking sleep*, in which we *pretended* to be, and find ourselves undone.

It were well, if the train of evils entailed on vicious extravagance, fell only on the guilty, but whole families, friends and associates, share in the mischief. In the urgency of embarrassment, we lose sight of moral rectitude; advantage is taken of the cheerful unsuspecting hour of social merriment, to obtain loans, or procure sureties, commenced with selfish view, and ending, too often ending, in forfeiture, imprisonment, and disgrace; we thus add fraud and inhumanity to crimes, which have already undone us. Enormous charges, in every species of traffic or profession, we are engaged in, to support our excesses; while friendship and humble industry are unmercifully taxed to feed the cravings of pride. Children educated in habits, which, even in prosperous times, it is impossible for them to persist in; and on the first approach of disaster, thrown helpless and unhappy on society, with all the unmanly tendencies of luxurious indolence hanging about them.

Notwithstanding these, and a thousand such spectacles, hovering or howling around us, we persist in the miserable system of *living a little like other people*; we are heard, at intervals, bitterly complaining of the times, taxes, debts, and tardy rents, without recollecting, that by holding forth a depraved example to the lower orders, we, in a great measure, produce the ills we lament; and, that in every instance, we aggravate them, by

superfluous indulgence. We forget that oeconomy is the parent of every virtue, and that by the wholesome retrenchments of prudence and moderation, we might amply provide for the comfort of declining life, and for the support of our children, whose sensibilities we cruelly increase, by rearing them up in the lap of pride and refinement, and thus giving additional keenness to the arrows of misfortune. When we are at last borne down by the pressure of calamity, and sinking into the abyss of despair, it will afford us slender consolation to reflect, that we lived *genteelly*; that our wives and daughters excelled their neighbours, in the elegance and splendour of dress; that of our sons, Tom was a jolly dog, George, a wit, and Edward, a fine gentleman.

The following were some of the last words of Dr. Dodd: "I suffer death for a crime, of which I confess myself guilty, with a repentance which I trust he to whom all hearts are known, will not disregard. The little good that remains in my power, is to warn others. It is with shame and sorrow I declare, that I always sinned against conviction, for I always considered the Christian religion as a revelation from God; but though I acknowledged the truths, I forgot the practice it recommended, and was led astray by vanity and voluptuousness. I attended not to frugality; I despised THAT MOST NECESSARY OF VIRTUES IN A MASTER OF A FAMILY, MINUTE OECONOMY, and was plunged by dissipation into expences, which produced distress, and ended in fraud. I intreat all

who are present, to join with me in my last prayer, that for the sake of Jesus Christ my sins may be forgiven, and that my soul may be received into the kingdom of heaven."

DODSLEY, ROBERT, an ingenious writer and successful bookseller, who from an humble sphere of life, in which he conducted himself with exemplary propriety, attained competency and affluence.

The world had been long misled by an opinion, which, is not yet entirely removed, that talents and prudence are incompatible qualities, that it is not easy to be a wit without mortgaging our estates, and that a poet must necessarily be in debt, and live in a garret. It was Dodsley's good fortune to prove, if any proof were wanting, that a man's cultivating his understanding, is no impediment to improving his fortune, and that it is very possible to be an author, without neglecting business.

By the favour of Mr. Pope, Lord Chesterfield, and other distinguished characters, his house became the fashionable resort of persons of literature and rank. The Toyshop contains many lively, pointed, and satirical strokes on the vices and follies of the age; the characters are distinct and appropriate, and though it is better calculated for the closet than the stage, I have seen it received with no small applause.

The Miller of Mansfield, and its Sequel, exhibit an interesting contrast between the unadorned solidity of country manners, and the splendid vices of a court; the blunt honesty of a miller, and the slender

slender importance of a monarch, without his attendants, in a sequestered spot, and in mid-night darkness: it has several pleasing songs, which from some of them continuing still to be popular, must have merit. The world is also indebted to him for a judicious selection of English poetry, and a collection of old plays. His just retort on Burnet, for calling Mr. Prior in his history of his own times *one Prior*, is probably remembered by most of my readers.

"Mr. Dodsley," says one of his biographers, "a man to whom literature is under so many obligations, raised himself by his own merit; modest, sensible, and humane, he retained the virtues which first brought him into notice, after he had gratified every wish which could arise from the possession of wealth. He was a generous friend to men of genius, and acquired the esteem of all who were acquainted with him. It was his happiness to pass the greater part of his life with those whose names will be revered by posterity; by most of whom he was loved, as much for the virtues of his heart, as his literary qualifications."

DUCK, STEPHEN, a thresh-er, a rhymers, and a favorite of Queen Caroline. This article is not introduced to censure this worthy woman, who was a rare instance of goodness not corrupted by a court, though her singular questions sometime produced a struggle in the breast of Dr. Clarke, between his sincerity as a conscientious divine, and his inoffensive civility as a good-natured man.

It was the fate, or the misfortune, of Mr. Duck, though in a

very humble sphere of life, to attract royal attention, because he discovered certain literary, and poetical tendencies, which in a man of common classical education, would not have been considered as above mediocrity; for these and other reasons, he was admitted into the church, partook of the usual advantages of regal patronage, and I wish it were consistent with historic truth, to add, that his happiness increased, as his prospects improved.

Had he been promoted from the barn and stable to the post of a bailiff, a steward, or a rural superintendent, his ambition and interest would have been gratified in a line of life, to which his first hopes and earliest habits were formed; had a farm of fifty pounds a year been stocked and presented to him, it would have been affluence, when compared with the original wages of his situation; but torn and transplanted, (if I may be allowed the term) by the violent hand of patronage, he associated with men, every way his superiors in rank, as well as acquirement, he felt himself unable to support that reputation, which the notice of a Queen had in some degree created for him.

Thus that pride which we all censure, but all possess, was mortified in the extreme; that pride, which among his brother cottagers, had elevated him to the dignity, of "a giant among the pigmies, a one-eyed monarch of the blind," received a mortal wound, and he fled from the pangs of regret and disappointment, to the shocking recesses of suicide.

Had

Had the patroness of poor Stephen, acted with the well directed benevolence of a certain Bishop of Lincoln, our toiling thresher would not have been transformed into a sedentary parson, to the destruction of his health and peace of mind.

To a farmer who claimed kindred with this sensible prelate, he made an admirable reply: "Cousin, if your cart be broken, I will mend it; if your plough be old, I will give you a new one, or even seed to sow your land; but an husbandman I found you, and an husbandman, by God's grace, I will leave you."

The force of this episcopal anecdote, will probably be felt by many of my readers, who at times have been harrassed by the vexatious claims of hungry relatives, and rapacious dependants. This class of men, on the strength of favours already received, or relationship too distant to be ascertained, often think themselves entitled, insolently to claim their proportion of a fortune, raised by the industry and sagacity of half a man's life. To the petitions of depressed merit, and the yearnings of blood and affection, I hope I have not, I hope I never shall be deaf; but the clandestine pretensions of stubborn mendicants, who, without one effort of self-exertion, repose themselves, ignominiously to batten, in the sunshine of one, whom in early life they joined to oppress, and in a reverse of fortune, they would instantly desert; I should, in every instance, expel from my threshold, as canting hypocrites, and wolves in sheeps' cloathing.

DUDLEY, SIR ROBERT, natural son of the Earl of Leicester, by a lady of noble family, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, who thought herself authorized to coerce with inquisitorial authority, the tender attachments, as well as the political conduct of her subjects. Though the Earl made no secret of having a child out of the bonds of wedlock, he appears to have concealed, with a laudable delicacy, the name of its mother, a Lady Douglas Sheffield, from the knowledge of the Queen, who, with all her great qualities, and skilful conduct, at the head of the Protestant interest, appears not to have possessed sufficient strength of mind, to regard with indulgence, those passions, which her own person was so unlikely to excite.

Robert made considerable progress in the learned languages, and early in life imbibed a strong inclination for foreign countries, which, from the state of navigation in those days, he found it difficult to indulge; he however sailed up part of the river Oroonoke, an account of which is preserved in Hackluyt's Collection; and accompanied the Earl of Essex, at the taking of Cadiz, receiving for his behaviour there, much applause, and the honour of knighthood.

In the hope of reviving the honours of his family, he attempted to prove the legitimacy of his birth, of which he has been said to have possessed sufficient evidence. But his designs were counteracted, by the interested activity of his father's widow, and the mercenary violence of the Attorney

ney General, Sir Edward Coke, who like too many of our modern lawyers, considered his retaining fee, as a full justification for ill language, and foul-mouthed abuse: this great lawyer, but malignant enemy, in the course of the trial of Sir Walter Raleigh, a man far superior to him in *every* respect, called him, monster, imp, and spider of hell. Disgusted, with what he thought injustice, and irritated by certain domestic iniquities, for he had a wife and several children, Sir Robert quitted his country, and family; and with a licentiousness, more particularly culpable in a married man, prevailed on Miss Southwell, the daughter of a Norfolk baronet, to accompany him, in the dress of a page, to Florence, which he chose as the place of his retreat. In the unhallowed enjoyment of English beauty, and in pursuit of his favourite sciences, mathematics, chemistry, and navigation, he became the favourite of Cosmo the Second, Great Duke of Tuscany, and his successor Ferdinand; rendered essential service to his patrons, by introducing considerable improvements in agriculture and commerce into their dominions, and was created by the Emperor, a Duke of the Roman empire, with an ample pension.

He built himself a palace, which attracted admiration, in Florence, a city of palaces, projected the draining an unwholesome morass between Pisa and the sea; and the inhabitants of Leghorn, confess, with gratitude, that he raised it from an insignificant spot, inhabited only by fishermen, and petty traders, into a large, a populous

and commercial city, where he finished his days.

In Italy he published his scarce and valuable work, *Arcano del Mare*, in three volumes folio, with a title, too long here to recite. Among a variety of charts, plans, and mathematical diagrams, it contains many treatises for the improvement of commerce and navigation, and, considering the period in which it was published, his book may be regarded, as a wonderful effort of the human mind.

I mention with concern, that in Rushworth's Collection, a piece written by Sir Robert, occurs, with the following title: "A Proposition for His Majesty's Service, to bridle the impertinence of Parliament;" which, notwithstanding his high attainments, will ever be mentioned to his disgrace; it may be considered as a weak and mean endeavour to ingratiate himself with James, and to facilitate his return to his native land, a purpose which I record with pleasure, was not answered.

DUELLING, an unextinguished spark from the ashes of Mr. Burke's expiring Phoenix, the age of chivalry. This decisive mode of settling differences on which judges cannot speak, and to which juries are incompetent, still continues to decorate or inumber the Corinthian order of society, tho' execrated from the pulpit, vigorously attacked by the Press, and discountenanced by the Legislature.

An article in my first edition has been censured, as seeming to defend such practices; a deduction which only could have arisen from too hasty a perusal, from wilful perversion, or my defective

tive mode of statement. I should indeed be very sorry *to make a father weep, or a sister sigh*, as I am told has been the case by a fair, but anonymous correspondent, whose letter bears the Hibernian post mark. I earnestly request this lady to give the passage in question, a second reading; independent of moral and religious motives, it is clearly and strongly argumentative against duels, on the ground of their being too often unfair, and the share of danger being disproportionate, from certain modes there hinted at or pointed out. I repeated, it is true, the opinion of men, whose very *errors* I respect, that the advantages of an appeal to the sword, in the opinion of many, considerably counterbalanced the calamities it produced; that it tended to preserve the decorum of social intercourse, and the respectability of the military profession, whose essence and existence depend on unfulfilled honourable fame.

Yet, in deference to the opinion of my female correspondent, and the wishes of a respectable, but on the score of paternal and fraternal affection, a very culpable family; I have now modelled the article in question. I could not reconcile myself to a total omission; it would have been inconsistent with my notions of public utility and private justice; motives, which I hope and trust I shall ever find paramount; particularly to *those other rewards*, so emphatically dwelt on, and held forth in the letter from Ireland. If ever I convert my pen, which ought to be a weapon sacred only to the cause of virtue; if ever from sinister views, or

indeed from any motives but those of public good, and fair fame, I convert my pen to a pistol or a dagger, for the purpose of raising contributions on the hopes or the fears of mankind, may the hand which guides it, droppalised to my side, and the ink which flows from it, converted to deadly poison, circulate through my veins. But I must not lose sight of the subject of my present page, the profession or mystery of fighting, reduced by men of violence to an accurate, scientific, but unfair system of manœuvre, which notwithstanding its calamitous consequences has been called a necessary guarantee of the little attentions, the minute, but useful decorums of private life; it has been considered as the only effectual barrier against the troublesome disturber of polished society, the noisy, obstinate coxcomb, the box-lobby lounge, and the strong-back'd walking jockey, who deriving splendid subsistence from wealthy impures, incontinent widows, the gaming table, or the road, presume on the strength of brawn, bone, and impudence, to embarrass modesty, laugh down piety and good sense, perplex humility, and interrupt rational amusement. No arguments, it has been observed, but powder and ball, will influence or check such worthless marauders, who, like dogs in the manger of honest gratification, disqualified for communicating or receiving instruction and entertainment themselves, exert all their base powers and mischievous activity, in disturbing the enjoyments of others. The defence is plausible, but if we turn our attention to the practice

shoes, whenever he made his appearance before this worthy relation.

The peculiarities of Mr. Elwes did not escape the author of *Chrysal*, and he has been described by that writer, as associating in the early part of life with characters of fashion and splendor, and indulging with them in the excesses of play, that fascinating passion which, though some may possess sufficient resolution to resist it, is wonderfully inherent in the breasts of us all. At the gaming table, where honour is so much talked of, and so little practised, it was his constant rule to pay his losses by a draft before he quitted the room; but meeting few either able or willing to imitate him in this respect, he was soon tired of paying, but never receiving, and left the society in disgust, after losing, at one sitting, 4000*l.* at piquet.

Keeping foxhounds was another instance in which his systematic economy relaxed, but they were managed on the most saving plan, for his horses, dogs, and servant, cost scarcely three hundred pounds a year; the same man was his valet, huntsman and groom; such intervals as the care of eight horses and a pack of hounds afforded him, being employed in milking cows, gardening and other country business; this servant of all work, he once described as a very idle fellow.

Yet notwithstanding his penurious disposition, he possessed a gentleness of manners which nothing could shake, and a pliancy of temper not always to be met with in a miser. Having been persuaded

to take a day's shooting with a gentleman, who exhibited during the whole day constant proofs either of ill luck or unskillfulness, he at last, in firing through a hedge, lodged several shot in the old gentleman's cheek; the unfortunate sportsman, approaching with evident embarrassment and concern, Mr. Elwes anticipated apology by reaching out his hand, and saying, "My dear sir, I congratulate you on improving, I knew you would hit something at last."

Although an habitual love of money is apt to render us too little scrupulous in the methods by which we procure it; he considered usury as an unjustifiable mode of augmenting his fortune. Contrary to the ostentatious meanness of the present times, which accompanies vicious extravagance, and originates from luxurious indulgence; *his* system of heaping up was founded on self-denial, and personal fatigue; he would walk in the rain over half the town, rather than hire a coach; preferred sitting in wet cloaths to the expence of a fire, and made it a rule never to purchase fresh meat, 'till the last joint was finished, though it was unfit to eat. He has been known to risque his neck to save a penny at a turnpike; and after losing thousands, has walked, from a gaming-house, through wet and dirt to Smithfield, where he met his Essex people with cattle; and would dispute an hour with butchers to get a shilling.

He once extricated a neighbour from a long and troublesome ecclesiastical suit, by riding sixty miles on horseback at midnight,

almost at a moment's warning. Such wonderful efforts would he make with alacrity, and at an advanced age, to serve a person, for whom no motives or entreaties could have prevailed on him to part with a guinea. In this and all long journies, a few hard-boiled eggs, a dry crust carried in his pocket, the next stream of water, and a spot of fresh grass, while he reposed himself under the hedge, were the whole of the travelling expences of himself and horse.

When his vast property was generally known, applications from a variety of quarters were made to him as a monied man, and he became a prey to every adventurer, who had a want or a scheme. On such occasions it was soon found by those, who made a profitable use of their knowledge, that paving the way with a little present was the surest method of succeeding in their wishes. By these and other arts, he was tempted to advance money on faulty securities, and it is asserted, on unquestionable authority, that he lost, by bad debts, considerably more than a hundred thousand pounds. Lending money to necessitous builders, and bankrupt architects and surveyors, was another of his infatuations; by which means he became possessed of many houses in Marybone. Inspecting repairs, and overlooking workmen, was also a favourite occupation; but he would never hear of alteration beyond what was absolutely necessary to prevent the building from tumbling; as he denied such indulgences to himself, he could not be expected to allow them to

others, of course he was a stranger to what are called the comforts of a house.

A near relation once slept at his seat in the country, but the bed-chamber was open to wind and weather, and the gentleman was alarmed in the night, by the rain pouring in upon him. After searching in vain for a bell, he removed the bed several times, and a place was at last found which the rain did not reach. On remarking the circumstance to Mr. Elwes, in the morning, "Aye," said the old gentleman, "I don't mind it myself; but, to those who do, that's a *nice corner* in the rain."

To preserve peace in the country, he was chosen member for Berkshire, in 1774; and, though an old man, used to call himself a *young member*, often boasting that he came into parliament for eighteen-pence, which was the price of the election dinner. During the American war, he was a steady Lord North's man; yet the praise of independence and disinterestedness cannot be denied him; as to be thought poor, was the favourite wish of his heart, he desired neither post, rank, or emolument. After sitting in the house twelve years, parliament was dissolved, during the popular phrenzy conjured up against Mr. Fox's India Bill; but nothing could prevail on Mr. Elwes to incur the trouble and expence of a contested election, and he retired to the uninterrupted enjoyment of pounds, shillings, and pence.

Our pupil of frugality was not without his amorous moments, yet he possessed the rare power of imposing on the rebellious passions, those

those rigid rules of œconomy, which guided every action of his life; during his hours of dalliance, when the maxims of a miser are often found to relax, he did not lose sight of his systematic parsimony. A high bred mistress, he feared would make deep inroads on his estate; and a modern wife, he well knew, would prove an expensive addition to his household. Under such impressions, he was content to take a bedfellow from his kitchen, who, without possessing sufficient authority to break through his favourite system, might add to his comforts, and by her exact superintendence, and minute inspection, which wives will not always undertake, might diminish the expence, and ease him of the trouble of a family. By this woman, who filled with exemplary propriety the awkward, double character of a servant and a favourite, he had several children, who inherit the bulk of his unentailed property.

In thus selecting a female friend from the lower order of society, he imitated Prior, the poet and statesman, who made the following reply to Lord Oxford, after having been reproached for low amours: "Lord treasurers, and men of certain income, and great fortunes, may afford to marry, or keep an Opera Girl; but, for a poor poet, whose daily bread depends on the life of an unhealthy queen, and the continuance of a jarring administration, he deserves to have his ears cropped, if he aspires beyond the snug felicity of a buxome, tender-hearted wench, who can dress his dinner, and wash his shirt."

As Mr. Elwes increased in years, his habits became inveterate and irrational, he grudged himself food and cloaths; anxiety and fear of losing his property were ever uppermost in his thoughts, and in the solicitude of suspicion, he watched opportunities of hiding guineas and bank notes. Though far removed from pecuniary distress, poverty was his continual dread, and the fever of accumulation raged with redoubled fury, when the avenues which lead to enjoyment were closed up for ever. He was a compound of folly and sense, of meanness and magnanimity, a striking example of that provoking indigence of wealth, when it cannot confer happiness on its possessors; of that aggravating impotence of gold, when it does not enlarge the understanding, or rouse the social affections.

EMIGRATION, a practice of late years prevalent in France, from the united causes of prejudice, inclination, or necessity, and though, I hope, without reasons so aggravating and urgent, carried to a height in Great Britain, so alarming, as to lay a strong claim to the attention of the patriot and statesman. It is said, by some, to be no evil, for that there is a degree of population, incompatible with the safe existence of the public weal, which, like the human body, requires at times copious evacuations, to carry off the surcharges of plethora; that a numerous people is no longer a blessing, than when they can be cheaply and plentifully supplied with food, raiment, and employment.

I sincerely wish well to those who have left us ; I feel no resentment against them for adopting a system, which I could not imitate myself, though strongly tempted, and in several instances deprived of a good neighbour, a pleasant companion, and an intelligent friend. I lament the unpropitious circumstances, from whatever cause they may have originated, which have thus driven many respectable individuals from their native land. I am ready to make allowance for the effects of disappointment, on minds brooding over public and private calamity ; under such impressions, I have (too often, alas, for my own comfort !) experienced the industrious alacrity of imagination, in hunting out, or creating, causes for complaint and irritation.

In all stages of society, and in all times, there have been, and ever will be, individuals discontented with the slender portion of good things allotted to humble life ; dissatisfied artists, handicraftsmen, artificers, and young men entering into life, endeavouring, in the present overcharged state of society, to improve their circumstances, or find establishments. At movements so common, at efforts so laudable and natural, no just cause for alarm can be said to exist. But when we behold citizens of worth, wealth, and intellect, divines, senators, philosophers, and commercial men, of high endowment and great capital, who have enlightened the world by their discoveries, and afforded bread to thousands by their manufactories ; when we see such men tearing themselves, at a heavy expence of

property and regret, from their country, friends, and connections, and carrying with them, into another hemisphere, arts, sciences, and inventions, which have so long and so sumptuously borne up this country, with all its burthens, on the buoyant stream of mercantile eminence and prosperity, a cool and considerate spectator cannot help looking around him with anxiety.

I have perused the opinions of a gentleman, whose correspondent, without his knowledge, has favoured the world with a confidential letter, written on the eve of his departure, and containing his Reasons for leaving a neighbourhood, which had long enjoyed the society of his family. And however he may feel disposed to differ from me, I cannot but think, that his reasons originated rather from inclination, produced by an irritable temper, than actual necessity. I understand, with pleasure, that in this proceeding he has taken no step which can render his return to his native country, whenever he chuses it, impossible. After seeing many men and many cities, after experiencing the Circæan cups of republican hospitality, and the bewitching voices of democratic syrens, I hope and trust that he will escape the equally overwhelming whirlpools of monarchic and popular despotism, the Scylla and Charybdis of modern times ; that he will return with renewed health and spirits to Ithaca, where Penelope, with faith unimpeached, assiduously labours at her yet unfinished web.

Some of his reasons it may not be amiss to hear, though we cannot,

not, in every instance, subscribe to the justice of them.

"The regret you express," says the letter writer to the friend he had quitted, "the regret you express is indeed highly flattering; I expected, from our long intimacy, the kind solicitude and anxious inquisitiveness of genuine friendship.

"It was not without difficulty that I refrained from giving you a call on the day of my departure, but in that case, explanations must have followed, describing many of your acquaintance, and some of your friends, in unfavourable colours."

He then proceeds to describe the various calls on, and partitions of, his hereditary property, which rendered retrenchment absolutely necessary; and concludes that part of his letter, by asking emphatically, "Was it pleasant, in a country which once echoed with the popularity and beneficence of my family, to be pointed out as an economist and a miser?"

A watering place in the neighbourhood is next mentioned as an awkward species of grievance.—

"The distance from our parish is so short, the ride for the ladies so charming, and to the bucks *such a monstrous good lounge*, that I found I must either be ill-natured, or bid adieu to comfort and repose. I have not the impudence of our friend ***** to repel the ardor of intruding curiosity, by placing, as he actually did, a living naked figure in the vestibule, which effectually, but indecorously, cleared his premises of troublesome visitors. But is it agreeable to a man fond of domestic retirement, like me, to have my house considered

as the raree-show of the country? my garden and pleasure grounds, the scene of morning exercise, and evening contemplation, in which I have passed with you, my friend, so many delicious classic hours, is it pleasant to have them haunted by masculine females, and effeminate dangles, who mistake noisy vulgarity for easy manners, and rank affectation for graceful gesture."

A special attorney, and an active justice of peace, who makes long speeches, but obliges his tenants to pay the whole of the poor rate, rank next in the rural catalogue; but "the rector I name with religious awe; the character of this successful interceder between God and man, would have reflected lustre on the purest ages of primitive Christianity. Judge, then, my concern, at having forfeited the friendship of our worthy priest, who, with a soul feelingly alive to the soft calls of humanity, is a stern and unrelenting opposer of every inroad on orthodoxy. Since I communicated to him my doubts concerning the fidelity of certain passages in St. John's Gospel, and absented myself from church whenever a certain obnoxious creed was read, he considers me as an outcast of Israel."

"We were surrounded by keen sportsmen," is the next reason given for his secession, "who consider killing foxes, hares, and partridges, as the great and most important business of their lives, and think agility and dexterity in field exercises, and the being able to converse *learnedly* on these subjects, swallowing half-pint bumpers, and roaring obscene songs, as ample and sufficient qualifications for

for a country gentleman. I have sometimes attempted to entice them into a conversation on literary, political, agricultural, or scientific subjects, but it was like asking a man born deaf to describe the harmony of tones, or a blind one the theory of vision; my efforts were generally repaid with the broad grin of ignorant impudence, and the knowing jargon of modern repartee, borrowed from the stable, the brothel, or the kennel."

The batchelor a cormorant, the batchelor a drone,

Who eats and drinks at others' cost, but never at his own, is served up next, as the standing dish of a country village:

"The *fly batchelor*, that cormorant of modern times, with his gun, his gelding, and his terrier, subsisting in his deserted mansion in fordid penury, or on mean expedients, and avowing, without a blush, that he wholly and absolutely depends on his acquaintance for dinners and wine; but unbounded in every expence of a selfish or sensual kind, and in every article of dress and entertainment, where the enjoyment begins and ends with number one. Debauching your wife, seducing your daughter, or corrupting your servant, and galloping brimfull of scandal across the country, to diffuse it in every direction."

"But I pass from these mole-hills on which I occasionally stumbled, to the mountain which drove me from *****; and it is with peculiar reluctance I enter on the subject, because, although it furnished the most urgent reason for my departure, you are yourself a party concerned. It was *difference*

in political opinions. You are sensible that, from our first acquaintance, I professed myself an advocate for moderate and peaceable reform, a diminution of public expence, as far as was consistent with expediency; and a retrenchment of sinecures and pensions; objects, which if neglected, promise to precipitate our country into that yawning gulf, from which ministers are so anxious to rescue us.

You know my opinion of those eloquent advocates for public melioration, who hold one language in the cabinet, and another to the people, who consider popularity only as a stalking horse, for galloping into office, who are eager, incessant and vociferous, in crying out for reform, when they know it cannot be attained; but the moment, circumstance and situation put it in their power, insidiously oppose it, and fill up the measure of their iniquity, by calumniating, oppressing and persecuting their old associates, whom they had first ensnared by example and advice.

"On these subjects, what I look for, and what I think I have a right to expect, is candour and moderation, but the spirit of the times will not admit a medium, I must absolutely and necessarily be an Aristocrate, or a Democrate, with all their headstrong excesses, and insatiating absurdities; an implicit subscriber to the reveries, prejudices and declamatory invective of Mr. Burke, or a pupil to the rough rhetoric, and levelling logic of Thomas Paine. It is in vain, that I declare myself a disciple to neither of the parties, each scowls

fcowls upon me with a suspicious eye, and will not believe, that arguments so strong, can fail of instant conviction. I am considered by one as an enemy to wholesome and necessary subordination; by the other, as inimical to the sacred and unalienable rights of an Englishman; I try to inculcate, without avail, my favourite axiom, that moderation is the keystone of political, as well as religious wisdom.

"In the diplomatic dispute between his Majesty's ministers and Monsieur Chauvelin, I cannot help being of opinion, that national advantages of the highest importance, have been sacrificed, to trifling etiquette, to feelings, perhaps laudable, (but for the immense stake we hazard) and the personal resentments of an angry court. I was, and still am of opinion, with a certain eminent commoner, that however nefarious, and however injurious the conduct and designs of the ruling powers in France, calm and cool discussion, should at all events have preceded sinister interference, and hostile declaration; that on a point which involved the fate of millions, to doubt whether men who deposed their monarch, who paid and commanded armies, which are the scourge of Europe, to doubt, I say, if such men possessed the confidence of the majority of their countrymen, was unworthy of wise politicians; and, in its bloody effects, disgraceful to good men.

"For these and similar opinions, which were I to enlarge upon them, would swell my letter into a political pamphlet, I have

been reviled as a person disaffected to the constitution of my country. The nicknames of Jacobine, Republican and Leveller, with other terms, the cant of crafty knaves, and the cry of outrageous fools, have been plentifully bestowed upon me. I was marked as a dangerous man, and being surrounded by opponents, zealous in defence of the *wholsome severities* of Manchester and Birmingham, who think differing with a man in opinion, a sufficient reason for attacking his person, and pulling down his house, I soon felt the malignant effects of such a doctrine, on the prejudiced and bigotted minds of the lower orders of mankind: conflagration, uproar, and plunder, with all their horrors, presented themselves to my imagination! I ordered my horses, and fled from impending destruction.

"I am fully aware, that by the conduct I have adopted, I shall forego many of the solid comforts, and some of the soothing satisfactions of life. A friend like yourself, (and I will not suppress the sigh which bursts forth, while I make the confession) a friend like yourself, interested in my happiness and welfare, is not easily replaced. The enlivening intercourse of social life, which I once so exquisitely relished, is not without its fascinations, but I have for some years fancied, whether from the cynic growing on me, or from too good an opinion of *other times*, that society is neither what it was, nor what it should be. I cannot, I will not *dispatch* three bottles of port at one sitting; I am a miserable whist player, and think it nei-
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ther decent or right to give away my partner's money, through a defect of memory, or by an erroneous judgment, to lose my own.

"Perhaps you will allow me some merit, in thus avoiding evils, with which I felt myself unable to combat, the meek merit of diffidence, if not of heroic resolution; and as happiness is the great, the justifiable pursuit of us all, I will try an experiment on the subject. I have left full powers with our common friend ***** to transact every necessary business for me, and am preparing with my books and part of my family, to visit another hemisphere, which I am neither so sanguine or so weak, as to expect will be without its cares. I am not however without hopes, that religion, time, experimental philosophy, natural history, literature, and a new scene, will gradually heal the wounds inflicted by intolerance, prejudice, and calumny. To the question with which you conclude; Do I ever mean to return? I answer, I hope I shall, the period perhaps is distant, but come it must. When our religious and political leaders are more disposed to enlighten the reason, than inflame the prejudices of the people, when parliamentary representation is purified, when sinecures, pensions, and enormous salaries are retrenched,

"Te visam hirondine prima."

And I earnestly hope, government will do from prudence, that which they *must* perform from necessity at last; least a work of love, be converted to the spiteful and ruinous task of malignity and irritation."

ENGELBERGER, JOACHIM, a Bohemian Jew of the seventeenth century, and, what may appear singular, a defender of the doctrines of Christianity, who contrary to the practice of most Israelites, neglected or despised the common resources of industry and trade, and devoted himself, as far as humble and scanty circumstances would permit, to the sedentary occupation of literature; but books, however they might soothe his discontents, neither improved his morals or added to his fortune, for he was detected in stealing plate from the Synagogue at Prague, and committed to prison; at this place he was visited by a Holy Father, who in his eagerness for converting Jews, at that time a prevailing fashion in Germany, promised him indemnity from punishment, if he would conform to the faith of Christ; the offender did not long hesitate in accepting the well-timed offer, and was soon after received into the bosom of the church, with considerable splendor and ceremony.

Such conduct, evidently produced by motives totally foreign from the spontaneous influence of legitimate conviction, drew upon Joachim the reproaches of his former associates. They ironically congratulated his converters on the addition of so *worthy* a character to their Society, into which he would never have entered, had he not violated the laws of God and man. But what the convert had done, he was able and willing to defend; he published a justification of the step he had taken, and stated in his book satisfactory reasons for embracing the Gospel.

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This defence of his conduct occasioned a journey to Vienna, where he became popular, and for a short time, a favourite with Ferdinand the Third, Emperor of Germany.

But neither the Crown nor the Cowl can communicate infallibility, or penetrate into the deep recesses of the human heart; prayers are not morality, kneeling is not religion; the precepts of the priest, and the rewards of the Monarch, were not able to restrain vicious tendency; his character imperceptibly unfolded itself, he was gradually neglected or despised, and stimulated by want, or the impulse of inveterate habit, robbed the Royal Treasury, but combining clumsiness with villainy, was discovered, and condemned to suffer death.

In prison, he exhibited every appearance of contrition and repentance, went through the solemn mockeries of confession and absolution, and received the Holy Sacrament; reserving to himself at the same time, a consoling persuasion, that the Emperor, after the favour he had shewn, would not leave him to the ignominy of a public execution. *But in this instance the hand of justice was not to be arrested by favouritism or interference.* On the appointed day, preparations actually commenced, and the offender was led forth to the scaffold; observing the terrible apparatus of death, he earnestly demanded if no hope remained, and on being answered in the negative, fixed his eyes for a few moments on the ground; then suddenly roused by the violence of outrageous disappointment, or the anguish of long suppressed sin-

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city, he dashed to pieces a crucifix in his hand, and turning his face to the people, publicly renounced the Christian faith, which he owned with shame he had professed, from unworthy motives, but had never believed. He added that his abominable duplicity deserved the punishment he was about to undergo, which he submitted to without complaint, in a warm hope, and reliance on the mercies of God, that his sufferings in this world might alleviate his pains in the next, he concluded by calling on every person present, to bear witness, that he died as he lived, in the faith of Moses and the Patriarchs.

To the terrified confessor, who asked him if he had not just before received the sacrament, he replied, "I did indeed receive that detestable morsel into my mouth, but my throat has not been disgraced by swallowing it, for I immediately applied my handkerchief, in which, without being perceived, I removed it from my lips."

The surrounding multitude, who echoing the voice of their teachers, had a few months before almost deified a renegado, for denying the gods of his country, could no longer withhold their resentment; they rushed towards the scaffold, and but for military interference, would have torn the culprit to pieces. Disappointed in their object, they wreaked their vengeance on a number of Jews who were present, on their shops, and their goods, and the day concluded in uproar and confusion.

The execution which had been interrupted by popular tumult, took place a few days after, when

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Engelberger was dragged on a hurdle through the principal streets of Vienna. To prove, if any proof were wanting, that the spirit of proselytism is as distant from common sense, as it is from humanity, a new sentence had in the interval been passed on him, which but for salutary and impressive deduction, is too shocking to relate. His punishment which could only have been devised and executed by monsters and fools, was in the same proportion odiously cruel, as his reward for the prostitution of religious avowal, had been absurd and unmerited.

Repeating, as long as he could speak, that he hoped his sufferings would expiate his crimes, this miserable wretch's right hand was first cut off, his tongue torn from his mouth, and his body hanging by the feet from a gallows, was (horrid to tell) roasted by a slow fire, dogs in the mean time lacerating and tearing his flesh. Death finally concluded the odious butchery, and his ashes were thrown into the Danube; but the waters of ten thousand Danubes cannot wash away the foul remembrance of such a transaction, or efface the memory of savage barbarity, and bloody zeal, which could thus punish a crime produced, aggravated, or provoked by a union of folly, perverseness, prejudice and bigotry.

"I see no reason," said a sensible Bishop in a late debate, "why an Englishman may not have an opportunity of attending divine worship in India, but I have great doubts of the justice or propriety of sending missionaries, for the purpose of converting the natives

to Christianity. The religion of a country is more or less connected with its government, besides it is a point which no man hath a right to interfere in, without an express commission, from Heaven. The Apostles possessed such commission, and in evidence of it, were invested with the power of working miracles, but such power having long since ceased, the commission, of which it was the evidence, should cease also." "The Bishop should have shewn," says an able opponent, "from *scriptural authority*, that although the *divine commission* for propagating the Christian Religion ceased with the gift of working miracles, he should have shewn that the commission for receiving all honours and emoluments thereunto appertaining, is still in *full force*."

I cannot conclude an article which speaks of making converts, without observing, that I have remarked, in two parts of England which I occasionally visit, the industrious alacrity of catholics, in the holy work of propagating popish tenets. Attendance at mass is followed by pecuniary rewards, by food, raiment, fuel, and other encouragements, which the resolution of an humble protestant, in poverty and cold weather, is seldom able to resist. I will not presume to determine, whether St. Peter, at a certain gate, will think his cause at all honoured by followers, whose reason has been subdued by hunger and thirst, whose faith is supported by beef and pudding, those powerful arguments to an empty stomach. With conscientious men, who consider *their cause* as the cause of truth, such proceed-

proceedings are perhaps natural. Indeed they have been imitated, if not authorized, by the fashionable zeal of certain worthy characters, who have associated for the purpose of arresting the destructive inroads of Jacobine and French principles, which being accompanied by so many *tempting* and *fascinating* circumstances, rendered such activity and caution necessary, to prevent their being universally adopted.

In several of these laudable and patriotic societies, it has been unanimously determined, and generally recommended, to deal with no tradesman, or shew favour to any professional, or indeed any other person, who shall presume to think a diminution of public expediture, a reform of Parliament, or other public grievance, at all necessary or expedient.

EPICCHARIS, an enfranchised female slave, who during a dark and disgraceful period of the Roman Empire, discovered a firmness and intrepidity not unworthy of the Scipios. Irritated to enthusiasm by the unnatural enormities of Nero, who has been damned to everlasting infamy by the first of historians, she joined in, and by her zeal powerfully forwarded a conspiracy against that imperial savage; but was disgusted by the tardiness or prudent precaution of the principal leaders, among whom the author of Pharsalia, and the first men of their age were found: this delay, which probably originated from a wish to ensure success by well-concerted measures, did not suit the strong feelings of one, who aspiring to the merit of a free woman, as she

planned with boldness, was for executing with rapidity.

From the temerity of Epicharis or from a want of energy in her associates, their designs were suspected, and she was fixed on by the Brute in Purple, as one who from the general weakness of her sex, might be prevailed on by promises or threats, to name the parties concerned, and discover the particulars of their purpose; she nobly resisted every effort to corrupt her integrity by bribes; rejected with scorn offers of pardon; defied the impotence of malice to touch or warp an independent mind, boldly execrated the Emperor as a paricide, and the Romans as degenerate slaves for submitting to so inhuman a monster.

During a long, a dreadful day she endured without a word, and without a groan, every species of indignity and torment, which exasperated vengeance could invent; and as her mangled body was conveyed to prison, the Emperor with a merciless assiduity since practised by the inquisitions of Portugal and Spain, gave strict charge to prevent by medical aid, and all other possible means the escape of life. Being brought forth the next morning, for the purpose of repeating the torture, this extraordinary woman, while the infernal preparations were making, found means to elude the vigilance of the officers, passed a girdle tightly round her neck and the back of the seat, and slipping her feet from their resting place, was in this manner suspended, and soon strangled. The fortitude and resolution of Epicharis on this occasion, were the more remarkable,

as the chief conspirators, men of high literary eminence, and pro-consular dignity, senators, and magistrates, were basely endeavouring to make their peace with Nero, by abject submission; and unmanly, dishonourable confession, but were alike consigned to an untimely death; an impressive lesson against relying on the mercies of a tyrant.

ESTE, CHARLES, a medical writer, a clergyman and editor of the *Courier*, a newspaper which avoiding the rocks of pecuniary timidity on which its predecessor the *Cabinet*, so suddenly split, appears to enjoy its share of public encouragement, and support. The success of Mr. Este as a medical man was moderate; in a small collection of Tracts published early in life, he insists that patients in a certain disorder *ought to smart*; a declaration in which his love of moral justice makes him forget his duty as a surgeon and a man; this doctrine might be supported with *some* plausibility in a school of casuists, but was not likely to secure the young moralist many patients. As an author he is by no means deficient in talent, exhibiting frequent proofs of vigorous intellect, deep reflection, and useful combination of circumstance.

Yet the History of his own life is dry, affected, verbose and minutely uninteresting, he tells us that when preparing for ordination, he ordered the hair dresser to be with him at four in the morning; with such toil and such efforts, which he appears rather too fond of relating, the appointment of reader at Whitehall, is I

fear the only preferment of a man unfulfilled in morals, and of considerable literary merit, could he prevail on himself to shake off his pedantic singularities of style, his vicious arrangement of sentences, and singular quaintness of expression, which with all his merit and all his information puzzle and mislead his readers. If this incorrigible mode of writing, be after all only an ingenious attempt to prevent legal advantage being taken of his harsh strictures on public measures and interesting political discussions; the purpose in some degree is answered, for the conductor evades all detection by hiding his meaning. Yet in spite of these and a thousand faults, I can discover, enveloped in tons of dross a portion of sterling metal, which may be easily distinguished from the party cant, idle chit-chat, modish phrase, and pert flippancy of *some* of his contemporaries.

The World, I speak of a Paper now almost forgotten, in which Mr. Este assisted, was at a certain period unfortunate in bestowing panegyric, neither appropriate or discriminating; it extolled Mr. Kemble for his performance in parts, particularly requiring easy fashionable manners, and agreeable pliancy of gesture, for which the best friends of that gentleman confess, that he is neither qualified by nature or art. I will not deny the manager's just claim to acuteness in dramatic criticism, and a happy application of classical knowledge to theatric decoration; but as a sensible man, he cannot but know that the harsh, the odious, the horror-

ror-inspiring personages of Tragedy, the stern, the rugged Coriolanus, the hateful intrepid Richard, the soaring, but superstitious Macbeth, are the only walks of character for which he is eminently formed by feature, voice, and eye; with the exception of Penruddocke, Petruchio, and a few others in Comedy. When he reads certain dramatic columns, as I understand is always the case before they go to press, I would advise him to draw his pen over irrational and unmerited praise, injurious to his just fame, and derogatory to his real merits.

I may be thought remiss, if I do not on this occasion, notice the Della Crusca Poetry, which has been ushered to the world with no small pomp and expence. In the present scarcity of real poetic genius, though Mr. Hayley thinks we have many poets, I see with pleasure, passion and sentiment, delineated in glowing diction and harmonious verse, but too frequently clouded with obscure allegory, decorated with tinsel ornament, and sometimes rendered ridiculous by fustian, rant and bombast. The Interview, a Poem attributed to Mr. Merry, possesses much splendid imagery and powerful Pathos, with fewer of these faults than any of the rest. The whole offspring of this enraptured school, the Laura's, Anna Maria's, the Matilda's, and Arleys, of their day, with a long list of high sounding or tender names have of late been unmercifully dissected by a modern unrelenting satirist; who seems not yet satisfied with the murder his pen hath committed: the authors

in question appear not without merit on the score of imagination, and imagery, in their researches for novelty and brilliancy, but have forgotten a useful adage, "*Rien n'est beau que le vrai.*"

My prediction on the subject of newspapers, have been long fulfilled; new rivals have arisen to eclipse the glories of their predecessors; and I am still of opinion, that any enterprising man with money in his pocket, and proper literary assistance, might at intervals establish a newspaper, which would have its day, enrich its proprietors, and gradually yield the palm to some new candidate for public attention.

Since my former publication, Mr. Este has visited the Continent, and favored the public not only with what he heard and saw, but much, rather *too much*, of what he and most people have read; the original sin of obscurity and affected phraseology seizing him at the Straights of Dover, appears to have accompanied him throughout his journey; and has unfortunately rendered a book, which contains much useful detail, and important political reflection, so heavy and perplexing, dark and intricate, that I have found few who, like myself, have had the patience to read his volume through.

After surviving the wreck of one publication, I congratulate this gentleman on his probable success in another, and see, with pleasure, that he struggles, in spite of himself, against his constitutional tendency to pun, antithesis, whimsical compound epithet, and verbal arrangement, elaborately
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strange and uncommon. I remark the great truths and popular maxims he occasionally inculcates, and hope he will not, like too many of his periodic predecessors, raise a reputation only to excite ministerial reward, or share party contribution; that he will resist the *civium ardor prava jubentium*, as firmly as he would set at defiance the *vultus instantis tyranni*; in a word, that measures, and not men, will be the object of his investigating spirit.

The following is part of an advertisement, announcing a newspaper, by Mr. Este; as a curious literary morceau of good sense, singularly enveloped in something I cannot describe, I thought it worth preserving.

"When Dr. Johnson printed his introduction of a newspaper," (query, when and where?) "his complaint was, that cotemporary works of the same sort were suited to weary people, rather than to satisfy them. Had he written now, he might have found the satisfaction not more, but the weariness less; for though so many newspapers are published, how few of them, with profit or with pleasure, can possibly be read. Every one can tell how they have been multiplied, and the tax on them increased—and yet, what has the revenue gained, but sub-division or loss? Indeed, how can it be otherwise? With the guilt of Lucifer, there must be ever something like his fall. For to suffer dulness, to connive at infamy, is, proportionably, to be sullied with their shame. Some allowance may be made for complexional insensibility, for constitutional fear, phy-

sical incapacity, nay, for accidental famine. But what resentment can reach the provocation, when the sure tests of sense and feeling seem admitted for nothing else than their outrageous violation? when grossness and barbarity toil to demolish all distinction? when ignorance, as if eager for general stupefaction, exemplifies the accomplishments of life from their vilest professors? when vice has the effrontery, *convectare prædas*, for three meals a day, to vend, as a moral model, the varnished corruptions of some exceeding drab?

"While the public prints are thus made the *SORCERIES* of VICE, what discreet gentleman can trust a daughter over them? It were not less frantic to risk such trash upon a breakfast table, than to rush with it, if it could be, over Acheron, amidst the stench and nuisances, the malignant light, and mephitic exhalations of perdition; where to skim over is to fall, and to fall is to sink for ever. What the supports of *our* publication may be, and what our ideas of duty, in regard to indispensable decency, will soon be seen. For thus at once, and altogether, we rescue the town from QUACK SCIENCE, VENAL ART, and HETERODOX PERVERSION; we rid our country of all the loose venom, hitherto so shockingly suffered to be hawked about from the sheds and shambles of debauchery; we proscribe, for ever, not only each paragraph that is indecorous, but every advertisement at all corruptive, from the mountebank and the marauder; from the prostitute, and from him, yet more abject, who by prostitutes is fed: advertisements, which

which fret the delicate with shame, which rationally exasperate those nobly struggling to bless their children, with the unimpaired securities of our common nature ! None can be admitted, though of legal process, or of morbid visitation, though of trials, or of patents, which can spread pestilence under the pretence of prophylactics, or stimulate vice with the immodesty of its correction. Such filth as this, should be, like the plague in Britain, known only by memory and description. This paper shall be taken by every body, with clear confidence of being innocent ;— they shall begin it unembarrassed, and end it undepraved. This is one obvious deviation from the ordinary practice. It may be unexpected novelty ; civility not seen in others ; but when it shall cease to be new, can its importance ever cease ?

“Next to obscenity, and in moral mischief scarcely less abominable, are the toil and trouble, so labouring on all sides, from fulsome flattery and exaggerated defamation. Hence, a stranger to our national character, to our time and climate, might conclude himself condemned to some dark age and barbarous latitude ; amidst circumstances, making fable flat, of monsters and reptiles, the bite and flaver of creation ! Englishmen, thank God, are in a state, where their principles, like their planets, are tempered excellently ; and where men, with refining arts, are rearing excellence towards perfection ; where the scorpion and the bear are but fictitious signs in our system ; where, like the lumber of a demolished world, there may be

now and then a puny ruffian, with rare enormity, sunk beneath a brute ; but where, in general, men seem rising, more and more, above the standard of their predecessors. Great and good men abound on each side ; if the object be to exemplify the best energies of our nature, they who would vaunt a more splendid specimen of transcendent talents, of popular eloquence, manly delicacy, and moral urbanity in the use of them, are to be congratulated more on their love of wonder than of truth ; they may, like the man said to dream in an unknown tongue, fancy brighter visions ; but, never in their experience, never in their reading, can they have found them. Reference is now made to the leading men on either side ; they are deemed illustrious ; and who can say, truly, they do not deserve to be so ?

“These are the ideas that offer, and imply the mode which in this paper will be thought fit for the treatment of political topics, and public men ; to keep aloft from every thing coarsely personal ; to shew no partiality, but for talent, no pertinacity, but for truth ; to be INDEPENDENT, TO BE FREE. That for the natural and salutary divisions in mens minds there may be room enough, but that there may be no room at all given for the guilty passions to debate. In short, that every man may so far be kept harmless, from calumny, towards others ; from flattery, towards himself. Parties may be so made up, as not inevitably to mean harm ; but when did they ever do any good ? In all the flux of parties which in this country have

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run down one another, with so much fame, with so much cost, where and when was there any chance of a residuum to pay the people for the projection? Party spirit is bad in itself, and it seems, by a dire fatality, ever hastening to what is worse; it speeds pursuit, for sport too laborious, and for labour too certainly in vain. It maims business; it taints pleasure; it introduces a false estimate in politics; a criterion, not from measures, but from men. Party struggles are notoriously a barren waste of temper and of time. And yet what printed paper, however impotent, might not, but for the humanity of the laws as to wrecks, be branded among their criminal abettors? Such mean compliances, the extremities of hopeless ignorance, and of venal art, are not to be apprehended in a publication like this, for it is lessoned, by experience, into diffidence, and thinks the indiscriminate claims of party worth no notice, but that of vigilance and candour; of vigilance, to guard against mischief; and of candour, not to over-state it. This publication formerly disclaims all parties; it is devoted solely to the public; like the well-known example, otherwise, alas! not exemplary, who, tired of super-serviceable dedication to suppositious saints, inscribed his temple to God.

"A paper qualified for its office, should enter on its functions with the highest tone; it need not, but by defective execution, rank under any effort which is to minister to the progressive purposes of man; it is unconfined, except by the limits of art and nature. All crea-

ted existences are the means; the amelioration of all should be the end. Accordingly, such a paper should be distinguished by powers commensurate with its privileges; by a character well fitted for its use. It should aspire to the profitable consequence of history; it should never swerve, nor bend a jot, from the immutable dignity of truth; there should be a most wide-spread intelligence of facts, with never-failing aptitude of deduction from them. By acquaintance with the past, it should distribute preparation for the future; it should be large in its surveys, its wishes should be larger; the zeal in it should be much, the benevolence more; it should teach life, but teach so as to amend it. Such a daily newspaper *should* be—it remains to be seen what this paper will be."

EXPENCES OF A WIFE TO BE REGULATED BY THE INCOME OF HER HUSBAND.

This subject, so intimately connected with the interests of a thousand families, and so important to domestic peace, after being ably discussed by Hale, the salutary doctrines of that venerable judge have been confirmed, by the recent and respectable opinion of Lord Kenyon. Indeed, some declaratory recital of the law on this subject, was become highly necessary, to check the seducing and too often irresistible attacks of the silk mercer, on our pockets, through the medium of our affections. Tradesmen of this class considering husbands only as creatures who are to pay for every thing; as passive animals, liable to every debt incurred by their wives,

wives, without regard either to fortune or situation, thought it fairly consistent with the spirit of traffic, to tempt their fair, but thoughtless customers, to purchase *every thing* they liked, and at *any price*.

But it has been clearly proved, that such conduct is not only morally culpable, but contrary both to the law of England and the decisions of common sense. It is cheering to a mind sore with repining, perhaps irrationally repining, at the imperfection of human institutions, that the decisions of our courts of law, in the present instance, sympathize with, and are consonant to, the general feelings of mankind.

The wife of a respectable Leicestershire divine, whose name, for the sake of her family, I suppress, was enticed by vanity, or the impression of bad example, to join the train, and beat the rounds of dissipation, in its most fashionable abode. A morning visit was made to one of those splendid exhibitions of female decoration, where trade and manufactures flourish, by tempting the luxurious and the wealthy to robe themselves in the trappings of superfluity, which are ornamental to, and proper badges of, abundant wealth, but by which moderate fortunes are exhausted, and husbands too often undone. Bewitched by the equipages, and dazzled by the coronets of *some* of her fair associates, the wife of a country clergyman, of moderate income, so far forgot herself, as in a few months to incur a debt, amounting to more than one-third of a living,

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which was the support of her family in the country.

The tradesman, to whose conduct I have not the most distant wish of attaching ill-design, applied for payment, which was refused, and the matter, after the customary legal processes, was solemnly argued in the Court of King's Bench; the lady's friends having previously paid forty pounds into court, a sum which was considered as more than a reasonable and adequate expenditure, for a person of her condition, during a few months. The richness of satin, the delicacy of lace, and the dexterity of a man-milliner, had no weight with the judges, and the Chief Justice thus delivered his opinion.

"This is a cause of great importance to the public, and from the general influence its decision may produce, deserves particular consideration with the jury. If the plaintiff in the present action is permitted to recover the full extent of his demand, I will venture to say, there is no person in the kingdom, however low his station, who may not be called on to answer for contracts which would ruin him. It is the law of England, that the husband shall support his wife in a decent, becoming, proper, and, if you please, in a liberal manner; but, from certain mistakes and abuses of this law, it is become *absolutely* necessary, that this question should be clearly understood, as it cannot possibly be supposed a licence for extravagance, and a promoter of domestic profusion. This doctrine, I hope, will have some influence

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on tradesmen in general, who in the eagerness of business, and the spirit of traffic, invite an unlimited and indiscriminate credit, without regard to the circumstance or situation of their customers, and too often suffer bankruptcy and ruin, from the tardiness or non-payment of bills, which with a considerate man would never have been incurred. I am very sorry a respectable tradesman should be a loser, but when he carries his goods to market, he should carry prudence with them; if you are of the same opinion, gentlemen, you will find a verdict for the defendant; but if I have unfortunately mistaken the morality or convenience of the case, you will find for the plaintiff, and give the difference between the bill and the money paid into court." The jury agreed with the judge in favour of the defendant.

"I admire," said a lively woman whose swimming eyes form a fine contrast with the beauties of her neck, whose eyes were caught by the title of this article in manuscript, "I admire the assurance of these ridiculous greybeards, for interfering with subjects, on which they have neither authority or qualification to decide. If I was Lady Kenyon, the old judge, with his grave face, should hear of it *at a proper time*. Ridiculous! Thirty guineas too much for a cloak; what can a man know of the matter, or whether a guinea a yard is too dear for lace. If the creature in the country could not afford it, he should drink less of his nasty port wine, and he might wear his gown and cassock three or four years longer.—Well, say

what you please, Mr. Common-Place Book, you shall never persuade me he loved his wife." "Indeed, Madame Beaux-yeux, you are wrong in both your surmises; he loves his wife with sincere but rational affection, and drinks very moderately of *that nasty port wine*, of which, though you make such wry faces, you enjoy a few glasses as well as most people. But seriously, nay, no shrinking, for you shall not escape from my encircling arms, or prevent my reading in your tell-tale eyes, the language of your heart; are you seriously of opinion, that a harmless and salutary gratification must be abridged, and that a clergyman should address his God in ragged canonicals, for the sake of fatten cloaks, point lace, ear-rings, faux-montres, watch-chains, and all the superfluous trash suspended to a fashionable pagoda." Defeated in argument, but not in purpose, the fair reasoner replied—"I will not hear of reason, if it is to set narrow, selfish bounds to love and affection. I protest I would not have lived an hour under the same roof with a man who would have resisted such a claim, and have suffered the name of his wife to be so cruelly bandied about by barristers, jurymen, and attornies." (*A pause.*) "While I take a turn in Bond-street, there is Marmontel on the table, read his *Wife of Ten Thousand*, and his *Good Father*, and then you will recover yourself." (Takes the book.) "I have no objection to reading Marmontel, or any body else's tale, but I would absolutely have fled." "For once I *must*" (in rather an elevated tone the word *must*) "I *must* have the

the last word.—And where would you have fled? to your room for an hour, or rather a moment, pouting and fobbing for the luxury of being invited back; for the pleasure of being soothed and caressed; of having the big tear kissed from your cheek, and the swellings of that bosom which I will not venture to look at, gently pressed, and gradually lulled to serenity, by the blandishments of tenderness and affection:—I shall return in half an hour.”

FARINELLI, an Italian singer, honoured by the pencil of Hogarth, adored by our nobility of both sexes, and rendered insolent, by the incense of an infatuated nation, who overflowed the theatre, and made interest, devotion, honor, and pleasure, give way to the idol they had created. “One God, one King, and one Farinelli,” was the enthusiastic and impious exclamation of one of his female admirers, raised by her beauty to exalted rank and fortune. The cunning eunuch despised their praise, repaid respect with insult, and pocketing their gold, retired to enjoy affluence and independence in his native country.

After much intreaty, and an extravagant pecuniary consideration, he had been prevailed on to engage to sing at a public entertainment, given by the late Duke of Northumberland, who assembled on the occasion, a large company of the nobility, gentry and others. The amateurs were waiting on the tip-toe of expectation, to listen with ecstacy to his warblings, and prepare new-turned expressions of surprise and adulation; when he rudely sent a verbal message, that

he was otherwise engaged, and could not possibly attend. His Grace, never so happy as when he could contribute to the pleasure or gratification of his guests, was severely mortified, and apologized to his friends for their disappointment. The Duke of Modena, to whom Farinelli was a subject, being, at that time, on his tour to England, and one of the company, begged pardon for interrupting Lord Northumberland, and dispatched a servant to the singer, with orders for his immediate attendance.

The Modenese soon made his appearance, when a chair was placed for him in the room, and every person, except the prince, stood up: “Does your Grace permit a public singer to sit in your presence?” exclaimed his Highness, “have the goodness to excuse my officious interference? but *we manage these gentry better in Italy*: Farinelli, stand in yonder corner of the room, and sing your best song, in your best manner, to this company, who honor you with their notice.”

The squeaking minion trembled and obeyed, and after his song, retired with an humble bow from the room, receiving from the Duke, at the same time, a nod of approbation. The beaux turned up their hands and eyes in silent admiration, the tender-hearted, doating fair ones, pitied the dear bewitching creature, and thought him shockingly ill-used; but experience and good sense confirm the necessity and propriety of the Duke of Modena’s lesson to the English nation, who, in their obsequious attentions, and indiscriminate

minate admission of actors, prize-fighters, singers and dancers, are so perpetually violating decorum, and confound more than a thousand Thomas Paines, the necessary subordinations of society and rank.

I will not deny to Mr. Kemble, an extensive range of dramatic reading, and much critical acumen, with a perfect conception of his parts, but a performance vicious and faulty, sometimes from affected singularity, but oftner from what I am convinced, is a malformation of the organs of utterance. In his matchless predecessor in Charles Surface, Mr. Smith, all who know him, must have experienced much interesting anecdote, and the polished hilarity of a well-bred sportsman, retired from the toils of the field: it is only repeating the public opinion, to allow in Mr. Lewis, notwithstanding the broad caricature he diffuses over all his parts, fertile industry, and unassuming decorum; to Holman, in spite of unmanageable feelings, and boisterous expression, the manners and education of a gentleman: and, it would be injustice to elegance and lively expression in the shape of Miss Farren, were I not to confess, that in real life, as well as the fictitious personages of the drama, she will act up to, and confer dignity on, whatever character she assumes. While I feel myself unable to do justice to the pre-eminence of Miss Wallis in filial duty, I would pay a tribute to her illustrious patroness, to whom we are indebted for an actress, who unites pathos and passion, corrected by expression, enunciation, and

gesture, chaste and pure as herself: the public voice has indeed long decided on this charming young woman's acting, which, from the delicacy of her frame, wants only strength and modulation to render it as faultless as it is interesting.

But with these and other exceptions, are we in the walks of public pleasure, or private amusement, to be pestered or insulted by a motley dramatic crew of insolent prostitutes, and female Quixotes, of gamblers, pretenders, buffoons, half-wits and half-gentlemen, who, trained in the infamy of the gaming table, the obscene jargon of the brothel, the technical cant of the green-room, the noisy nonsense of an eighteen-penny ordinary, and the uninteresting absurdity of some obscure coffee-house, reflect disgrace on a creditable profession, and on their insatuated patrons, who are not satisfied 'till they have dragged by the head and shoulders, these unworthy interlopers, into the company of gentlemen.

Such puny whippers, the creatures of sun-shine, a smile, and a moment, sinking rapidly to their original nothing, and carrying with them antidotes against their poison, may perhaps be forgiven; but, if fancy or exaggeration should point out individuals, who, not satisfied with deriving a splendid subsistence from the stage, insatuated widows, other mens' wives, or their own, have found out the secret of converting a manly exercise, into a lucrative and iniquitous traffic; if, assisted by chosen associates and apt spies, they should surround, watch for, and give a significant wink, to mark the careless moments, or intoxicated intervals

tervals of an exalted, but infatuated young man, to pluck and plunder him, without mercy, and publicly to share their spoils, without shame: if such men really existed, instead of enormous salaries, crowded benefits, and vociferous applause, justice and decency demand their being hissed from the stage, by the execrations of an indignant public.

FELTON, JOHN, a Lieutenant in the navy, an enthusiast, and an assassin, who stabbed the Duke of Buckingham at Portsmouth, in the reign of Charles the First, a crime for which he suffered death. Though Buckingham was a worthless character, this article is not inserted to defend unwarrantable actions, it was to record a memorable reply which the murderer made to a menace of Laud, on his examination before the council. "If you will not confess," said the prelate, who was on every occasion anticipating and recommending bloody measures, which I thank God at length recoiled on himself; "If you will not confess, you shall be put to the rack." "If that is to be the case," replied Felton, "I know not whom in my agonies I may accuse; God forbid I should die with a falsehood in my mouth; but, on such an occasion, I might as justly, and as probably, for the sake of shortening my punishment, accuse a lord at this board, of being my accomplice, as any other person."

This is a short but unanswerable argument against relying on evidence procured by the force of torture. For such is human na-

ture, so weak the nerves of some, so versatile the principles of others, that there is scarce a proposition, however contradictory to fact and reason, (that snow is black, that fire does not burn) which might not, *in this manner*, be confirmed. Suffering death proves the sincerity of the person, but not the truth of the fact or doctrine for which he dies. Felton's answer has been quoted by an eminent Judge against complusive testimony; indeed it may teach us to regard what are called king's evidence, with suspicion, as they come into court for the express purpose of removing a halter from their own necks, to place it on that of another man. The words of Felton might be an artful attempt to avert a horrid punishment at which nature recoils, by alarming the persons who examined him, for their own safety.

FIESCA, JOHN LOUIS DE, a rich and powerful noble of Genoa, the land of political experiment, as there scarce subsists a form of government which this city has not tried. After emerging from the alternate yoke of the Romans, the Lombards and Charlemagne, it has at different times been governed by Dukes and by Counts, by Consuls, Podestats, Captains of the People, Councils of Twelve or of Twenty-four, and by Doges; but in spite of every precaution, has uniformly experienced family cabal, and civil commotion.

Andrew Doria (a name still revered in Genoa) was at length sent by heaven to rescue his country from a foreign yoke, and produced a short-lived interval of tranquillity,

lity, during which, (1547) the subject of this article, assisted by France and the Vatican, endeavoured to interrupt it. Most conspiracies have originated from the grievances of an oppressed people, or the desperate fortunes of bold bad men; but in the present case, Genoa appears to have been in a state of more real freedom, happiness and peace, than it had enjoyed for many centuries; and Fiesca eminently possessed the gifts of fame, fortune, and understanding.

In the prime of life, for he was only twenty-two, blest with the affections of a wife, whom he ardently loved, the beautiful, the tender Eleanor; and enjoying the friendship of his fellow citizens, he was stimulated by ambition to aim at supreme power; and, it must be confessed, he pursued his designs with ardor, surmounting every obstacle, and with policy baffling all suspicion.

After securing men, money, and armed galleys, from his treacherous foreign allies, he began to increase his popularity by distributing money, corn, and other provisions, under the specious name of charitable contribution; displayed himself to the people, on public occasions, in splendid attire, and on fine horses richly caparisoned, winning, at the same time, the affections of their wives and children, by gentle manners and graceful familiarity. He would occasionally mention the pride and oppressive conduct of the nobles, affecting to censure and lament it; venturing some times to intimate, that a remedy was not impossible; but, after a pause, re-

commended patience and submission.

He visited, as usual, the two Dorias, Andrew and Jeannetin, treated them with marked respect and attention; and to prevent any notice being taken of his exercising the vassals at his country seat, he circulated a report, that an insult was expected from the Duke of Placentia, though in reality that Prince had promised to assist him with two thousand men, and his own people amounted to the same number; he also declared in public, his intention of cruising against the Turks, in order to account for the appearance of his galleys in the port, and armed men entering the city. In the mean time, he made it his business to secure the attachment of the ambitious, the idle, the dissipated, the discontented, and the necessitous of all parties, by promises, by flattery, and by gold.

He had as yet imparted the particulars of his conspiracy, to only three persons, Calcagno, Sacco, and Verrina; the two first, cautious and deliberate; the last, haughty, violent, and intrepid, considering rather the gratification of private revenge, and the greatness of their undertaking, than the probability of success; but all equally devoted to the will of their leader. After accurately surveying the means they possessed, and after various consultations, it was determined to invite the two Dorias, and their friends, to an entertainment at Fiesca's palace, and to dispatch them; but an indisposition of Andrew altered their plan.

The Count next discovered the conspiracy to Paul Panfa, the friend
and

and tutor of his youth, venerable for age, learning, and virtue; for he had not yet confided the fatal, the guilty secret to him. But Panta, though he could not assist, would not betray; he told his young friend, that from the sudden alteration in his looks and behaviour, and from his associating of late with persons of inferior rank and doubtful reputation, he had for some time been convinced that a dangerous enterprize was in agitation. He conjured him, by the honors of his house, by his friendship, by those locks which were grown grey in the service of his family, not to throw away the real and certain happiness he possessed, for chimerical and hazardous expectations, which, if they succeeded, could not elevate him to a situation more splendid, honorable, and happy, than that in which he was already placed; and if they failed, entailed death, ignominy, and confiscation on himself and associates; neither argument or intreaty could divert Fiesca from his purpose, and this worthy veteran departed from the palace in tears.

The next day an entertainment was given by the Count, and the evening of that day was fixed for executing their desperate plan; a gun fired in the harbour by Verrina, being the appointed signal. The guests assembled, and were surprized to find the palace crowded with strangers and armed soldiers; they were conducted to a remote saloon, and Fiesca thus addressed them:

"The time is at length come, when you have it in your power

to free Genoa from the tyrannic yoke of a haughty nobility; in less than one hour the glorious work which establishes your freedom, on an eternal basis, will be accomplished. This is the glorious feast to which you are all invited.

"The younger Doria has, for some time, been endeavouring to secure to himself absolute power, and considers me as one who will resolutely oppose every effort he can make to enslave you; for this reason he has resolved to assassinate me, but I am hitherto preserved from his insidious attempts, for the purpose of restoring you to liberty.

"You are grievously oppressed by arrogant task masters, whose triumphs will only increase by the elevation and success of the Dorias. Rescue yourselves, follow me, I will restore the popular government, and cement it by the blood of our enemies. My precautions and measures are such, that success is certain; I have in my house three hundred soldiers, and seven galleys well provided in the harbour.

"The guards are devoted to my purpose; and, with fifteen hundred artificers, two thousand of my own vassals, and two thousand from the Duke of Placentia, wait only for orders. My designs are a profound secret, our enemies are off their guard. I have incurred all the danger, and suffered all the anxiety, to share in the glory, and enjoy the blessings I offer, is yours.

"But as I wish no man to join in this undertaking unwillingly, if there

there should be any in this company averse to my views, let them retire to an adjoining room, where they shall remain in safety, 'till the great business is concluded; I pledge my honour, that they shall then return unmolested to their families."

The guests were motionless and silent, but after recovering from their surprize at the magnitude of his proposal; declared, with the exception only of two citizens, that they would support him with their lives. Having assigned to each man his post, and taken with his guests a hasty repast, he withdrew to his wife's apartment, to which he had invited his friend Panfa for the evening, hoping that his agreeable conversation, and engaging manners would prevent her observing the concourse of people, and unusual noise in the house; for with a degree of cruel kindness he had not yet imparted to her, the great business of the day:

Suppressing as far as he was able the struggles in his breast of love, ambition and friendship, he communicated the business of the evening to the trembling Eleanor, who terrified and distracted fell on her knees, conjuring him to abandon his enterprize. The thunder of a cannon fired by Verrina, shook the palace, and interrupted the conversation, when Fiesca tearing himself from the woman he adored, drew his sword, exclaiming, "It is now too late to retract or deliberate, success alone can prevent inevitable death and destruction, you will be a widow, or mistress of Genoa, in less than an

hour;" he instantly sallied forth to join the conspirators.

The city gates were taken possession of, the galleys of the Dorias secured, and the populace in arms, crying, Fiesca and liberty, filled the streets. Jeannetin at the first alarm rushed towards the harbour, but meeting with a party of insurgents fell a sacrifice to their fury. The venerable Andrew oppressed with age and infirmity, was safely conveyed by his faithful domestics through a postern, to his villa, a few miles from the city. The most sanguine wishes of Fiesca appear to have been accomplished, but while the senate were waiting in the palace to receive his proposals, the ill-fated leader was no more.

During the tumult, this principal actor, for whom every thing was in motion, was going on board a galley, to give the necessary orders, but treading on a landing plank, which was insecurely placed, fell headlong into the water. The tide was low, but the weight of his armour, the mud, and the darkness of the night, prevented his extricating himself, and this unfortunate man at once an ornament and an enemy to his country, perishing by an unexpected accident, his designs perished with him: his brother attempted to command the people, but when they heard their favourite was dead, they retired in fullen melancholy to their houses, and peace was immediately restored.

A general amnesty was proclaimed, and the friends of the republic mingling their tears with those of Andrew Doria for his nephew,

nephew, and the venerable Paul for his friend, attempted, by every means in their power, to soothe the sorrows of the widowed Eleanor.

In the present enlightened state of Europe, no popular insurrections can be excused, except to shake off a foreign yoke, or to resist some very palpable and odious stretch of authority.

To guard effectually against seditious tendency, at once impotent and destructive, "the lower and industrious classes of people should be taught, even as it were against their will, their weight and importance in the state.

"For they are too apt to let themselves indolently sink into dependence, neglect, contempt, and oppression, and are then provoked to violence, in order to redress themselves; but they know not how, they cannot take their own parts, as they form a body which cannot move without doing mischief. They therefore must only act by their representatives," and after all the studied declamation against a purer and more extended representation, and a shorter duration of Parliaments; I am convinced that this or any other country, where those desirable reforms can be put in practice, bids the fairest for internal tranquillity and public happiness.

I hope that kings have been by this time convinced that a Nero, a Caracalla, or a Commodus, would not *now* be tolerated, I trust, and speak from my own feelings and settled purpose, *not for a moment*.

In the modern grievances of society, from legislation, religion, or impost, a free press will be found

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a safe, and an effectual battery, from which a foolish monarch, a haughty minister, or an unprincipled ecclesiastic may be annoyed with vigour and success. No tyranny however powerful, no oppression however sanctioned, no chicane however artful, can long hold out against the *repeated and persevering* attacks of this glorious bulwark, seconded by the keen weapons of truth and common sense.

France, emancipated France, affords, at this instant, an evidence singularly favourable to my position. From absolute despotism, from an attachment to kings nationally characteristic, from the slumbers of unconditional submission, they have been gradually awakened by the mild voice of literary disquisition, to a sense of the importance of freedom and representation, and to a resolution to obtain them. Civil and religious tyranny are monsters, which can only exist in the thick mists of ignorance and imposition; they vanish at the radiant approach of literature and science.

I have already said, that in the present state of society, we are in no imminent danger from the personal oppression and tyrannic cruelty of despots.

Our wives and daughters are not torn from our arms, we are not immured in dungeons for life for nameless crimes, nor are we shocked by viewing the bodies of our fellow citizens consuming in slow fires, or quivering under the tortures and wheels of the inquisitor or state executioner.

But evils await us, of a nature equally grievous and destructive,

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though not so terrible to look at ; by long and ruinous wars, and from that execrable, though necessary evil, standing armies in time of peace, and the exorbitant price of the necessaries of life, the burthens of society, though unselt by the rich, the elevated and the gay, press with intolerable weight on the middle and most useful rank of mankind, who have not the resources of public assistance or private contribution, which the lowest classes demand with stubborn insolence, or enjoy with silent ingratitude.

A countryman is said to have once complained to a priest of Hercules, that his flock was dreadfully thinned by the frequent sacrifices to that beef-eating deity, for he is called Βεφαγος, by the Greek writers.

“ He preserves your cattle from disease, and from the wild beasts,” said the priest. “ What difference does it make to *me*,” replied the farmer, “ whether my herd is devoured by the wolves or by their protectors ?”

In the present age of popular ferment, princes ought to be cautious how they render royalty unpopular, and its trappings extravagant and costly ; and I cannot close this article without a serious and an earnest exhortation to kings, their descendants, and their favourites to avoid profusion and superfluity, lest mankind should consider themselves in the situation of the farmer's cattle ; and surrounded by the gifts of Heaven, which are liberally dispensed for all, complain that *their* cup is embittered ; least, in a land of liberty and plenty, they make efforts

incompatible with the peace and security of society, and equally ruinous to themselves and others, or sink under the remorseless gripe of penury and want.

In countries suffering evils, which perhaps *all* have in a degree assisted in producing, no situation, however exalted, should claim exemption from public as well as private œconomy ; no rank ought to murmur at curtailing expences, derived from national resources almost exhausted. And in certain situations, if sovereigns and ministers were voluntarily to give up, or for a time to lower their annual demands on the public, it would be the most decisive proof they could give of public spirit, and a disinterested regard for the happiness of the people they govern.

FINGAL, a Scotch Poem so called, in measured prose or blank verse, which is said to be verse only to the eye.

Mr. Macpherson displays in this curious and ingenious composition, considerable knowledge of the antient state and manners of his countrymen ; the names, stories, phrases, and occasionally the actual words of old songs and traditions, are aptly blended into an Epic Poem, which notwithstanding its meagre narrative, and its wanting a rapid succession of well-connected events, may be perused with pleasure ; particularly by a native of Scotland, glowing with national partialities, and dwelling with delight on picturesque descriptions of scenes endeared by early impression.

The rough imagery of a bleak northern country, “ where the deer of the forest were chased by
a naked

a naked troop of barbarians," its barren rocks, and stupendous promontories, roaring with torrents, howling with wind, and drenched in rain, however repulsive to an imagination accustomed to the mild zephyrs and luxuriant vegetation of a southern climate, are touched with a masterly hand by our modern Ossian, who diffuses over every circumstance and every object, a romantic colouring, admirably calculated to seize and interest a juvenile mind, which warm from the precious relics of Greece and Rome, recognizes with pleasure and emotion, heroic sentiments and compound epithets evidently borrowed from the most venerable poets of antiquity; whilst patriotism and fancy help to complete the well-wrought delusion.

The implacable exterminating revenge of Severus, and the timid brutal cruelty of the son of the king of the world, are happily, and with a considerable portion of sublime simplicity, contrasted with the generous clemency of Fingal, and the warm virtues of his Caledonians, the unpolluted sons of nature. Where is the most scrupulous of critics, who could refuse his assent on being told, that he was descended from such men, and that the blood of heroes and demi-gods, in spite of doubt and scepticism, was at that instant circulating in his veins?

FIRMIEN DA COSTA, a Portuguese negro and a slave, who during a public spectacle, after being repeatedly desired not to trespass beyond the prescribed boundaries, had been slightly goaded by a soldier with his bayo-

net. The exasperated minion, with bitter oaths and execrations declared, that the want of a weapon alone, prevented his laying him dead on the spot, and retired breathing vengeance and destruction.

Making himself acquainted with the regiment, company, and name of the man who had offended him; a few evenings after, he decoyed his victim by a pretended message to a retired spot, near his master's house and stabbed him to the heart; his hellish malice not being satisfied with simple murder, he inflicted deep wounds on various parts of the soldier's body, whispered to the dying man who he was, mentioned the affront he had received, as his reason for perpetrating the bloody deed, declared himself satisfied, quitted his master's service, and fled precipitately to the woods.

The spot on which the dead body was found, the mark on the instrument of death, which was lying near it, and the circumstance of the master of the murderer being the last person who was seen speaking with the soldier, strongly marked him as an object of suspicion. It was in vain that the unhappy merchant declared his innocence, and pointed out the flight of one of his slaves as presumptive evidence of the fugitive's guilt; he was committed to prison, and circumstance being admitted in the place of positive proof, was at length condemned to die. This decision reached the ears of the assassin in his retreat, and the wretch who rather than submit to a trifling injury, had, with circumstances of peculiar barbarity, im-

brued his hands in the blood of a fellow creature, could not bear the self accusation of ingratitude and injustice, to a master, from whom he had long experienced gentle usage and indulgence. Nature, or nature's God, triumphed in his bosom, he yielded to the impulse of compunction, presented himself before a tribunal of justice, and confessed himself the murderer.

The judges paused with astonishment; it was with difficulty they could believe, that the man who exhibited so transcendent an instance of heroic virtue, was in fact a merciless and blood-thirsty savage; they reluctantly ordered him to a dungeon. It is not easy to describe the various emotions in the breast of the merchant; though suddenly and unexpectedly rescued from an ignominious death, the joy of deliverance was considerably diminished by reflecting on the guilt of his slave; by discovering, that the fondest and most faithful of his domestics, attached to him by long servitude and tried integrity, was an atrocious murderer. He endeavoured, by every means in his power, to save the culprit's life, but all intercession was vain. With an appearance rather of triumphant joy, than penitent sorrow, this extraordinary negro was led to execution, on the safe and justifiable principle, that **WHOEVER SHEDDETH MAN'S BLOOD, BY MAN SHALL HIS BLOOD BE SHED**; a maxim, which kings and ministers would do well to hold in remembrance, nor suffer it, in any one instance, to be evaded or counteracted, by the solicitation of favourites, the pray-

ers of borough-mongers, the whisperers of bedchamber women, or the dalliance of prostitutes.

Of a country, which for some centuries has afforded scanty materials for panegyric, I record, with pleasure, that Da Costa's master, Emanuel Cabral, on the faith of one of whose descendants I relate the narrative, would have freely parted with half his estate to save the offender's life.

FLETCHER, ANDREW, of Saltoun, a Scotchman of courage, integrity, and strong feelings, Knight of the Shire for Lothian, before the union, and a firm opposer of the bill of succession, which drew on him the hatred of James the Second, and ended in the confiscation of his estate. From the purest motives, and most patriotic, though mistaken principles, he opposed the uniting two kingdoms, which had been distinguished, during so many ages, for inveterate and bloody animosity; considering that transaction as a reproach and disgrace to his country, he resolved to quit a kingdom, which, he declared, would never have consented to the annihilation of its monarchy, but by the influence of English gold. "Will you," cried the indignant patriot, "will you consent that the majority of your nobles shall be degraded, and that your gentry shall be only partially admitted into councils, which are to dispose of the lives and properties of you all! councils, in which the voice and opinions of the few will be overruled by the greater number; and the interests of their new ally will, in every instance, be sacrificed to the venal purposes of our southern neighbours,

neighbours, who have gained over us, by the arts of corruption, that ascendancy, which they never were able to procure by the sword."

As he mounted his horse, the people crowded round him, earnestly intreating that he would not forsake his native land "It is only fit for the slaves who sold it," was the only answer he condescended to make, and spurring his horse, was in a few minutes out of their sight.

The patriotic, the laudable enthusiasm, of our honest Caledonian, like other kinds of enthusiasm, unchecked by reason, o'erinform'd its tenement, and led its misguided pupil into error and misfortune. Had he listened to the dictates of common-sense, or the arguments of others, rather than the violent suggestions of partiality and passion, he must have considered the union as a solid foundation of peace and happiness, in both countries, to generations yet unborn: while alternate exertion, common interest, and mutual defence, would enable Great Britain to defy the attacks of a threatening world; Scotland, burthened with only a moderate share of taxation, would enjoy all the benefits of a great commercial empire.

A century has nearly elapsed, and strengthened these assertions, during which period, the northern portion of the united kingdoms has made gradual advances, in wealth, trade, and happiness, with a few exceptions on the score of agricultural improvement. In this important concern, the land-holders, taught by self-interest, the grand, the unfailing stimulus to us all, have laid down such im-

menſe tracts of ground, formerly arable, into sheep-walks and feeding-farms, that the lower orders of mankind, without work, and without assistance from poor laws, have had no alternatives but emigration, famine, or death. This evil it is easier to lament than remedy; for who shall prevent a proprietor from making the most of his property? Yet while we have so many millions of acres, wild, waste, and uncultivated, it surely is of importance for our governors to know, that since the peace in seventeen hundred and eighty-three, more than fifty thousand persons, exiled by penury, arising from a want of labour, have emigrated from the North.

If to afford employment to the poor, and at the same time render essential benefits to the farmer; if to prevent the secession of so many thousands of useful subjects, independent of the cruelty and hardship of being driven from their native country, be thought an object worthy of notice; I warmly recommend a paper published by the Bath society, on a method of increasing the produce of farms; it is written by a Hampshire farmer, and a sensible man, who emerging from the ignorant obstinacy, and miserable indolence, too often found among little occupiers, clearly, and confirmed by experience, accurately points out a method, by which eight acres of land may be rendered as profitable and productive as forty-eight, at the medium value of their natural produce, in the customary culture. If art and industry can thus produce, from every acre of land, six times the quantity of its former produce, the

the expedient, considered in a political view, lays a strong claim to our attention, as it is, in effect, extending territory, providing abundant food and employment for the poor, and if adopted, promises to keep down that crying, that dangerous evil of the times, the enormous and increasing price of the necessaries of life. Hunger unsatisfied, is by far a more seditious stimulant than Thelwall and his associates; it will be in vain that we expect to controul a starving populace, for where there is a deficiency of food, there is little prospect of peace.

The subject of this article has been virulently attacked by a late writer, and censured as a republican and a leveller, who treated the trappings and prerogatives of royalty with too little deference. After requesting my reader to recollect the treatment he had experienced, and the *kind of king* he had to deal with, Andrew Fletcher shall speak for himself. "I would allow a sovereign every indulgence and every liberty, an honest man could wish for, or a prudent man venture to grant; in the god-like office of doing good, he should be omnipotent; I would only circumscribe his power in points to which no well-meaning person could decently object, the capacity of doing mischief." After enlarging on the evils of absolute power, and its natural tendency to corrupt the monarch, as well as those over whom he reigns, he proceeded to define the boundaries of a limited monarchy, such as reason points out, and experience has since approved. An exasperated tory, unable to suppress his indignation,

exclaimed, with a loud voice; "Were I to meet one of Mr. Fletcher's kings, I would neither give him the wall, nor take off my hat."

FORDYCE, Sir WILLIAM, a Huntingdonshire apothecary, a mate, and afterwards surgeon to one of the regiments of guards, and lastly, a London physician.

By the force of superior talents, incessant application, and by chemical adroitness, he gradually quitted the low grounds of physic; having deserved, he ultimately secured, the friendship of Lord Bute and General Conway and never losing sight of his motto, excellent for a political as well as a medical adventurer,

"Alti^{us} ibunt qui ad summa nitunter,"

he at length ascended the mountain top. Such was the opinion of his medical acumen, that the unpopular ex-minister would not purchase, build, or plant, on his Hampshire precipice, till he had, by earnest intreaty, accompanied with the title deeds of an estate adjoining, till he had prevailed on the Physician to become a near neighbour; but uninterrupted rest is not one of the comforts of medical fame, and he was called, by professional engagements, to climes more remote than High Cliff.

The son of Lord Eardley was dangerously ill on the Continent, and the feelings of this worthy man for a beloved son, may be easily imagined, by those who recollect, or have experienced, his humane attention to the calamities and accidents of others. Not satisfied with the mildness of an Italian sky, the delightful bay, and

and medicated ices of Naples, his Lordship prevailed on Sir William to visit Mr. Eardley, who soon recovered, and the grateful parent, well knowing the value of health, and better able than most men to reward the man who had been instrumental in procuring it, welcomed Sir William's return, with a draft on his banker for two thousand guineas.

It has been objected to Garth, that he was seldom well himself; that a man, unable to keep his own machine in order, was but ill qualified to superintend the repairing of others; but the charge against Sir Samuel, originated more from his indiscriminate amours, than any want of necessary knowledge. If the skill of Sir William is to be weighed in such a balance, the estimate will be highly favourable, for, with a frame naturally delicate, he exhibited, till within a very short period of his death, unimpaired health and unclouded faculties, at the age of seventy. From habit, as well as inclination, his diet was frugal, and, as far as was consistent with the town etiquette of a carriage, he took every opportunity of walking and riding on horseback; if possible, he always slept out of town.

I understand, from professional men, that Sir William's Essay on a certain disease, and its remedies, is a well written work, and that it was a well-timed publication, at a period when the public were in danger of being led astray by the interested misrepresentations of impostors and quacks; who, with the experience of a century staring them in the face, impudently pre-

tended they could cure the wounds of this scourge of illicit love, without making use of its only specific remedy. If the book has a fault, it is a little tendency to tumid and heroic language; the author occasionally wandering out of his road, and prating of the warriors of Agincourt and Cressy, when we are looking for scientific instruction and practical utility. But the purpose of its publication was fully answered, and a friend to whom I am obliged for the whole of the medical hints occasionally occurring in this collection, informs me, that the doctrines of Sir William have been received as the professional creed of the day.

One of his axioms, confirmed by the very respectable authority I have just mentioned, is so important, that it cannot be diffused too widely, or repeated too often; it is, that salivations are *never* necessary, that every desirable effect may be produced from a prudent use of a certain powerful mineral, without having recourse to a nauseating and debilitating expedient, which unhinges the whole frame, disfigures the countenance, and is nearly as injurious as the complaint it proposes to remove. I hope and trust the importance of what I say will excuse my introducing such a suggestion into a miscellaneous work; but let it be recollected, that whatever involves in its consequence the happiness or interests of mankind, instantly becomes a legitimate object of my collection; and I need not tell intriguing married men, that disease invades the chastest temperament, and punishment the guiltless.

An

An anecdote occurs in the book of Fordyce, which raised a laugh at the time, it relates to an indiscreet husband, who smarting under the effects of nuptial infidelity, and being reproached for his conduct, endeavoured to persuade his wife, that the untowardness of his situation, was owing to the effects of certain spices, cayenne, or some other fiery product of the East; which, for some unlawful purpose, he had concealed next his skin, in a belt tied round his body. I forget whether or not the poor woman was satisfied with the excuse of her unfaithful helpmate. He acted like certain casuists I could mention, who, not content with having ill treated and oppressed their fellow-creatures, boldly provoke discussion, and attempt to palliate, or conceal their criminal obliquities by barefaced impudence, and by imposing on the understandings of those they have already grossly injured.

FOOTE, SAMUEL, a man of genius, a dramatic writer, and a mimic, who descended from respectable ancestors, and inheriting an estate competent to every want and every rational indulgence, (a neat 4500l. a year) reduced himself early in life to pecuniary embarrassment; such is the magic annihilation of gaming, so rapid the ruin of folly.

It was frequently observed by him, that no man knew the proper value of a guinea, 'till he lived to want one; but this impressive lesson had no influence on the conduct of Mr. Foote, who being highly gifted with convivial talents, at length had recourse for support to those powers of ridicule, buff-

foonery and satire, which, in certain circles, had rendered him so pleasant and desirable a companion. Not being able to procure a licence at his commencement, he evaded the act of parliament, by calling his entertainments in the Hay-market, "Tea in a Morning." These performances were by no means regular pieces, but possessed, in a considerable degree, the grand dramatic requisites; in a vein of irresistible humour, and in a mode so peculiarly his own, that I think it perished with him; he successfully lashed vicious affectation, strange whim, absurd pride, and personal peculiarity, by licentious distortion, and broad caricature, but with certain resemblances in voice, manner, gait, and dress, too striking to escape the public eye; while selfishness and imposition, disguised in the demure exterior of religion and pretended sanctity, were unmasked, ridiculed, and placed in the most absurd points of view.

By means, which no power of face could resist, we thus found ourselves compelled to join in the laugh, though we could not help correcting ourselves the next moment for such uncharitable ebullitions of mirth, as they were for the most part, at the expence of misfortune, personal deformity, friendship, and private worth. The character of Cadwallader rendered so exquisitely ridiculous, with his Black Broth, and his Sister Becky, is said to have been drawn from a gentleman once his intimate friend; and who can hear, without indignation, that singularities and infirmities, introduced for mockery and sport on a public stage,

stage, were observed and copied at hours devoted to social merriment and domestic hospitality: I have heard that Foote was irritated to this proceeding, by a previous aggression of the hot-headed Welshman; but no excuse can justify such violations of feeling and decorum.

This is not the first instance in the history of human vanity, in which an old and valuable friend has been sacrificed for the sake of a humorous folly, or a brilliant bon-mot; and it serves to corroborate an opinion, which has been warmly resisted by an ingenious writer, that we must not expect the soothing balm of lasting friendship, or useful association, among persons elevated by power, learning, wit, or art: exceptions will undoubtedly occur to every general rule; but ambition, like sensuality, is selfish, not scrupulous in its manner of procuring gratification; and he who has attained eminence, will think no means unlawful, which secure him in the strong holds of superiority.

I have called the subject of my present article, a man of genius; his talents unimproved by application, and his dramatic writings sufficiently confirm the assertion; but I have sometimes been inclined to doubt, if I could say the same of his admirable cotemporary David Garrick, who, by the help of an eye, which from its anatomical structure, touched the strings of the heart; and, by an association of features, which accurately represented the passions, acquired excellence in the profession of acting, which is *an imitative and mechanic art*.

VOL. I.

The fascinating art of conversation, the power of pleasing in company beyond most people, Mr. Garrick eminently possessed; but the eye of a keen observer could not help remarking, that he was acting when off the stage. Strenuous effort, and the toil of attention, were palpably evident in the whole of his behaviour; while a fear of giving offence, gave at times such a peculiar degree of reserve to his manners and utterance, that Foote, whom he dreaded, used sometimes to tell him, he was not perfect in his part. Many who have enjoyed the pleasure of Mr. Garrick's company, have acknowledged the justice of this observation, and it were to be wished, that characters which study rather to please, than shine in company, were more frequent, we probably should have less wit, and less noisy merriment; but that inconvenience would be amply made up by less wrangling, and less ill blood.

I have sometimes diverted myself with a reverie on the anticipating timidity of our British Roscius sitting in easy chit-chat at breakfast with Mrs. Garrick, when they expected a large party at Hampton, and giving her a cautionary lecture for the day.

"We shall have Lord George Germaine, and General Burgoyne, my dear, of course you won't speak of Minden or Saratoga; and as we expect Mr. Fox and Mr. Rigby, it would be ridiculous to touch on gaming, or the peculation of public money; as George Selwyn and Monsey promised to come, I need not caution you against ridiculing people who fabricate stale jests, and tell nasty stories."

C c

If

If the manager were living in the present day, and disposed to give a dinner, I am inclined to think he would not speak of a parliamentary reform, the slave trade, or the Irish propositions, in the hearing of Mr. Pitt: he would be too polite to touch on long speeches, or recantation pamphlets, on poetry or prose run mad, in the presence of Mr. Burke; he would not venture to mention toleration, and the mild spirit of Christianity, to Dr. Horsley, or the danger of credulity and implicit faith, to the copious Dr. Priestley.

To a man like Garrick, endued with the most delicate sensibility, the company of Foote, who would say or do any thing to raise a laugh, was irksome and terrifying: "You did not know that I was behind you, Garrick, when you were repeating the soliloquy, as you walked up the Haymarket, a few days ago," said Foote on a certain occasion, the manager lowered his brow. "Was it from Hamlet or Macbeth?" said one of the company. "I should fancy, by the conclusion," replied Foote, "That it was from an essay on compound interest; but you shall hear it: I was stumping gently along behind him, and was going to speak, but hearing him talk to himself, I listened, and it was as follows: Yes—yes—I *will*—I positively *will* leave off making a drudge of myself, I have already a sufficiency for every purpose of dignity as well as comfort, and why should I be a slave to every impertinent puppy who can throw down his shilling? I positively *will* live like a gentleman. He remained in this opinion," continued Foote, "till

he got to the corner of Coventry-street, when he met with the ghost of a farthing, coming out of the snuff-shop, at which he started, and it put every generous idea to flight; he sunk again into the manager, and marched on to Leicester-fields, full of pounds, shillings and pence, and wholly absorbed in mortgages, bank notes, and three per cent. consols."

This appears trifling and uninteresting *written*; but when told, and accompanied with the manner and gestures of the relater, the whole company were in a convulsive laughter for several minutes; Garrick, seizing his hat, left the room in chagrin. Ridicule, however in this instance was far from being a decisive test of truth; the little manager, though averse to profusion and superfluous expence, was, on every occasion of charitable contribution and private benevolence, sufficiently prompt.

But the spirits of Mr. Foote began to fail, and he applied to his old resource, the bottle, but in vain; for during those temporary flashes, which this false friend affords, intervals of silence occurred, which I could only attribute to the depression of mental anguish in *him*, or the fear with which he inspired *others*, of the keenness of his satire, and the overwhelming tumultuous attack of his humour, which, when exerted, always predominated, bearing down every thing and every body before it.

Indeed a life spent in violation of moral duty, and whose best praise was, that it provided laughter for the giddy, and indecent merriment for the unthinking, while reason and religion sighed at
his

his fate; such a life could not be expected to end with comfort or substantial hope,

In the midst of company he was often observed to be lost in thought; whilst frequent sighs, and a corresponding countenance, betrayed an uneasy mind. A friend congratulated him on having settled his annuity business with Colman, and observed, that he might now pass the remainder of his life with tranquillity and comfort. "I was miserable before, and now I am far from being happy," was his remarkable answer. The following words ought to have been engraved on his tomb: "Those who in confidence of superior capacities or attainments, affect to despise the common rules of life, should remember that nothing can atone for the want of prudence, that negligence and irregularity long continued, render wit absurd, genius useless, and talents contemptible."

As a theatric manager, and a satirical dramatist, the praise of public spirit, and an independent mind, cannot be denied him. "My scenes," said Mr. Foote, to a Lord Chamberlain who refused licensing one of his pieces, "my scenes are collected from nature, and applicable only to those, who from a consciousness of guilt, self-apply them; to such persons, the Holy Scriptures are a keen reproach, and the Whole Duty of Man the severest satire. If comedy is to be thus rigidly restricted, her arrows are shot in the air, FOR BY WHAT TOUCHES NO MAN, NO MAN WILL EVER BE MENDED. If your Lordship is determined to adhere to your decision, I shall

retire from the field, nor dare to face hypocrisy and absurdity again. But suffer me to remind you of the natural connection between the muse and the magistrate; vices and follies which the last cannot punish, the first often corrects; if her ancient ally not only deserts her, but arms in defence of the foe, nothing remains but to retreat.

"Without incurring the charge of vanity, I may be permitted to say, that during my continuance in the service of the public, I never flattered their passions, or, from selfish motives, fell in with the fashionable humour of the times; on the contrary, I have exerted my powers to expose follies, however they might be the favourites of the day, and to combat pernicious opinions, in one instance, highly popular. On these occasions, I flatter myself, I never lost my credit with the people, who considered, and still consider me as acting from principle; as one who disdains to be the tool of any man, however exalted his station, and scorning to receive either recompence or protection from any other hands than their own."

FOX, CHARLES JAMES, the grandson of Sir Stephen, an old courtier and faithful adherent of Charles the Second, and, I believe, pay-master of his forces, remarkable for a vigorous effort in old age. When Sir Stephen Fox was upwards of eighty, his wife, Miss Hope, of Lincolnshire, a woman of unimpeached reputation, was delivered of twins, from whom are descended the present Holland and Hchefer families.

Need I dwell on the youthful follies of his descendant; that he

was never to be contradicted was the great outline of his education, a conduct inexcusable in a man of Lord Holland's good sense; a system theoretically false, and practically ruinous, which brought its own punishment, and produced in his son every licentious excess that money could procure, or appetite demand. Those who now remark the negligence of his dress and person, will scarcely believe, that he was once a fop and petit-maitre; that he made the tour of Europe, with manners, and engaged in pursuits that have too often attached ridicule and contempt to the name of an Englishman. Plucked by every adventurer, and duped by every painted thing that wore a petticoat, he soon returned to dissipate the ministerial and unpopular wealth of his father. This task he completed with a rapidity which has been the prominent feature of his life, and he soon got rid of those vulgar incumbrances, money and domestic comfort.

Yet he had snatched some moments from folly, and some from vice, in which he attained a correct taste for classic literature, improved a natural fund of good sense, and planted, however contradictory it may seem, the seeds of future solidity of character, amidst the follies of dissipation, and the distractions of play. This circumstance will, perhaps, appear less extraordinary, when we recollect that Dr. Francis, the translator of Horace, was his tutor, and that Lord Macartney, the son-in-law of the mighty Thane, accompanied him in his travels.

In a subordinate capacity, which

he filled for a short time, during Lord North's administration, he soon taught that unfortunate statesman, that he was not formed to move in trammels, or tread the dull routine of parliamentary duty as an underling. The strong impulse of genius and independence throbbing at his bosom, urged him to throw off the servile yoke, and he soon after joined an illustrious band of senators and patriots, who, during the execrable American war, had enforced every argument that reason or interest could suggest, to prevent or put an end to it. He came forward on every great question of the day with an honest warmth and unqualified openness, which forced admiration from the few who did not agree with him in opinion; he was chosen member for Westminster, with the whole weight of ministerial influence and court intrigue against him; he was hailed, with one voice, Man of the People, a title which ministers tremble at, and sovereigns have desired in vain. I have observed, in another part of this work, that in defining the nature and essence of the regal power, he had given offence at St. James's. "But it is not in this country that *such* men can be disgraced by the frowns of a king."

Though his private life was such as prudence cannot defend, he was adored by his friends, dreaded by those whom interest made his enemies against conviction, and at a certain period, had he given the least indication of his wishes, I believe any object, however high in church or state, would have fallen a sacrifice to popular indignation.

indignation. But there is not, at this moment, a truer friend to the constitution than Mr. Fox, or a more loyal subject, in the true and literal sense of the term; he loves his king, not from the common slavish irrational idea, which cloathes an imperfect mortal in the attributes of the Deity, but because the regal office is *one* of the three branches that constitute our happy form of government, which notwithstanding Mr. Reeves's insidious arguments, requires only to be administered purely, to be generally approved.

After a long struggle with corruption, during which Mr. Fox was joined by the first characters in this country, for rank, talent, and property, Lord North retired, the Marquis of Rockingham was called to the treasury, and our patriot appointed one of the principal secretaries of state. The same energy of mind which had hurried him into excess, and stimulated him to a vigorous and unremitting opposition for years, now took a new turn, and impelled him to fulfill the duties of his new post with the patient industry of a plodder. He was regular and attentive, as the dullest rogue alive, and as scrupulously exact in office minutiae and ministerial arrangement, as if he had not possessed a single ray of genius. He saw and seized the opportunity of convincing the world, that there *was* an interval in which he could listen to the imperious voice of duty, and quit, without a sigh, the fascinations of gaming, and the allurements of social pleasure.

But prospects so flattering to public welfare and private ambi-

tion, soon vanished; the death of Lord Rockingham dissolved an administration, which, during its short continuance, rendered essential service to the cause of the people, and commenced the important business of purifying parliamentary representation. He soon found it necessary to resign, in consequence of certain dissensions in the cabinet, in which the intriguing spirit of his opponents over-reached the superior genius and unsuspecting honesty of Mr. Fox, who appeared a few days after in the house of commons, with no other dignities annexed to his person, than those invaluable and unalienable ones which God and nature had given him.

"It is the fate of Mr. Fox," says a respectable political writer, "as he extends his views beyond the reach of common vision, to have his propositions misunderstood, slandered, opposed, and finally adopted; we refer, as proofs, to his India bill, his repeal of the shop tax, his interference on the Russian armament, and his declaratory act for setting on a firm foundation the rights of juries; in a word, his whole life has been a series of personal sacrifices to public duty. While his opponents, and in some instances, his more quick-sighted associates, have not been able to resist ministerial smiles and office perquisites, this inflexible statesman has, on every occasion, trod the narrow thorny path of honour, and yielded place, popularity, friendship, and affection, to the stern voice of patriotism and duty."

This article would be swelled to a size inconsistent with the nature of

of my work, by entering into a detail of the various combination of circumstance which compelled Lord Shelburne to retire reluctantly from the treasury, induced Lord North to hide himself in the triumphant train of the whigs, and placed the Duke of Portland at the head of a new ministry. I will not tire my reader by recounting the *honourable* appointment of Mr. Pitt, through the kind helps of his cousin, the Marquis of Buckingham: it is not necessary to repeat the ingenious manner in which the nation was infatuated by unfounded terrors of Mr. Fox's India bill, rendered absolutely necessary by sound policy, and since carried, in a great measure, into effect, by more artful methods.

This is not the first instance, in modern or ancient history, in which a friend to mankind, an honest spirit, has been rendered obnoxious and unpopular, by hollow arts and political manœuvre. I confess Mr. Fox's India bill pleased me, with all its faults, and many faults it had. "Ardent spirit and decisive regulation characterised the measure; it was no scheme of the day to postpone the hour of danger, no crude undigested plan, imploring the doubtful assistance of explanatory bills and declaratory acts; the strength of the child spoke the vigour of the parent."

Its best panegyric is the puny contrivance of his rival and successor, which, under the deceitful name of a board of controul, has in effect adopted, as far as juvenile pride would permit, the spirit of its great prototype. But, allowing the bill to be pregnant with every

mischief its worst enemies can alledge, why was the nation to be put in a ferment, and the public mind to be inflamed? could not its extravagant and erring spirit have been restrained? might not exceptionable passages have been expunged or modified? could it not have been altered and re-altered, as hath regularly been the case with every plan of Mr. Pitt, who is dextrous enough to secure to himself and friends, place and emolument, and at the same time is taught his trade, on every occasion, by his professed political opponents.

But, in that case, the concealed purpose had not been answered; those officious eyes planted round a drawing room and bed-chamber, which, reading looks and translating smiles, "watch the sign to hate," had not been gratified by the removal of a reforming minister, personally offensive to their master, for there, at last, was the root of all the evil:

Hinc illæ lachrymæ——

Hæsit lateri lethalis Arundo.

Mr. Fox is once more a private member of parliament, but I am much mistaken, if his popularity be not again budding forth; for, with all his obliquities and transgressions, there hangs about him a conciliating integrity, a rugged, open honesty, a constitutional candour, which attracts, interests and binds; and I trust, in spite of all the versatility, and all the traffic of principle we have witnessed, that there will for ever exist in this country, a fund of good sense, that will not suffer first rate genius and splendid talent to pass unnoticed and unrequited. A certain measure, which I cannot speak of
without

without an animating glow, proves that my prophetic suggestions were not ill-founded. While every unfledged politician, who can write his name, study a maiden speech, or bellow against France, is laden with appointments; who or what can hinder a great people from bestowing a retaining fee on a matchless advocate, who, on every occasion, has stood in the breach, and fought so many battles for liberty and the constitution.

Of the undistinguished millions who have inhabited the earth, the majority seem born to exist and die:

“The greatest merit they can find,

Is, that they wash’d their hands
and din’d.”

How small the number who attain eminence, independent of education, wealth, and other adventitious circumstances? placed in obscurity, they live unobserved, and expire without notice. But had the subject of this article sprung from the dregs of society, I am convinced he would have emerged with credit from his depression; had he been a ploughboy or a shepherd, I cannot but think he would have turned the best furrow, and have reared the finest flock in the hamlet. He probably would have intrigued with the milk-maid, loitered in the skittle-ground, and have had a long score at the ale house; yet whatever had been his pursuit, in that I am persuaded he *must* have excelled.

“Such, heaven-born genius,
such the gifts from thee.”

He is said to have loved very early in life a lady remarkable for her beauty, and the misfortune of

being united to a man insensible of the treasure he possessed. I have seen lines addressed to this charming woman, whose beauties an old man cannot think of without emotion; the verses would not disgrace the first of poets, they possess the energy and pathos of Hammond, without his whining: they abound in strong expressive imagery, and paint far beyond the powers of the pencil, in fervid glowing colours, the wild conflicts that rob us of peace, the anguish of jealousy, and the furious rage of unextinguished disappointed desire; yet is the ardour of fiery passion sweetly tempered, by sentiments of the most affectionate fondness, by winning, yet manly tenderness.

These, if I recollect right, are some of them:

The star of the evening now
bids thee retire,
Accurs’d be its orb, and extinguish’d its fire,
For it shews me my rival,
prepar’d to invade,
Those charms which I once
both admir’d and obey’d;
Oh had I been blest with thy
beauties, my fair,
With fondest attention, with
delicate care,
My heart would have strove
ev’ry pang to remove,
And have pluck’d ev’ry thorn
from the roses of love;
My insolent rival less proud of
his right,
Contemns the sweet office, that
foul of delight,
Less tender he seizes thy lips as
his prey,
And all thy dear charms the
rough summons obey;

Even

Even now more licentious,—
 rash mortal forbear,
 Refrain him, O Venus—let
 him too despair.

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 — — — — —
 — — — — —
 And yet the fond sigh 'midst
 enjoyment will stray,
 And a tear is the tribute which
 rapture must pay,
 Still, still dost thou tremble
 that rapture to seek,
 Which pants on thy bosom,
 and glows in thy cheek ;
 Confusion and shame thy soft
 wishes destroy,
 And terror deranges the blof-
 soms of joy.

"Mr. Fox," says an able but not an impartial writer, whom I have quoted in other articles, "Mr. Fox wants the exterior advantages of an orator, for his person and appearance are mean and disagreeable; his voice is unharmonious, and he manages it unskilfully. He possesses strong ingredients to form a political character, accustomed to the vicissitudes of fortune, and marked by the storms of fate. He has experienced all the distractions of play; has been reduced from affluence and prosperity, from a command of fortune and friends, to a dependance on usurious creditors.

"He is not supposed to possess a great fund of information, but his mind supplies these deficiencies from its own inexhaustible treasures. His understanding is strong and masculine, his expression full and copious. In proportion to the quickness of his conceptions, his delivery is rapid. The torrent

of argument comes rolling from him with irresistible force.

"A perfect master of the art of debate, he does not leave his hearers to follow, but drives them before him, and disguises the sentiments of his opponents with so much dexterity, that the strongest sense is not proof against his power. His eloquence never fails producing its effect, it strikes the whole assembly, and every man communicates the shock to his neighbour. Yet, with these qualifications, his invincible attachment to play deprives him of our confidence; we all admire his abilities, yet, from a suspicion of his principles, no man wishes him to be employed."

It would undoubtedly be highly gratifying to the nation, and consistent with the pure moral character of his Majesty, if every department of government could be filled by individuals of irreproachable life. Yet, in the present humiliating state of personal correctness, I cannot think that one pursuit dangerous only in its *private* tendency, should deprive this country of acknowledged *public* virtue, and powers unequalled. When our health or our property are at stake, we hesitate not a moment in employing the most abandoned lawyer or profligate physician, we are anxious only for professional skill, and turn with contempt from an ignorant practitioner, though prayers were his morality, and kneeling his religion.

Besides, if I suspected any want of principle in Mr. Fox, which I freely confess I do not, his illustrious associates are sufficient sureties
 of

of his integrity and political consistency. And I cannot reflect, without exultation, that the people of this country have in Mr. Fox a tried and fast friend, not to be disheartened by the temporary fluctuation of popular applause, nor to be seduced by royal or princely smiles, from his country's cause. I consider him, whether in or out of place, as a faithful and incorruptible watchman of the public weal, who will strictly guard the sacred barriers of the constitution, dispute every inch of ground with the enemy; and though he cannot in every instance prevent incroachment, yet he will on all necessary occasions raise his voice, and give an alarm to the friends of liberty.

I beg leave (as one who venerates and loves him) to suggest a consideration to him: as nothing but a pressing urgency of affairs and the strong call of political necessity will, during the present reign, introduce him as a minister at St. James's, let him recollect, with manly pride let him recollect, he may then make his own terms. He will deceive general expectation, if he loses sight of the following desirable purposes, however they may clash with the interests of a few of his adherents, or his own private opinion.

First, a liberal unfettered toleration, a more equal distribution of ecclesiastic revenue, and a more satisfactory mode of supporting the clergy than tythes.

Secondly, to define, and if possible diminish, but at every risk, set insurmountable obstacles to an augmentation of regal and minist-

terial expence in every department.

Thirdly—A reform in the present tedious and expensive modes of conducting suits of law, in chancery and other courts.

To conclude, boundless imprudence, fatal propensity, and political disasters, which would have blown up and buried in irretrievable ruin every other man, have only served to set this gentleman's actual worth, fertile resource, and strength of mind, in a more exalted point of view:

—durus ut illex tonsa bipennibus
—ab ipso

Ducit opes animumque ferro.

And I should hope that the majority of young men, unable to equal the transcendent merits of Mr. Fox, will not be induced to follow his example in the culpable excesses and inexcusable parts of his character, "for the same fire which burns a worthless piece of wood to ashes, can only melt a guinea, which still retains its intrinsic value, *though his majesty's countenance no longer shines upon it.*"

"I should gather more from Mr. Fox," said a gentleman, referring to his lengthened orations and overflowing matter, "I should gather more, if he poured out less!"

The following lines were written by him in a moment of depression, those moments, which however we may dread them, sometimes rouse us to the noblest exertions of philosophy, intellect and wisdom.

Oh! Poverty, of pale consumptive hue,

If thou delight'st to haunt me still in view,

D d

If

If still thy presence must my
 steps attend,
 At least continue, as thou art
 my friend.
 When *vile examples* bid me be
 unjust,
 False to my word, and faithless
 to my trust,
 Teach me the baneful error
 quick to see,
 To shun the world, and find
 repose with thee.
 Should sordid interest close my
 stoic eye,
 Or stop my ear to sorrow's ear-
 nest cry;
 Should courtiers' maxims try my
 pride to bend,
 My foe to flatter, or desert my
 friend,
 Oppose, kind Poverty, thy tem-
 per'd shield,
 And bear me off, unvanquish'd,
 from the field.
 If giddy fortune e'er return
 again,
 With all her idle, her fantastic
 train;
 Her magic glass, should false
 ambition hold,
 Or avarice bid me put my trust
 in gold,
 To my relief, O virtuous god-
 des! haste,
 And with thee bring thy daugh-
 ters ever chaste,
 Health, Liberty, and Wisdom,
 sisters bright,
 Whose charms can make the
 worst condition bright,
 Beneath the hardest fate, the
 mind can cheer,
 Can heal affliction, and disarm
 despair;
 In chains, in torments, pleasure
 can bequeath,

And dress in smiles the ling'ring
 hours of death.

FRAINE, Mr. an attorney, who
 by the authorized formalities,
 or the contraband subtleties of law,
 accumulated a considerable for-
 tune.

He had been prosecuted for act-
 ing a dishonorable part in pur-
 chasing the indentures of that ex-
 cellent singer, the eccentric Anne
 Catley, in order to *procure* her,
 when very young, for the vile pur-
 poses of a right honorable debau-
 chee; who afterwards distinguished
 himself by his treatment of Miss
 Woodcock, a crime of which,
 notwithstanding his acquittal, the
 noble lord was certainly guilty.
 This infamous limb of an honor-
 able profession, was publicly and
 severely reprimanded in court for
 his unwarrantable conduct; which
 so strongly affected his mind, and
 so violently agitated his frame,
 that it brought on a singular and
 hideous nervous disease, which
 tormented him for the remainder
 of his life. It commenced with
 unceasing restlessness of body, ter-
 ror of mind, and agonizing pain,
 which depriving him of the tran-
 quil enjoyment of food, society,
 and sleep, defied the soothing
 powers of opium: at intervals he
 uttered, or rather thundered forth
 a shocking wolf-like yell, which
 even now seems to vibrate in the
 ear of him who describes it, and
 was accompanied with violent
 catchings, spasmodic contractions,
 and a diabolic distortion of coun-
 tenance, too horrible to look at.
 After exhausting the powers of
 physic, no cure could be found,
 but the alleviating expedient of
 gently

gently striking, rubbing or tapping the back part of his head, which in all places, and on all occasions, was performed without intermission, by an attendant: This miserable and wretched man, died in consequence of a violent blow he received on the head, from incautiously getting out of a coach.

His life would strongly exemplify the interference of Providence to punish iniquity, even in this world, did not such a theory bear too hard in its effects on collateral relations and descendants, and if it did not place the awful bolts of heaven in the hands of unfeeling folly, or zealous malevolence, to depress repentant error, and add the venom of religious despair to the wounds of misfortune. His son, an amiable young man, in the memory, and probably in the esteem of many who favour this article with a perusal, destroyed himself in the Temple: having been educated in the life and habits of a gentleman, he hinted in a gentle manner to his father, the propriety of being supported like one, his suggestions were returned with cruel reproach and unmanly abuse. The old lawyer was disappointed in the absurd hope he had formed, that science, philosophy, and the refined cultivation of an excellent understanding, would produce a plentiful crop of that low cunning, selfish finesse, and fraudulent chicane, which had been the foundation of his own wealth: these expectations were defeated by a goodness of heart, and a nice sense of honour, which revolted at the principles, and abominated the practice of his father,

who lost a son by the mistake, and the world, a rash, a mistaken, a high-spirited, but an agreeable man.

Miss Fraine was the identical character of Agathe, drawn by Marmontel, in the tale of the Connoisseur; her eyes beamed tenderness and soft desire, regulated by good sense and decorum, her heart throbbed with lively sympathy and benevolence; her countenance was the faithful and expressive index of her soul; her hand, which on every necessary occasion, obeyed and graced the dictates of her heart, her hand was softer than the downy velvet of the peach.

“ Her voice was music, and her looks were love ! ”

Such a woman, who resisted no virtuous impulse, but one, which would have rendered her the pride and ornament of life, followed the unhappy example of her ill-fated brother, after being teased into marriage with one man, while her warmest affections were with another, who wept over her fate, and since my former impression, hath followed the mistress of his heart, by the same melancholy path.

GALILEO, a native of Pisa, in the sixteenth century, an astronomer and geometrician, who disencumbering science of the jargon of Aristotle, methodized and arranged, the theories of the descent of bodies and projectiles, and fixing his eye on the waving to and fro of a lamp, suspended from a lofty roof, the regularity of its vibrations, suggested to him the invention of a pendulum,

He was the first improver of telescopes, who applied them to astronomic purposes; an important addition to human knowledge, which seeming to overleap the hitherto insurmountable barrier of immense space, was first produced by the children of one Hansen, a spectacle-maker, at Middleburg, in Holland, who playing in their father's shop, accidentally placed a convex and a concave glass in such a manner, that in looking through them at the church weathercock, they observed it appeared much nearer, and considerably larger than usual; their loud expressions of surprize, excited the curiosity of their father, who after examining and ascertaining the fact, soon conveyed it to the learned.

Occupied in pursuits honorable to himself, and useful to mankind, Galileo, at the age of seventy, was summoned before the tribunal of the Inquisition; and this venerable old man, who had enlightened Europe, whose name was to be pronounced with respect in after times, appeared on his knees before an assembly of haughty churchmen. The fierce Cardinal Bellarmine, one of his judges, whom I cannot name without indignation and abhorrence, threatened him with ecclesiastic vengeance, if he presumed to propagate his opinions, which were contrary to sound faith, and pregnant with danger to the Holy Catholic church. This injurious and irrational mandate, our indefatigable Italian did not obey, but persevering in his writings and studies, was proceeded against, as a despiser of civil

and religious authority, confined in the prison of the Inquisition, and after losing his eye-sight, death fortunately put a period to his life and persecutions.

Shou'd thy fond soul indulge the
gen'rous heat,

And captive science yield her
last retreat,

Hope not for life, from grief or
danger free,

Nor think the doom of man re-
vers'd for thee:

Behold what ill the scholars'
life assail,

Toil, envy, want, the patron and
the jail.

If dreams yet flatter, once again
attend,

Hear Lydiat's life, and Galileo's
end.

See nations slowly wise, and
meanly just,

To buried merit raise the tardy
bust,

Around their tomb let art and
genius weep,

But hear their deaths, ye block-
heads, hear and sleep

It was the fate of this philosopher, to meet with opposers singularly obstinate and bigotted in their opinions. Having been originally designed for a physician, he had, early in life, applied to anatomical studies, and, on a certain occasion, attempting to convince a system-monger, that many of the nerves originate from the brain; he at length, by positive ocular demonstration, put the matter beyond a doubt. "I should be convinced you were right," replied this enlightened reasoner, "if your deduction was not contrary to the opinion of Aristotle."—

Happy

Happy the philosopher, who can find and observe the golden medium between the infatuating absurdity of this implicit relyer on the Stagyrite, and the scepticism of the man who professes to doubt every thing.

GANGANELLI, the son of an apothecary at St. Angelo, near Rimini, distinguished early in life for abilities, modesty, and application. At an age when most men have scarcely finished their own studies, he was eminently qualified to give advice and instruction to others; he read lectures on philosophy and theology, at Milan and Bologna, with considerable reputation, but occasionally offended the zealous Catholics, by liberality and candour.

He commenced his noviciate as a Franciscan; but fortunately before that period, had taken the habit of a more important order, good sense, which taught him, though a rigid fulfiller of his duty, to despise empty ceremonies, and to consider religion not as an enemy to reason, but its brightest ornament and best reward; a source of comfort, and reliance for human weakness, not a mercenary indulger of it, a disinterested healer of the wounds inflicted by misfortune and the world. For these and other reasons, having long deserved, he was ultimately placed on the throne of St. Peter's, and emphatically called the **PROTESTANT POPE**.

The letters published, and for the most part written by Mr. Caraccioli, give a well drawn picture of the sentiments and manners of our amiable pontiff; in the mo-

nastic cell, and on the ecclesiastic throne alike rational, unassuming and humane. Part of the correspondence is said, on good authority, to have been actually written by Ganganelli, particularly the address to a young man, who had determined to devote himself to a religious life; it exhibits every internal evidence of his mild spirit and acute perception.

The suppression of the Jesuits, which his timid predecessor commenced with hesitation, was an arduous task: "It is my duty to do it," he observed, "and I am resolved to persevere, though I know it will end in my destruction;" a prophetic declaration, said on very doubtful evidence, to have been literally accomplished. His taste was correct; he liberally patronized the arts and sciences, and was particularly fond of anatomical preparations. His predilection for England, and all that came from that country, were often observed, and sometimes gave offence. He frequently repeated the anecdote of Leo, one of his predecessors, who seeing certain handsome young men at Rome, asked, in Latin, who they were. "Angli," was their answer. "Non Angli hercule sed Angeli," said the punning but polite Pope.

He excelled peculiarly in conversation, adapting, without apparent effort, his subject to the temper, opinions and circumstances of those he conversed with, equally avoiding bigotry, faction or party. He once said to an English clergyman, who was introduced at the Vatican, "I am sorry the

the English are not part of my flock; those who know me, will not think it is on account of the addition to my income; it is because I lose an opportunity of shewing how kind and gentle a shepherd I would be."

Clement the Fourteenth (for that was the title he assumed on being exalted to the popedom) has been called "a philosophical and almost a Christian Pope, uniting gravity and cheerfulness, science and simplicity, mildness and resolution, dignity and humility; he admirably tempered his love of solitude with a conscientious discharge of the duties of social life."

If the subject of every article in this collection resembled Ganganelli, the language of biography would not so often lapse into the harshness of invective.

GARTH, Sir SAMUEL, a man of wit, a physician, and a favourite poet of the whigs, in the reign of king William. His pen is said to have produced pleasanter lines than prescriptions, a circumstance we may easily credit, for at table, he was a fascinating companion and in his element: but the dry business of physic, and the disgusting circumstances of a sick room, he used to confess in confidential moments, were the objects of his aversion, nor is it probable that he would ever have forwarded himself in that profession, but by the helps of party support and court favor.

The benevolent design of his once popular poem, called the Dispensary, ought to shelter it from the severity of criticism: it was written to promote a plan for pro-

viding the poor with advice gratis, and furnishing them with medicines at prime cost, in which he was opposed by a selfish combination of many cotemporary physicians and apothecaries. Among many careless, and many languid lines, it exhibits much learning, a few vigorous, but a greater number of highly polished passages. The flattery which, though much praise was due, he pours out, on every occasion, to the *great Nassau*, Lord Sommers, and the rest of his party, is where he shines the least; it is to be lamented, that the subject was of so temporary and local a nature, that the objects of his satire were obscure, known only in a narrow circle, and of course speedily forgotten; a danger from which the poem itself is not wholly exempt. His enemies accused him of stealing from the *Lutrin* of Boileau, and of borrowing liberally from the ancients, an allowable species of theft, which he has committed with much taste and discernment, giving several passages of Homer a turn of exquisite humour, in which the merit of mock heroic poetry principally consists. An instance occurs in the 125th line of his fifth canto, which a curious reader may compare with a passage analogous to it in the sixth Iliad, as I quote by memory, I cannot mention the line; it begins

Ἀφ' ὅδο παῖς πρὸς κολπον, &c.

The same *good-natured* gentleman also told him he spoke feelingly in his description of the situation of the Ghost of Guaiacum in the shades below, who was tormented by the spectres of deceased patients,

tients, the victims of his ill conduct and injudicious treatment on earth :

Who vex'd with endless clamour
his repose,

This wants a palate, that demands a nose;

And here they execute stern
Pluto's will,

And ply'd him ev'ry moment
with a pill.

The scandalous anecdote of the day was, that Guaiacum, whom Garth in his poem calls his once loved friend, had early in life almost persuaded our poet to be of his opinion, that a certain fashionable disease was curable by guaiacum, ptisans, &c. without the use of mercury, and that our young physician did not change his mind till he felt his mistake experimentally, and carried proofs of an erroneous theory with him to the grave.

A declaration of Garth's is also recorded, which I cannot with decency quote exactly in his words: after a long and severe indisposition, finding himself somewhat recovered, he ventured out among his friends, who congratulated him on his being better, and observed, that although he could not hope to be ever strong and vigorous again, he had still a prospect of enjoying his future life in ease and comfort. "I thank you kindly, gentlemen," said he, "but to drag on such an existence as you describe, is by no means desirable; what is the enjoyment of life without that of women?"

Balnea, vina, Venus corrum-
punt corpora nostra,
Sed vitam faciunt, balnea, vina,
Venus.

Baths, women, wine, corrupt our
lives,

And cut life's scanty line,
But what is life, or love, or joy,
Without baths, women, wine.

It is to be feared, that desire remained after nature was exhausted; a common effect of excess, which it would be well for us to recollect, in the blissful hours of youth and pleasure.

Pope, in one of his letters, mentions this gentleman in a manner singularly ambiguous: "If there was ever a good Christian, without knowing it, Sir Samuel Garth was one;" and if Christianity consisted only in the exercise of a benevolent disposition, Pope was right, for his friend was undoubtedly a philanthropist, and possessed an excellent temper; but the pure tenets of Christ cannot, with propriety, be imputed to him, who appears neither to have felt their influence, or acknowledged their worth; whose appetites were feebly restrained by lax morality; who, with all his genius and endearing qualities, seems not to have aspired beyond the praise of good-natured sensuality.

But I have been enticed beyond the original design of this article, which was to introduce part of his dedication of the Dispensary, as a specimen of refined, well written flattery, which may be read without disgust; a circumstance not often the case with flattering dedications. It was addressed to Mr. Henley, the father of Lord Northington, the chancellor, and, I believe, the writer of a very laughable letter to Swift, which may be found among the Dean's correspondence.

pondence. Garth commences his address in the following words:

"A man of your character can no more prevent a dedication, than he would encourage one; for merit, like a virgin's blushes, is still most discovered when it labours most to be concealed.

"It is hard, that to think well of you should be but justice, and that to tell you so should be an offence; thus, rather than violate your modesty, I must be wanting to your other virtues, and to gratify one good quality, do wrong to a thousand.

"The world generally measures our esteem by the ardour of our pretences; and will scarce believe, that so much zeal in the heart can be consistent with such faintness in the expression; but, when they reflect on your readiness to do good, and your industry to hide it, on your passion to oblige, and your pain to hear it owned, they will conclude, that acknowledgements would be ungrateful to a person, who even seems to receive the obligations he confers. * * *

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"Your approbation of this poem is the only exception to the opinion the world entertains of your judgment, but you forget you are a critic while you are thinking of your friend; to say more would be uneasy to you, and to say less would be unjust in your humble servant."

GASCOIGNE, WILLIAM, Chief Justice of England, in the beginning of the fifteenth century, illustrious for his equitable administration of the law, and doubly celebrated for resisting the

unjust mandate of his sovereign, in the business of the Archbishop of York, and for committing the son of that sovereign to prison, for presuming to raise his hand against him on the seat of justice; this, too, at a period when the judges of England held their places at the will and pleasure of the king and his ministers.

I record, with peculiar satisfaction, this instance of an independent mind, in a profession which, perhaps too hastily, has been accused of bending judicial opinions to the sordid and servile purposes of court intrigue and personal preferment. It is but justice to the age and reign in which he lived, to add, that his conduct was approved of and rewarded, by the exalted personages whose flats he had so gloriously resisted, and whose misdemeanour, in one of the instances, he had so properly punished, at an æra, when kings and their descendants were in somewhat higher estimation and authority, than in the present unpropitious season for royalty.

GENEROSITY, SPLENDID, an extraordinary instance of. Mr. Walsh, a gentleman of large fortune, lately dying, bequeathed an estate of four thousand pounds a year to his niece, Mrs. Benn; but from negligence, repentment, or some other cause, neither explained or understood, left his next male heir, and near relation, unprovided for.

With an addition so important, and at a period which calculates, to a nicety, gratifications and expences, to keep pace with, or exceed, the most enormous rent roll, the majority of mankind would

would have fate down passively contented; or, if any solicitude interrupted their brilliant dreams, it would have been anxiety to determine in what species of luxurious superfluity the new acquisition should be expended. But Mrs. Benn, the subject and ornament of my present page, a very epicure in the theory of real and substantial luxury, declared, that her present income was adequate to all her wishes and all her wants, and reserving only a little Berkshire villa, endeared to her by early habits, and in which she had passed some of the happiest hours of her life, presented, and by legal conveyance made over this considerable bequest to her neglected cousin; a free and gratuitous gift, neither demanded or expected, vast in its amount, and worth, at its lowest valuation, A HUNDRED THOUSAND POUNDS.

When the monied man, who has retired with such a sum from the Stock-Exchange, the Sugar-house, from Asia, or Lombard-street, has experienced, in acquiring, such an animating glow as Mrs. Benn felt in parting with her property, I will allow there is some pleasure in the possession of wealth, independent of the mode of applying it.

A modern dramatic writer, whom, where, or when, I really forget, but I think a female, has attempted to exemplify and enforce a favorite, perhaps a profitable sentiment; that it is a common effect of wealth to enlarge the affections, and rouse the moral energies of the heart; in a word, that there is a greater number of good rich, than good poor

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people. I will not at present enter into a question, which offers a wide field of close reasoning and diffuse declamation; for it is not easy to determine how a necessitous man would have conducted himself, had he been blessed with affluence. But, I presume that certain moral tendencies, a disposition to liberality, or a turn for parsimony, depend rather on the early impressions of education, example, precept, or experience, than on any actual possession or absence of the gifts of fortune. Minds of a certain cast would, in all human probability, be liberal in an alms-house, or miserly on a throne; and I am of opinion, that the lady, whose noble and beneficent act I have just related, however depressed her condition, would have alleviated the distress of a fellow creature with her only mite; or like Alfred, have divided her last crust with a famished pilgrim.

GIBBON, EDWARD, a celebrated English historian, who, with a rare union of elegance, learning, and judgment, has delineated the fall of Rome; but, after inflicting deep and incurable wounds on the interested fabrications of priestcraft, declares, somewhat inconsistently, that he wishes to be at peace with all mankind, and is unwilling to offend the pope, or the catholic clergy. Using such language is as if Sheridan, when he had finished his memorable philippic against Hastings, had approached him with mild congratulation, and offers of peace and friendship.

Since, however, so much has been said and sung on the Decline

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and Fall of the Roman Empire, a candid critic may perhaps be permitted to ask, what are the striking faults and most conspicuous errors of Mr. Gibbon's production?

After paying a just tribute to the genius of philosophy, and vigorous sentiment which illuminates every page, we probably may regret, that the simplicity of the English language is so deeply tinged with the Gallic idiom, that the epithets are numerous, the style poetic, and the periods flowery, in a degree wholly incompatible with a grave historic composition, written by the warm panegyrist and avowed admirer of the terse simplicity of Tacitus. Some readers have also complained, that from his particular mode of arrangement, and following up each action with its subsequent consequences and events, that although the work is rendered more entertaining, the thread of historic narrative is too often broke, and the attention interrupted by the anticipating intervention of minute but well-related incident; a circumstance which I impute to the writer's wishing occasionally to relieve the reader and himself, during uninteresting or disgusting periods.

The irritation of resentment, or an early disposition to scepticism, have evidently tempted our author to *step a little out of his way* on the subject of religion and its professors; perhaps the same early bias induced him to bring forward, on every occasion, the virtues and magnanimity of Julian, whose character he closes by observing, that the apostate was the friend of mankind, and deserved the empire

of the world; while the vices of Constantine, whose reputation has certainly been exalted far beyond his merits, are minutely detailed, and dwelt on with apparent complacency and satisfaction.

I readily agree with this enlightened writer, that a candid but rational enquiry into the rise and progress of Christianity, to a certain extent, may be considered as a necessary part of the History of the Roman Empire. The avarice of the clergy, the passive doctrines of Christ, and the rage for monastic retirement, as producing memorable effects on the people and the empire, lay fairly in his way, but I doubt if these were sufficient reasons for swelling, or rather converting his book into an ecclesiastic history of heresies, martyrs, councils, and trinitarian controversy, by far the dullest and least interesting part of his work; while his equivocal account of the seven sleepers, has called forth frowns from the pious, and smiles from the ungodly. The same objection I have made to his very minute investigation of the Christian religion, may be applied to his diffuse discussion of the Jewish, the Pagan, the Persian, the German, and other systems of national worship. If Mr. Gibbon had not entered so fully into these and other topics, not immediately connected with his original subject, the world, it is true, would have been deprived of much pleasant and much instructive reading; he probably would not have received six thousand pounds; but my pocket, as well as shelf, would have groaned only at six, instead of twelve octavo volumes.

Certain

Certain indelicate passages in his notes have also been censured with justice, and it must be confessed, they are neither creditable to his morality or taste. It has been said, by his defenders, that this indecorum can be felt only by those who understand Latin and Greek, and that while the fashionable conversations after dinner are so *highly seasoned* with obscenity (an abominable tendency, which may be attributed to banishing the *best part of society*, on the removal of the cloth) that if luscious anecdotes were at that time to be related only in a learned language, the mischievous effect of this vicious foible would be very circumscribed in its limits. With these and other blemishes, which many will not be disposed to allow, I cannot but consider Mr. Gibbon as the first of English historians, with whom Dr. Robertson and the late Dr. Watson only, have a just claim to rank.

The man, who from a mass of materials, crude, undigested, and often contradictory, who, from a period wilfully darkened, perplexed, and confused, has been able to produce *such* a work, has indeed converted an unprofitable wilderness into a useful and highly cultivated spot; and our author, after extracting excellence from so much rubbish, may be said to possess, in a very exalted degree, the truly philosophic art of turning all he touches to gold.

The established clergy will not think themselves obliged to him for observing, that the doctrines of the church of England are *far removed* from the knowledge and

belief of its private members; nor will the dissenters thank him for saying, that they preserve the name without the substance of religion, that they indulge the licence without the temper of philosophy, and that they *shake* the pillars of Christianity.

I am inclined to think Dr. Priestly gratified, by the historian's observing, that there *are* passages in the works of the unitarian chief, *some* at which the priest, and *some* at which the magistrate, may tremble.

Most sceptics have proved themselves the mere bigots of infidelity, and have carried into the wilds of deism the narrow, unsocial spirit of the cloyster; but whilst the unerring shafts of the English historian are directed against the superstition and tyranny of the priest, he is ever ready to do justice to the philanthropy and heroism of the man.

To conclude: the outcry that has been raised against this and other books, brings to my mind a story of a man, famous, in the year 1745, for knocking down impertinent excisemen and impudent tax-gatherers: these officious and incensed gentlemen represented him as disaffected to government, and he was carried before a justice of the peace, who severely reprimanded him, and accused him of disloyalty. "King George, God bless him," said the man, "has not a more faithful subject in the county, but as to those scoundrels who brought me before your worship, I should give them a drubbing if it were to do again, for the exciseman was interfering in

my private concerns with my wife, and the tax-gatherer was picking the lock of my bureau."

In a word, reformation, however necessary (and who will say that nothing now remains to be done) is always an invidious task; and if we look back to the days of Luther and his predecessors, we shall find the epithets of heretic, atheist, free-thinker, &c. were liberally bestowed on Hufs, Melancthon, Jerome of Prague, and other coadjutors in the glorious work.

It is thus that the errors or deceptions of human establishments have so often been considered and defended as the cause of religion itself; and writers who have at different periods enlightened or instructed mankind, have been regularly stigmatized, by selfishness and bigotry, as enemies of God and man; a ridiculer and opposer of the frauds of mountebanks and quacks, might, with equal justice, be considered a foe of real science and professional dexterity.

GOLDSMITH, OLIVER, a pleasing writer in verse, and a successful compiler in natural history, who, with impediments in his address, person, and temper, sufficient to have kept down most men in the depths of obscurity, attained a share of literary eminence and emolument, which, with common prudence, might have protected the remainder of his life from the irritating uncertainties of want. But (to use his own words) he had acquired a taste for spending thousands, before he had been taught the more useful art of earning a guinea.

By amorous, and other propensities, not suited to the finances of

an author, he rapidly reduced the produce of his pen, which, in the course of fourteen years, is said to have amounted to more than eight thousand pounds. Had he devoted half this sum to necessary sustenance or the whims of caprice, the remainder would have been sufficient to purchase an annuity, with which he might have laughed at the world and defied the booksellers, who accuse him of raising money from their credulity, on the faith of works which he never had resolution, ability, or design, to undertake. Such conduct was fraudulent and culpable; the pressure of a creditor, or vanity, by no means the least prominent feature of his character, perhaps taught him to over-rate his powers; or death, the great dissipator of all purposes, prevented the performance of his promises.

I wish very much to infuse a portion of necessary pride into the young men of the present day, a right, a proper sort of pride, not that species, which is gratified by the follies of a modish circle, the unavailing tumults of a capital, the insufferable wearisomeness of a watering place, the thievish cant of a race-ground, the cut of a coat, or the display of an enormous cravat. The pride I wish to inculcate, is the honest, manly pride of independence, which diligently seizing the golden hours of youth and opportunity, to turn them to good account, will not suffer the drones of apathy or intemperance, placed by fortune above injury, to seduce them from the great work of life. In the decline of health, fame, age, or fortune, those very men, to whose follies

follies or whose vices they have given up their nights and days, will be the first to desert them, ridicule their difficulties, expose their weakness, and insult their distress.

Of Goldsmith's poetical performances, I have always preferred Retaliation, which he wrote not long before his death, in answer to certain illiberal attacks, which had been made on his person, country, and dialect, in a club of literary men, where wit sometimes sparkled at the expence of good nature. After comparing each of his companions to some particular dish, and saying,

Our Dean shall be ven'son, just
fresh from the plains,

Our Burke shall be *tongue*, *with*
a garnish of brains.

Our Garrick's a salad, for in
him we see,

Oil, vinegar, sugar, and saltness
agree;

the poet proceeds to pronounce an epitaph on each of his friends, whom he supposes to be sunk under the table, in the temporary death of intoxication. His effusion on Mr. Burke is remarkable;—had a window been placed in the breast of the orator for the poet's inspection, he could not have described that gentleman more happily.

Here lies our good Edmund,
whose genius was such,

I scarcely can praise it or blame
it too much,

Who born for the universe, nar-
row'd his mind,

And to party gave up what was
meant for mankind.

Who, too deep for his hearers,
still went on refining,

And thought of convincing,
while they thought of dining;
Tho' equal to all things, for all
things unfit,

Too nice for a statesman, too
proud for a wit;

For a patriot too rash, for a
drudge disobedient,

And too fond of the right to
pursue the expedient.

In short, 'twas his fate, unem-
ploy'd or in place, Sir,

To eat mutton cold, and cut
blocks with a razor.

The cold mutton, however applicable at the time it was written; is clearly so no longer, since Mrs. Burke has been enriched by the friendly loans or bountiful bequest of Sir Joshua Reynolds, the equitable liberality of Mr. Doddsley, and the profits of a well-sold pension, rendered marketable by ministerial dexterity, for the express purpose of evading a clause in the bill, which the orator himself introduced.

The description of Mr. Burke's brother is humorous, and at the time of its composition, was characteristic and appropriate.

Here lies honest Richard, whose
fate I must sigh at,

Alas! that such frolic should
now be so quiet;

What spirits were his! what wit
and what whim!

Now cracking a jest, now crack-
ing a limb!

Indeed, so provoking a devil
was Dick,

That we wish'd him, full ten
times a day, at Old Nick;

But missing his mirth and agree-
able vein,

As often we wish'd to have Dick
back again.

The

The compliment to Mr. Cumberland is neat.

Here Cumberland lies, having acted his parts,

The Terence of England, the mender of hearts;

A flattering painter, who made it his care

To draw men as they ought to be, not as they are.

His gallants are all faultless, his women divine,

And comedy wonders at being so fine.

Say, whence has our poet this malady caught,

Of drawing his characters all without fault?

Was he sick of pursuing each pitiful elf,

And tir'd at last, did he draw from himself?

After an epitaph on Dr. Douglas, the scourge of impostors, the terror of quacks, he proceeds to Roscius, who had been particularly severe on Goldsmith, but is said never to have forgiven this repique.

Here lies David Garrick, describe me who can?

An abridgement of all that is pleasing in man;

As an actor confess'd without rival to shine,

And if not a first wit, in the very first line:

Yet, with talents like these, and an excellent heart,

The man had his failings, a dupe to his art.

Like an ill-judging beauty, his colours he spread,

And beplaster'd with rouge his own natural red;

On the stage, he was natural, easy, affecting,

'Twas only that when he was off, he was acting.

Tho' secure of our hearts, yet confoundedly sick,

If they were not his own, by finessing and trick;

He cast off his friends, as a huntsman his pack,

For he knew when he pleas'd he could whistle them back.

Of praise a mere glutton, he swallow'd what came,

And the puff of a dunce, he mistook it for fame;

'Till his relish grown callous, almost to disuse,

Who pepper'd the highest was surest to please.

On Hickey, the poet like his subject, was pleasant; after confessing that he had but one fault, but that one was a thumper, in repeated questions, he asks what that fault was.

————— Come, tell it, an' burn ye,

He was, could he help it?—a special attorney.

The circumstance of the deafness of Sir Joshua Reynolds, is well managed.

To coxcombs averfe; yet most civilly steering,

When they judg'd without taste, he was still hard of hearing.

When they talk'd of their Raphaels, Correggio, and stuff,

He shifted his trumpet, and only took snuff.

The subject of this article, called, I think, by Mr. Horace Walpole, an inspired idiot, at last fell a sacrifice to his unmanageable temper; he obstinately persisted, contrary to medical advice, in taking James's Powder, a powerful remedy, which has preserved the
lives

lives of thousands ; but in the hands of ignorance or temerity, has been productive of considerable mischief ; a sword, or a fire-brand, in the hands of a madman, or a child.

GRAY, WILLIAM, a modern poet of splendid powers and well cultivated talents, remarkable for the general harmony of his verse, the sonorous and majestic flow of his metre ; yet his phraseology is occasionally affected, the texture of his sentences complex, and sometimes elaborately obscure, errors into which he was led, by adhering to that depraved habit, the distantly recurring line, a custom equally repugnant to vigour, sense, good taste, and precision. The brilliant redundancies of Mr. Gray's imagery have been discussed by the critic, and ridiculed by the dramatist, yet what modern poetry is read with such pleasure or continues so generally popular, as his Church Yard Elegy, the Descent of Odin, and the impressive pathos of his Ode to Adversity ? His Epithets, tho' it is almost heresy to praise them, at once exquisitely classic, and descriptively compound, highly please me with all their faults.

I have perused with respect, but not in every instance with acquiescence, the stern decisions of Dr. Johnson, I have smiled at the humorous and more liberal correction of Mr. Hayley, who in one of his pleasant comedies in rhyme, indulges himself in a vein of laughable allusion to the clinquant and faux-brilliant of our bard ; to his occasionally wrapping up meagre sentiment, and common incident, in pompous and heroic diction.

But it should not be forgot, that in his treatment of the Cambridge Professor, the Biographer of Milton behaves like a brother poet, a candid critic, a good natured man, and a gentleman ; a praise which I sincerely wish, our late Colossus of Literature had been more studious of deserving.

It was not merely to defend Mr. Gray, that the present article was introduced ; my wish was to notice his acute feelings, his morbid sensibility, and to deduce useful inference from them ; they too often interrupted the intercourse of friendship, and disturbed the tranquillity of his life. *To take things as we find them*, though a trite and common-place adage, would save the poet, the historian, the philosopher and the man of refined taste many a bitter pang ; to a neglect of what seems so trifling a particular may be imputed much of that irritation and tendency to complaint, which so often bursts forth in the letters of our bard ; which tinged his conversation with something nearly approaching to fretfulness, and communicated a sombre hue to the productions of his muse. This weakness at an early period, deprived him of the society and patronage of Mr. Walpole, and though his fortune and success were brilliant for a literary man and an unobtruding character, gave an air of disappointment to his manners and conversation.

With an income more than adequate to all his wants and all his superfluities, blessed with genius and ornamented by high attainments, with so much cause for exultation, and so little for rational

tional discontent; with numerous sources of comfort and consolation he was far from being happy; created in the fruitfulness of a poetic imagination, artificial calamities, harassed himself and friends with *complaints* of holding a Professorship, the duties of which he never performed, but for which he was eminently qualified. A school boy acting in a similar way, in such a situation, would certainly have merited, and probably have received the frowns or the chastisement of his master. An entertaining, and for moral deduction, a useful work might be composed of the puerile symptoms attending men of genius, but the misfortune is, they are copied by a servile train of imitators, without the shadow of a right or ~~one~~ pretension to the valuable qualities of their great originals.

A certain wicked wit for a good part of our poet's life ridiculed and parodied his best pieces, and insisted clamorously in all companies, on a want of meaning in his stanzas, and an ever recurring acquaintance with the thoughts and imagery of his predecessors; repeating at a fashionable table his unqualified censure of Mr. Gray before some of his ardent admirers, the warm, the animated, but friendly controversy of well-bred, and well-informed men, that attic salt of polished society, was the consequence; it concluded with the rogue (and a wanton rogue he was, notwithstanding the colour of his cloth) it concluded with his offering a pecuniary wager, that without leaving the room, or premeditation, and without taking pen from paper,

that he or indeed any school boy with classical common-place tagged to his elbow, would produce verses equal in sense, connection and ornament, to the most celebrated passages of their favourite. The partisans of the poet accepted the offer, and the following *jeu d'esprit* was produced; it may be sufficient to observe, that for reasons I need not mention, the wager was not decided in favour of the bagatelle of our ingenious satirist.

STANZAS after the Manner of GRAY.

Weave the woof, and o'er the warp,

Pour the many twinkling harp:
Near Ætolias radiant bower,
Let the tuneful plumage lower,
Such the insatiate poet's doom!

Night comes on, with moon-crown'd lustre,

Binds the stars in faded cluster;
Careless on some dusky river,
Cupids ever-rattling quiver,
Shuttles of a vengeful loom.

Still the Thracian spectre's car
Wages red a barbarous cry,
Thro' the fervent groves of war
Where her pointed triumphs die,

Peace, ye heart-repelling fair,
Lave in burnish'd tints your hair.

Peace, O peace, mellifluous glory

'Midst the forests browner roar,

Hail each mute enamour'd story;
Hail each withering flame of Yore.

He spoke and wanton to the rugged beam,

With lambent robes, he swept the horror of the stream.

GUILLOTINE,

GUILLOTINE, an instrument of death, introduced and improved in the year 1791, by a French physician, from whom it takes its name, and who was said himself to have suffered beneath its stroke; but the Doctor is fortunate enough to survive, the reputation of that, which he humanely, and I sincerely believe, with good views recommended.

This expeditious mode of inflicting death was practiced at a remote period in England, by an instrument called a maiden, particularly in the forest of Hardwicke in Yorkshire, previous to and during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, but no vestiges of it have been found at Halifax, which was the usual place of execution. In the Parliament House at Edinburgh, may be seen a machine nearly resembling it, which in the year fifteen hundred and eighty, beheaded Douglas, Earl of Morton, Regent of Scotland, and a violent opponent of the fair but unhappy Queen of Scotland. Descriptions of them may also be seen in Hollingshead, in the borders of some of the old maps of Yorkshire, particularly in that of Mole, published in seventeen hundred and twenty.

It is worthy of remark, that an instrument, calculated and designed to diminish pain, and shorten as much as possible the agonies of death, should have been caught up as the watch-word of a party to throw disgrace and obloquy on the French Republic, because a band of desperate and sanguinary despots, taking advantage of their temporary popularity, had usurped the powers of government, and

indiscriminately imbrued their hands in the blood of all who opposed them; such arguments it would be idle and useless to answer; with equal justice we might refuse the meed of praise to Hampden, Ludlow, and other patriots and lovers of their country, because Cromwell was a tyrannic usurper; we might with equal propriety deny the benefits of the restoration, because Monk was a time-serving hypocrite, and Charles the Second an unprincipled profligate.

After making some allowance for the workings of nature, and the tide which in certain channels runs so strong against innovation, beheading is certainly the most merciful mode of execution; by dividing the vertebræ it cuts off in a moment all communication of feeling and perception, and at the same second, by opening the purple sluices of life, instantly puts an end to existence. For these and other reasons it is surely a desirable substitute, to the cheap but often the lingering expedient of a cord, and is far preferable to a living executioner, whose skill and expedition must in a great measure depend on the keenness of his axe, the strength of his arm, and the firmness of his resolution. From defects in these particulars, protracted torture and mutilation have frequently occurred, but nothing can prevent, impede or defeat the sure aim, the effectual and instantaneous execution of a machine acting on the simple, but infallible principle of gravity, combined with the accelerated motion of a descending body.

It has also been remarked, I
F f know

know not how correctly, that death without effusion of blood is always attended with the longest continued struggling, and to all appearance, with most pain; yet I believe death by lightning, or the electric shock, forms an exception to this general rule. Who, if such a terrific alternative were offered, from which God Almighty defend us, who I say, would prefer the exasperated and brain-piercing throbbings, the unextinguishable thirst and inward burnings of a fever, or the dilatory decline of being wing-broken by a palsy, and passing twenty years on a couch or in an arm'd chair, to the comfort of sudden and instantaneous death from an apoplexy? Remember, I speak to the mere mechanic comparison of feeling and situation, the arguments of the divine, the lawyer, and the philosopher, are wholly out of the question.

HAMPDEN, JOHN, grandson of the patriot, and knight of the shire for the county of Bucks, fined forty thousand pounds in 1684 for a real or pretended conspiracy, also tried and condemned for high treason in 1688, but rescued from execution by the revolution. This descendant of the hero who so gloriously resisted the payment of ship money, after a life which exhibited much to praise, much to pity, but more to blame, wrote, a few days before his death, a solemn address to his friends and acquaintance, from which the following passages are taken.

“Having been for a long period under God’s afflicting hand, I think myself obliged to examine

my conscience concerning the causes for which so many signal misfortunes have happened unto me; and I freely confess, that among many heinous sins, there is one, which more especially causes me great trouble, to which I was prompted by pride and vanity, so natural to the levity of youth, and the corrupted heart of man. Notwithstanding my education was pious and religious, and that a firm conviction of the truth of the Christian revelation, was deeply implanted in my mind; yet *to obtain the reputation of a wit*, I assumed the character of an unbeliever, and maintained the doctrines of infidelity. My arguments, I confess, were weak, and as such I considered them at the moment; yet I had the folly and presumption to assert among my acquaintance, that they were unanswerable, by which unwarrantable conduct, I am fearful, that I have unhappily contributed, to lead others into opinions and practices, equally contrary to true religion and morality.

“I therefore think it my duty to make this confession, with all possible sincerity, and with much grief of heart; to the end, that if I should die before I can speak with those whom I have perverted, they may return to the way of God; for I solemnly protest, that the opinions I used to be so forward in maintaining, were wholly and solely the offspring of vanity, and an affectation of knowledge superior to my neighbours. And I make this declaration with the most unfeigned sorrow for having offended God, and in the humble hope, that he will pardon my sin, through

through the mediation of Jesus Christ. I earnestly intreat all those who have been seduced by my example, to consider the imminent danger they are in, and beseech them to deliver themselves without delay, from divine judgment, which here, or hereafter, will most assuredly overtake them, if they persist in their present evil courses."

HARRINGTON, author of the *Oceana*, for a short but animated sketch of his life and conduct, by the hand of a master, see the latter part of the article, assigned to Thomas Payne.

HARDOUIN, JOHN, a learned Jesuit of the seventeenth century, remarkable for broaching strange paradoxes. It was his opinion, that the monks of the fourteenth century, in their cells, those storehouses of atheism and heresy, as he calls them, had fabricated the *Æneis* of Virgil, and the *Odes* of Horace, with several other productions, which we have long been taught to consider as precious remains of the Augustan age.

On publishing an edition of his favorite Pliny, the dawn of doubt first broke in upon him, and scepticism is seldom at a stand in studious and contemplative minds. He began to smell a rat (*subodorari* is his word) in the year 1690, and after many struggles and much laborious investigation, at last convinced *himself*, if not others, that we have no genuine productions of antiquity, but Cicero, Plautus, Pliny, the *Eclogues* and *Georgicks* of Virgil, the *Satires* and *Epistles* of Horace, the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* of Homer, and the nine books of

Herodotus. But it was against St. Austin and his wicked crew (*impia cohors*) that his fury was principally directed, and the arrows of criticism were sharpened by religious and superstitious zeal.

Had he been able to establish his favorite position, (and he believed he had) his inference was this; that men hackneyed in forgeries, who had been so long imposing on mankind in matters of taste and science, would not be very nice and scrupulous in their *management* of the Holy Scriptures respecting articles of faith. His argument is like the reasoning of a man who having had his house broke open, should seize a fellow he met in the street, because he had picked his pocket a year or two before.

"They had," says this singular man, "artificers in every style, who exercised their *nefarious* pens with skill, but they all fall short of (*latinitas* Pliniana) the classical purity of Pliny," an author whom he considers as the touch-stone of originality. "What they could not find in the Holy Scriptures to answer their *atheistical* purposes, they created by the arts of forgery and interpolation. In the Gospel of St. Matthew and St. Paul's *Epistles*, they scattered their heretical seeds, which in copies artfully dispersed in the libraries of convents, before printing was known, have since sprung up, and produced such *baneful* doctrines. "So elaborate," says father Hardouin, "were these *atrocious reasoners* in the cause of atheism, against the holy catholic faith," but he forgets to mention how very implicit their credulity, and

how very hood-winked they were on most other subjects.

He boldly accuses Austin, Ambrose, Wickliffe, Luther, Calvin, the Jansenists, and a long train of their *deluded* followers, of industriously attacking the true religion in favour of infidelity. It is a curious circumstance worthy the attention of an impartial and philosophic reader to perceive how this Antæus of literary doubt, dwindles when he touches the sandy ground of ecclesiastic tradition, into the meekest dwarf of papistical insatiation and blind credulity. Some of the noblest and most pleasing monuments of the Christian revelation, ancient learning and elegant mythology, even St. Matthew and St. Paul are to be sacrificed, because they tell against another church.

This author has hit on the art (Jesuit like) of introducing in a work, which roused the attention of the learned world, some of the fundamental doctrines in favour of the holy see, where one would not have expected to meet with them; he has ingeniously handled and set in new points of view the logical jargon, solecisms and absurdities of Mariana and Bellarmine.

I read his book as a literary curiosity, I was pleased with his classical style and language, it gave me (as is the case with many other books) much entertainment, but carried no conviction with it. Dr. Warburton was compared to Hardouin by some of his controversial adversaries, which nettled him very much; he called the comparison insolent and injurious, yet Pere Hardouin was a lamb,

compared to the Bishop of Gloucester.

HASLANG, Count, Bavarian ambassador at the court of Great Britain, for almost half a century, and the favorite companion of King George the Second.

The Count is not introduced in this place, as an instance of diplomatic acuteness, or intellectual brilliancy, for which he was never remarkable, but for the purpose of reciting part of a letter, now before me, written during the last reign, which would be no bad appendage, by way of note, to a future edition of Lord Chesterfield's Letters.

"You know," says the letter writer, who had in his time been a man of business as well as pleasure, "you know, and often converse with Count Haslang. I neither over-rate, nor I believe under-value his abilities, when I say they enable him to write an official letter to the Electoral Court, to say yes or no to a plain question, and to follow suit at the king's card parties, from which he never is absent. Yet with these, and a few other acquirements, he enjoys, in common with the pages and gentlemen-ushers, you see how highly favored he is; looked up to by the ladies as a compleat gentleman, and your friend the Colonel says, in his usual *clever* way, he is sure he could tell the Count was a nobleman and a courtier, if he was introduced into a room, with only his head peeping out of a sack.

"These and other high flying compliments, which I have often heard, and though I durst not contradict,

tradict, could never heartily subscribe to, have induced me to study Haslang's character. I find him as you may suppose, well versed in the ceremonies, and minute etiquettes of a court, of few words, and formal manners; but I soon discovered the whole of a secret, by which he has gained, and still supports, such general attachment; it is, in a word, attention, rigid, incessant, vigilant, marked attention to every person, object, and subject, before him, however insipid or disgusting, trifling or minute. I have caught him listening with apparent eagerness to the forriest of tattle, and the dullest of dull stories, which beginning without interest, and ending without meaning, would have perplexed Job, and have lulled his termagant to sleep.

"Whilst the majority of courtiers are candidates for favor, by dint of talents and application, by public eloquence or private accomplishment, his purpose appears to have been compleatly answered by the humbler means of indefatigable observance, and by patiently listening to the harangues of other people."

HAWK. The extraordinary annual flight of a bird of this species, is introduced in this place, to attract the notice of naturalists, and provoke useful discussion.

It was taken very young from the nest, and brought up so tame and gentle, that it follows its master, an inhabitant of Northleach, in the county of Gloucester; but in the month of April, regularly takes its flight, every year, and as constantly returns the following September, adopting the customary

habits of a domestic animal. This practice the bird has followed for seven years successively, without the owner, or any person in the neighbourhood being able to account for its absence, or its having ever been seen in the interval; though considerable pains have been taken, by confining it for a time previous to the season of its departure, and by watching the direction of its flight.

HAWKINS, Sir JOHN, an historian of music without taste, a biographer of Dr. Johnson without the necessary information, but useful as a justice of peace, and respectable as Chairman at a quarter sessions. But our aspiring magistrate was not content, 'till he had essayed to twine the laurel round his civic crown, an attempt which attaching a ridicule to the solemn pedantry of his character, has been unmercifully lashed by the satirists and poets of his day. He considers all modern music as absurd and unnatural, and in what he calls a history of that science, after neglecting or slightly mentioning persons and circumstances the most obviously interesting, devotes page after page to the petty detail of obscure clubs, alehouse biography, and chimney-corner anecdote, which he relates with the minute precision of a conveyancer.

The honor of being knighted by his present majesty, and the more substantial comfort of keeping a coach, are circumstances which appear to have strongly predominated in his mind, as he mentions them with considerable triumph and satisfaction; but it was rather inconsistent in a severe declaimer

declaimer against the loose morals and eccentricities of the age, and an aged magistrate, to preserve several indecent ballads, from that oblivion to which they would otherwise have been consigned. It has been said of his life of Dr. Johnson, that he knows and relates more of every other person introduced in the book, than of the man he undertook to describe.

Sir John may be stiled a raker together of antiquarian fragments, a scavenger among dusty shelves and obsolete chronicles, who collects with assiduity, the venerable rubbish of other times, from books which few can and few will read. The writer of this article presumes he has some claim to the unenvied praise of patient diligence and indefatigable resolution, for he once waded through the five oppressive quarto volumes of the knight, who having commenced a work, for which he was by no means qualified, conducted it without judgement, and concluded it in a manner uncreditable to himself, unpleasant and unprofitable to his readers.

HAYLEY, WILLIAM, a sensible writer, and harmonious versifier, the poet of rational liberty, who exhibited early in life, every appearance of idiotism, but the clouds of fatuity being gradually dispelled, he has attained considerable eminence as a poet and a biographer; the notes to some of his epistles, please me beyond most modern commentaries, and confirm my former opinion, that although his imagination may not be highly creative, his judgment is critically exact.

The sentiments of gratitude he

expresses to a good mother, for her unceasing cares and anxieties during his infancy and childhood, are truly poetic, elegant, and interesting, they come from the heart.

" 'Twas thine, with constant
love thro' ling'ring years,
To bathe an idiot orphan with
thy tears;

—— Thy child, from pow'r's
above,
Receiv'd the sense to feel and
bless thy love."

A satirical writer, who, in a fictitious vacancy of the laureatship, makes Mr. Hayley one of the candidates, has pronounced the following sentence on him with more severity I think than justice, though not without truth in *some* of the remarks:

" The polish'd period, the smooth
flowing line,
And faultless texture, all must
own, are thine;
For these thy rank thou shalt un-
envied keep,
While all must praise, but while
they praise they sleep:
No flames of genius through thy
verses burn,
Languor and sweetness take their
place by turn,
Nor force or vigour there ——

Select in phrase, in ripen'd judg-
ment cool,
Deep hast thou studied the Italian
school,
Correctly cold thy wishes here
are vain."

Yet who can read without emotion his descriptive complaints of the rare and tardy rewards of ill-fated genius? Who can contemplate without a sigh, if not a tear,
the

the affecting picture (and a picture it surely is, drawn in glowing colours) of the death bed of Chatterton, where that unhappy suicide "drains the poisoned phial, tears the strings from his once loved lyre, and dies in the phrenzy of despair."

I remember perusing his *Triumphs of Temper*, with alternate pleasure and disappointment; in those cantos, which carry on the narrative, I experienced much amusement; the charming but *faultless* *Serena* and her maiden aunt, with nothing remaining but the ghost of her beauty, who scolds her niece, and snatches from her hand a novel, which she pockets for her own perusal; and the whig turned to a tory in his elbow chair, are conceived and introduced with much happy humour. But my attention was fatigued, and my ideas confused by those alternate cantos, which describe the subterraneous voyages of his heroine and her guide. I will not deny that they exhibit many happy imitations of Dante, much splendid imagery, and that the great moral truths are inculcated in them, by apt and elegant allegories.

A French author used to read his productions to an old domestic, and found that the parts she relished, were generally most agreeable to the public. At the first publication of this poem, on the eve of my departure for the country, I put it in my portmanteau, and among my rural friends read it to occasional circles; those to whom I read the *whole*, regularly yawned before it was finished, and said they did not see much in it. Taught by experience, to others I

read only the narrative cantos, and they were, without exception, highly entertained by the production. The decision of such critics will not perhaps have much weight with the learned. Yet, after all, it is for the public we write, and if we wish to instruct, we *must* amuse; in other words, write what people will read; and, after making allowance for newspaper puffs, and lying title pages, numerous editions of a work will be found, generally speaking, good tests of merit in a book.

Mr. Hayley's compliment to his favourites, ancient virgins, beginning,

"'Twas theirs to press all selfish views above,

A sister's offspring with parental love," &c.

is happy, and applicable to life. Our poet's admonitions on the subject of sweetmeats and preserves, which are too often deceitful vehicles for drams and liqueurs, is well managed; their destructive effects are strikingly held up to view, and this useful piece of satire was extremely well timed and necessary, when our women of fashion were sinking into all the gross abuse of what I once called a gin-shop in masquerade. The figure of the fiend *Ennui*, though monstrous, and bordering on caricature, is just, but the odious simile taken from that kind of serpent which, by a particular and nauseous process, has the power of swallowing beasts larger than itself, however applicable and resembling, ought not to have been introduced. For in poetry, as in the intercourse of mankind, truth, particularly when disgusting, is not always

always to be told; a judicious selection of pleasing objects, of agreeable, but appropriate resemblances, is the criterion of a man of taste, and a good writer.

HEIDIGGER, a clergyman's son, of Zurich, in Switzerland, who flying from the embarrassments of a love intrigue, in which he had been detected, and after trying various expedients, as a domestic and an humble companion, in different parts of Europe, was at last warmly patronized in England, and appointed superintendant and director of masquerades, operas, and other entertainments, to George the Second.

With a countenance so ugly as to attract the notice and disgust of all who met him, with ghastly features, which puzzled even Hogarth to represent, and with the habits of a glutton, he is said to have possessed a considerable portion of taste and judgment, in a species of amusement, to which, without accurately examining the justice of our decision, the terms elegant and refined have been given. The necessity of depositing, on such occasions, our discriminating faculties with our guineas, and the impossibility of reconciling sense with sound, it is not my business to discuss; yet a few visits to that scene of sin and insipidity, a modern masquerade will sufficiently convince us, that as we close up the avenues to shame and feeling, in the same proportion, we shut out the liveliness of wit, and the cheerfulness of social merriment, while the dull monotony of "Do you know me?" in unceasing repetition, is only interrupted by the roar of

intoxication, or the whispers of obscenity.

As master of the revels to the old King and the Countess of Yarmouth, our adventurer gave considerable satisfaction, and was so much caressed by the nobility and gentry, that an assembly, ball, or indeed any public festival, was thought incomplete, unless Mr. Heidigger condescended to preside. It was in the high tide of prosperity and fashion, that he resided in the mansion at Barn-Elms, now occupied by Mr. Hoare, where he was called Count Eager by the neighbouring poor, to whom he was very charitable. At this place he had the honor of giving a public entertainment to his royal master, with illuminations, music, and a supper fit for a king. For many years he continued to levy large contributions on the court and public; but, though his income was great, he never accumulated a fortune; his chief gratification, being eating and drinking, which he indulged to excess, at an enormous expence.

At a gala he once gave to a large company, it was debated, which nation in Europe had the best founded claim to ingenuity: after various opinions had been given, he claimed that character for the Swiss, appealing to himself as a convincing proof of it. "I was born a Swiss, in a country, where, had I continued to tread in the steps of my simple but honest forefathers, twenty pounds a year would have been the utmost that art or industry could have procured me. With an empty purse, a solitary coat on my back, and *almost* two

two shirts, I arrived in England, and by the munificence of a generous prince, and the liberality of a wealthy nation, am now at the head of a table, covered with the delicacies of the season, and wines from different quarters of the globe; I am honored with the company, and enjoy the approbation of, the first characters of the age, in rank, learning, arms, and arts, with an income of five thousand pounds a year. Now I defy any individual of any country in Europe, how highly soever he may be gifted, to go to Switzerland, and raise such a sum there, or even to spend it."

This address, which Heidigger would scarcely have had resolution to utter, but from the glowing impulse of wine and good fellowship, may be considered as the artful panegyric of a grateful minion, or the keen satire of a successful adventurer, insulting and ridiculing his dupes; the glass, however, circulated, and he continued a routine of pleasure and profit, to the year 1749, when he died, at the age of ninety; having composed several operas, and occasionally distributing large sums for the relief of the unfortunate and poor.

HELOISE—for a vindication of the principles, but not the conduct, of this extraordinary woman, which have been notoriously misrepresented, see Pope, Alexander.

HENRY the Fifth of England, the hero of Shakespeare, the companion of many a Falstaff, a character which, though proved, in justice to a worthy man, to be fictitious, will be found to exist in most luxurious reigns. This

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Prince, who united the keen relish for pleasure, and convivial disposition of Charles the Second, with the warlike talents of the Black Prince, did not, when he mounted the throne, suffer the fascinations of sensuality, that bane of rising manhood, to seduce him from the path of duty, but shook off the degrading society of pot-valiant swaggerers, rakehells, drunkards, and buffoons, as a lion shakes from his mane the morning dew, and finished a short, but brilliant reign, with glory and success.

The pride of England, and the scourge of France, is mentioned in this place, for the purpose of remarking a frequent, a preposterous, and often a fatal mistake, in young men, placed by birth or accident in the ascents of dominion, rank, and wealth. Perceiving that the most illustrious characters of ancient and modern times, in every instance on record, save one, have all had an alloy of baseness, some absurd weakness, or pernicious indulgence; these high-born, or wealthy idols of greatness, without one ray of the glories of a Tudor or a Plantagenet, have been ambitious of imitating or outstripping them, only in the culpable and most exceptionable obliquities of their character.

A varnished, splendid minion, void of the endearing qualities, and commanding virtues, of the Dictator, because he has ruined the peace of half a score families, by nuptial infidelity, and himself, by boundless profusion, shall imagine, that he has a well-founded claim to the fame of the first Cæsar. Another, hearing *mentioned* with

G g applause,

applause, for it would puzzle him to read, the rigid military institutions, and the profound philosophic scepticism of a Frederic, shall fancy himself entitled to similar approbation, because he flogs soldiers into machines, or by the awe of frowning hauteur, looks them into statues; or, lastly, that he equals the royal reasoner of Sans Souci, by a bare-faced, irrational, and irreverend defiance of God and man.

I have also observed, not without pleasure, that the hero of Agincourt is censured by cotemporary historians, for a want of generosity; his exhausting and expensive wars in France, in some degree, perhaps, disabled him from exercising his bounty on every occasion, but there is abundant reason to conclude, from his quick-conception, and in general his just mode of thinking, that he considered profusion in kings, or their descendants, under whatever title it may be disguised, by flattery and selfishness, as little better than robbery and plunder, from the people they govern, for whose happiness and comfort they are accountable to the Creator of the world. If it be the office of Yorick's recording angel to commemorate the virtues and good actions of statesmen or of kings, one tax on the necessities of life repealed, or one burden which presses hard on the lower orders of society, removed, will be considered in the celestial archives, as rendering a more essential service to mankind, and bestow a fame more truly great, than all that monuments can hold forth, historians celebrate, or parliaments decree.

HODGES, NICHOLAS, a London physician of benevolence and intrepidity, who, when the greater part of his brethren were flying in all directions from the plague of 1665, gloriously persevered in his professional functions. Yet this worthy man, with all his philanthropy, and all his well-applied firmness, drew his last breath in a jail; a circumstance often mentioned with sympathy, and almost with tears, by Dr. Johnson, and produced by his biographer, as a proof, that the heart of our great moralist was not composed of such unfeeling materials, as it has been sometimes described by his enemies.

Other instances might be given, in which the stern temperament of the Rambler exhibited a considerable share of sensibility; exposed early in life to the storms of adversity, the ravages of disease, and the disappointments of patronage, he felt experimentally for the sick, the forsaken, and the poor; he was always charitable, and sometimes generous; perhaps a more than common stimulus, an object peculiarly hopeless and forlorn, was necessary to make the requisite impression:

“*Parcere subjectis, debellare, superbos,*”

appears, however, to have been a prevalent axiom in his intercourse with mankind. A dornouse in distress might have claimed, and would have found, assistance and solace; but a lion, had that lion affected superiority or command, would have provoked opposition, perhaps have invited attack.

Johnson, like other men, sometimes affected a savageness of manners,

ners, opposite to his natural disposition, in order to ward off or counteract the insidious designs of selfishness and cunning; and those temporary suppressions of mercy, which often surprize and sometimes shock us in persons, whom we have been taught to consider as tender and humane, will more frequently be found to originate from a fear of being duped, than from actual avarice or hardness of heart.

Were I invested with the prerogatives of Omnipotence, I know not a task in which I should more readily and more eagerly engage, than in diminishing evil, soothing calamity, and removing distress; but if ever I met with instances, in which an appearance of them was only made use of for the base purposes of imposition, I am fearful I should punish such obliquities with many stripes. To relieve depressed honesty and take unassuming merit by the hand, is the greatest of pleasures; but to punish a scoundrel, and expose the artifices of an impostor, must afford considerable satisfaction.

HORSE, a noble animal, alternately caressed and abused, by the avarice, the cruelty, the unskilfulness, or caprice of mankind, and described with animation by Buffon who blends poetic enthusiasm with the beauties of Natural History.

While an additional, a cruel speed is communicated to commercial intercourse, public intelligence or private correspondence, and considerable estates often depend on a three-mile heat, I see with pleasure, that the gratitude, or the quick-sighted self interest of the age, has directed public attention,

to the medical treatment of the generous steed, who in the important and interesting junctures of love, business and war, so essentially contributes to the interest, the pleasure, and often the preservation of his master.

I would pay a just tribute of applause to the promoters of the VETERNARY COLLEGE, which promises to rescue a much injured race, from the hands of ignorant pretenders; yet I anticipate with concern, various obstacles in the way of improvement, from our want of knowledge of remote and proximate causes; from the impossibility of patients of this description giving any information; and from inveterate prejudice, which in this, as in every other attempt at improvement, will rise up in arms, to combat with violence or ridicule, every deviation from the beaten road.

In my rural wanderings, I have occasionally ventured to stand forth, in behalf of an aged, a diseased, or a wounded horse, and have ventured to observe that Aloes, Diapente, and grains of Paradise, those regular ingredients in the prescriptions of a country farrier, could not in every instance be proper remedies, that the famous horse balls bought at a neighbouring town, *might* be injurious, as they were recommended in affections of the most opposite nature; that hot messes, clos'd-up stables, and multiplied body-cloaths *might* be injurious to an exhausted, perhaps a feverish creature, who gave every indication of the most earnest longing for cool drink, green meat, gentle exercise, and fresh air. I have presumed to say, that

an indiscriminate use of the fleam, rowelling, blistering, and cramming into sores and wounds, hard pieces of tow, *armed* with turpentine, precipitate, and caustic oils, might sometimes be productive of mischief: my suggestions in most instances, have been laughed at or neglected, and were often repaid with the abuse of irritated brutality, or the cant of insulting imposture.

I lament that certain writers on these subjects, have in the violence of altercation descended to personal malignity; in so wide a field for conjecture, both parties must sometimes be right, and occasionally mistaken in their ideas. In the treatment or prevention of the diseases of dumb creatures, much remains to unlearn; as from superstitious impression, chimerical theory and rash conclusions, our predecessors frequently pursued means injurious, or inadequate, without a clear conception of the end they had in view.

This article must not conclude without noticing the *improved* celerity of our mail conveyance; I trust, without offence, to the well paid acuteness of Mr. Palmer, or the industry of Mr. Bonner. I wish not to disturb the slumbers of self-approbation, or exasperate official disputes, but, let me ask them as men of feeling, if any advantages procured by the modern harrasing arrangements, can compensate for annually torturing, and putting to a cruel death, hundreds of animals, superior in every respect to the savages who lash and destroy them. Devoting the portion of time allotted them, to intoxication or contraband traffic,

they endeavour to make up for their own unnecessary delays, by a merciless exercise of their infernal whips, on the bleeding flanks and panting sides of their exhausted cattle.—But hark! the object of their ardent wishes is attained, the smoking vehicle rattles o'er the pavement, the time-piece is triumphantly produced, and the appointed hour is kept; for what is all this hurry, bustle, and confusion, this labour by day, this uproar at night? The politician is enabled to have the morning intelligence served up with his evening coffee; the stock-broker buys advantageously in the three per cents; the merchant is cheered with orders and remittances; the impatient damsel is solaced by amorous effusions from her lover; the aristocrate and democrat, are alternately enraptured or mortified, by regal triumphs or popular defeats: but, in the name of mercy or common sense, would not every one of these points be as effectually answered, by the mails arriving two, three, or four hours later? without such cruel, such excessive efforts, which, in matters of life, death, or great national concern, might *perhaps* be excused.

An instance is I fear on record, of a blood, *a faiber or a fiend* of the turf, possessed of a powerful horse, which had won several plates by matchless efforts. Such repeated successes in any breast but that of a brute, would have raised emotions of gratitude and kindness, but in this instance only served to excite the sordid avarice of its owner; who tempted by an immense sum reduced this excellent animal to the state of a gelding,

ing, and (horrid to tell) immediately after the bloody operation, urged him to another race, in which the poor creature was successful, but dropped dead as they led him to the stable.

Instead of mentioning so inhuman, so execrable a transaction, under an engraving, with wonder and almost approbation; had I possessed the power, I would instantly have ordered the cannibal to be bound hand and foot, and after retaliating on the worthless biped, the injuries of the generous quadruped, our connoisseur in horse flesh should have been flogged over the race-ground, and shared his punishment with a party of mail coachmen, post-masters, hard-hearted projectors, post-boys, and foolish unfeeling young men, infamous for riding horses to death, whom, for the sake of their families, I forbear to mention.

Would it be credited, did not daily experience prove the fact, that man, a creature endowed with reason, should deduce to himself any merit from the painful exertions of an animal whipped and spurred almost to death; that, from the circumstance of lashing and goading a poor horse, over a certain space of ground, in a short time, a creature in boots and buckskin, should be looked up to as an extraordinary and highly-gifted personage. On these occasions, such heroes might be addressed in the language of a satirical poet:

Say, dear Hypolitus, whose drink
is ale,

Whose erudition is a Christmas
tale;

Whose mistress is saluted with
a smack,

And friend receiv'd with thump
upon his back,
When thy sleek gelding nimbly
leaps the mound,
And Ringwood opens on the
tainted ground;
Is this *thy* praise, let Ringwood's
praise alone,
Just Ringwood leaves each ani-
mal his own:
Nor envies when a gypsie you
commit,
And shake the clumsy bench
with country wit;
When you the dullest of dull
things have said,
And then ask pardon for the
jest you made.

To render the personification more appropriate to modern times, for I fear our country 'quires who drink ale and laugh at their own stories, are almost vanished from amongst us; Port wine, Hoyle, or the Racing Calendar, must be substituted for Ale and Christmas erudition; and, instead of the bench which dispenses rural justice, our present 'quires will be found lounging their mornings at the subscription house, or galloping in Rotten-row; bawling for the question, or swallowing bumpers at Westminster in the evening, and finishing the night, or themselves, in Pall-mall or St. James's-street.

HORSLEY, SAMUEL, an English Bishop, a defender of ecclesiastical establishments, an antagonist of Dr. Priestley, and a seceder from the Royal Society, at a period, when "the chair in which Newton once presided, the bauble on the table, and a circle of feeble amateurs," were the objects of his animated declamation,
and

and well directed invective. Had our zealous Bishop exerted his episcopal vigor only on proper occasions, much severe censure on undue interference had been avoided, and many a triumphant sarcasm from the enemies of our national church.

"Sir William Mansell," said the subject of this article, in a circular letter to the clergy of his diocese, "Sir William Mansell, has declared himself a candidate to represent the Borough of Carmarthen, and I cannot refrain from declaring, that he has my anxious and heartiest good wishes. Mr. Phillips, the present member, has received the thanks of the Dissenters, for the part he took in a late attempt to repeal the corporation and test acts, by which it is easy to guess at his conduct in any future attack. I hope, therefore, I shall not have the mortification to find a single clergyman who will be so false to his character and duty, as to give his vote to any man who discovers such principles."

To this extra-official and unconstitutional threat of the Bishop, in two instances a severe and mortifying reply was given, his influence was generally and successfully resisted or despised, and Mr. Phillips, an honest, independent country gentleman, of amiable manners, a member of the church of England, but an enemy to persecution, was elected by a decisive majority.

A lapse so indecorous, which, I am convinced, Dr. Horsley's good sense and cooler judgment have taught him the impropriety of, reminds me of an application

made by a secretary of state, in the reign of the unprincipled Charles the Second, to the spirited Countess of Dorset. The name of the court minion, and the letter he wrote, are buried in the oblivion they deserve, but the answer of the undaunted female is upon record, and worthy of recital.

SIR,

I have been bullied by a usurper, I have been neglected by a court; but I will never be dictated to by a minister.

Your man shan't stand.

ANN DORSET and MONTGOMERY.

This article ought not to close, without lamenting, that the forms of a constitution so excellently modelled as the English, should in so many instances be evaded or broken through, and that it should be in the power of any person, however exalted by place, rank, or fortune, to *nominate* members for a House of Commons, who ought to be the pure representatives of the people; an observation equally applicable to the issuer of official mandates from Downing-street, the fortunate possessor of a borough under a burgage tenure, and the proprietor of the deserted, but productive spot, once occupied by Old Sarum.

The following letter of the Earl of Leicester, to the Corporation of Andover, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, occurs with its original spelling, on the present occasion.

To my very loving Friends the Bayliffes, Aldermen, and the rest of the Town of Andover.

"After my hearty commendations; whereas it hath pleased her majesty to appoint a parliament to
be

be presentlie called: Being steward of your towne, I make bould heartilie to pray you that you would give me the nomination of one of your burgessees for the same: and yf mynding to avoyde the chardges of allowance for the other burgesse you meane to name anie that is not of your towne, yf you will bestow the nomination of the other burgesse also upon me, I will thank you for it, and will both appoynt a sufficient man, and discharge you of all charges in that behaulfe, and so praying your speedie answer herein, I thus bid you right heartilie farewell."

In his controversy with the unitarian doctor, the Prelate of Rochester, exulting with success, has been compared to St. Nicholas, who, in the zeal of orthodoxy, or the exertion of episcopal vigor, at the Council of Nice, finding Arius unconvinced by his arguments, thought himself justified in having recourse to manual correction, and actually gave him a box on the ear. In this species of contest, I fancy the diminutive form of Dr. Priestley must have yielded to the muscular arm of his more able bodied antagonist.

The late Address to his Majesty, from the Dean and Chapter of Westminster, has been thought curious.

"We your Majesty's most dutiful and loyal subjects, the Dean and Chapter of St. Peter, Westminster, crave permission to throw ourselves at your feet! To express, what words can express, the part we take in the general joy, on your Majesty's late escape, from the designs, and outrageous attempts of treason! We reflect,

with grief and horror, that there should exist in the country, hearts to meditate and hands to execute, so atrocious a design! With your invaluable life, had the horrid attempt succeeded, the happiness of the country had been extinguished: your royal throne overturned; the constitution subverted, and the national church laid in ruins!!!

Our hearts overflow with gratitude to God, that, in preservation of your Majesty, averted the dreadful mischief! And our prayers daily ascend to the Almighty, that he would continue to watch over your Majesty, for good; and over your enemies, for evil!!!"

HOWE, Sir WILLIAM, Commander in chief of the British army, during part of the American war, who would not have been mentioned in this place, but for a singular and improper ceremony, which took place on his leaving America; a country, which I believe no one will deny that he left unconquered.

With what propriety a Mischianza, consisting of triumphal arches, tilts, tournaments, and dances, where knights and squires, celebrated with their damsels, in midnight song, the praises of their general, I cannot conceive. A festival so various and expensive in its parts, so gaudy, sumptuous, and elaborate in its decorations, must have required a long and previous preparation. Nor was it consistent with unassuming modesty, the companion of real merit, which ever industriously avoids the mobs' huzza, the crowds' unmeaning stare; to suffer such splendid mockery, such misapplied mummery to be exhibited. Sir William's

William's not forbidding it, clearly proves, that it met with his approbation, and his approving it, was evidently wrong.

A military man, who was a spectator, and I suspect an assister, feels himself hurt at my strictures on this transatlantic gala; and observes, that Sir William, in this instance, submitted to the wishes of his officers, contrary to his own opinion; that the whole affair, independent of, and without any view to the general success of the war, was designed merely as a professional compliment to a commander generally respected; I introduce with pleasure this comment on a proceeding, which seemed to require explanation.

Howard
2. Dec. 97
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HOWARD, JOHN, a benevolent reformer of hospitals and prisons, who animated by practical philanthropy, personally and minutely inspected most of the lazarettos and places of confinement in Europe, and with a consistent pride, firmly rejected the proposed design of a respectable number of friends to humanity, who had subscribed a sum of money for erecting a statue to his memory during his life; a testimony of national gratitude which has been performed with singular excellence, since his death, in the Cathedral of St. Paul.

"The plan of Mr. Howard," said a parliamentary orator, "is original, and it is as full of genius as it is of humanity. He has visited all Europe, not to survey the sumptuousness of palaces, or the stateliness of temples, not to make accurate measurements of ancient grandeur, nor to form a scale of the curiosities of modern art, not

to collect medals, or to collate manuscripts:—but to dive into the depth of dungeons, to plunge into the infection of hospitals, to survey the mansions of sorrow and pain; to take the gauge and dimensions of misery, depression, and contempt; to remember the forgotten, to attend to the neglected, to visit the forsaken, and to compare and collate the distresses of all men in all countries."

Solitude, labour, temperance, and moral instruction, with a scrupulous attention to cleanliness, warmth, and ventilation, are his great principles of reform. To mitigate human calamity, to check vice, to subdue the refractory, and soothe the repenting, to reclaim rather than punish, were the darling objects of his wishes; objects surely worthy the attention of every wise and humane government.

But while the public, as well as individuals, are dispensing comfort to the unfortunate, and purifying the dungeons of guilt, it is much to be wished, that some of Mr. Howard's suggestions may be attended to, in the construction or alteration of our places of worship and public amusement: that burying grounds, noxious trades, and stagnant waters, might be removed from the metropolis, and indeed from all cities or large provincial towns. Neglecting these important objects, we incur the hazard of damp walls, injurious currents of air, pestilential vapour, or noisome exhalation; and too often imbibe the seeds of disease and death in our hours of devotion, business, and rational amusement.

This worthy member of society, after devoting the greater portion
of

of his life and fortune to charitable exertion, fell a victim to the plague at Cherson, a place he had visited with a view of investigating the nature and treatment of that tremendous scourge of the East, whose ravages are continued by the incautious predestinarian doctrines of the Musselmén. This advocate for the distressed of mankind, this ambassador of peace and compassion, was frequently admitted to an audience with crowned heads; need I add, that the glorious task he was engaged in, rendered him frequently their superior. In an interview with the late Emperor, Joseph the Second, Mr. Howard was expatiating, with an honest warmth, on the comfortless and pernicious state of the Austrian and Hungarian prisons, and the shocking situation of the prisoners. The Emperor, who valued himself on a code of penal laws, more efficacious, but less sanguinary, than the English, was nettled, and replied, "I don't use them worse than you do in England, where you hang them up by dozens at a time." "Very true," replied Howard, "but permit me to assure your majesty, that I had rather be *hang'd* in England, than *live* in your German dungeons." He soon took leave; "in truth," said Joseph, "this little Englishman is no flatterer."

It has been remarked, that marriage, which in most instances takes place from mental attachment, interest, or desire, was, in Mr. Howard, the spontaneous effect of gratitude and justice, undebased by selfishness or carnal appetite.

At an early period, a dangerous and lingering disease had reduced

him to the lowest state of languor, the current of life was propelled with difficulty, negligence would have been certain death; and he, who was afterwards instrumental in dispensing health and comfort to thousands, owed his existence to good nursing. On this occasion, the woman at whose house he lodged exhibited so much vigilant care, and unceasing attention, that he considered her as the actual preserver of his life; and conceiving that she must have some affection for a man in whose behalf she had so warmly and assiduously interested herself, though she was twenty years older than himself, and not very attractive, in her person, after his recovery, he married her, supposing, with a mixture of benevolence and harmless vanity, that he could not bestow on her a more valuable compensation than himself.

"This worthy character," says a late writer, "was singular in the common habits of life; he preferred damp sheets, linen, and clothes, and, both riding and going to bed, swathed himself with coarse towels dipped in the coldest water he could get; in that state he remained half an hour, and then threw them off, freshened and invigorated, as he said, beyond measure. He never put on a great coat in the coldest countries, nor had been a minute before or after the time of appointment, for six-and-twenty years. He never continued at a place, or with a person, a single day beyond the period fixed for going, in his whole life; and he had not, for the last sixteen years of his existence, ate any fish, flesh, or fowl, but sat down to his simple fare of

tea, milk, and rusks. His journeys were from prison to prison, from one groupe of wretched beings to another, night and day; and, where he could not go with a carriage, he would ride; if that was hazardous, he would walk, but suffered no obstructions, moral or physical, to impede the progress of his philanthropy."

HUNTER, WILLIAM, a physician and anatomist, with a considerable share of that sagacity peculiar to the inhabitants of Scotland, his native country, in which learning is procured at a cheaper rate, and of course more generally diffused. This circumstance, enables Scotchmen to avail themselves of those fortunate contingencies, which are said, at one time or other, to present themselves to every man, but which the illiterate, the dull, the indolent, or the sensual, either neglect, or cannot avail themselves of.

He came to London with no other resources than industry and professional knowledge, but found them ample and sufficient. As a lecturer and accoucheur, he gradually advanced into notice; and I have been told, by medical men, that from his own acuteness, assisted by the ingenious Mr. Hewson, he made considerable and useful discoveries, in a system of vessels, called lymphatics. He also published a series of copper-plates, on subjects in his own particular branch of practice; a splendid and expensive work, aided by every assistance that accuracy, or first-rate artists could furnish. It frequently afforded him matter of regret, that anatomical descriptions were too often servilely copied

from former writers, to save the trouble of actual inspection by dissecting; a charge, which I have never heard produced against himself.

Being a single man, and not expensive, his fortune increased with his fame, and he was enabled to build himself a capacious house, and theatre, with a museum for the reception of his books, medals, preparations, and other curiosities: He had previously applied, by letter, to a secretary of state, to know if a piece of ground, in a proper situation, could be granted him by government, as he considered it a national object. But ministers have other things to attend to, and Dr. Hunter's letter was buried and forgot among American negotiations, or the bustle of contested elections.

Conscious of the eminence on which he stood, which placed him as a benefactor to mankind, far above courtiers or kings, he took fire at the treatment, and addressed the secretary in manly, bold, but respectful language; told his lordship, he was not asking a favor, but conferring one, that he would give him no further trouble on the subject, being resolved to rely rather on his own private resources, than public generosity.

A happy and peculiar art of communicating instruction, was the distinct characteristic merit of Dr. Hunter: clear, concise, and patient, he amused the volatile, while he fixed their attention: the dull of comprehension and the timid, he led by the hand, with the anxiety and temper of a parent: the ardent, the curious, and the diligent,
he

he interested, gratified, and rewarded. Few men sent pupils into the world with more obligations to their professor. "Be diligent, deserve well, and you *must* succeed," was his animating advice to young men.

I have seen lines on his death, in which, this didactic qualification is adverted to.

Cold is that hand, which nature's
paths display'd,

Dead are those lips on which in-
struction hung;

Fix'd are those eyes, enlivening
all he said;

For ever mute is that persuasive
tongue!

When a dry subject claim'd the
winter's eve,

With useful knowledge he the
pleasing mix'd;

The tir'd attention he would
oft relieve,

While striking anecdotes the doc-
trine fix'd.

When fancy, warm, too oft will
lead astray,

Blest be that art which guides
our youthful hours,

To eminence, helps up the ar-
duous way,

And strews instruction's rugged
path with flow'rs.

The wreath of myrtle for his
tomb prepare;

Fold round his urn the philoso-
phic robe;

Let Fame and Gratitude be
pictur'd there;

He health and science spread o'er
half the globe.

In pursuits highly useful to the world, and delightful to himself, he lived to a good old age, and was never happier, than when he could assist the unfortunate with advice,

(in which the writer of this article has been a witness to his disinterestedness) could render service to science, or gratify and amuse the curious, by exhibiting his museum.

It has been justly observed by a writer, speaking of Dr. Hunter, "That we do not often meet with that liberality of disposition, which makes the possessors of collections eager to communicate their stores, and to diffuse both the taste for science, as well as the means for gratifying it. Contented with their own enjoyments, or the limited applause of a narrow circle, they desire no more. To collect is often to hide. A contrary conduct does not always ensure applause; and those, whom the cynic cannot censure as avaricious, he will sometimes despise as vain."

Dr. Hunter has been accused of affectation in his last moments, those awful, decisive moments, which commonly strip from human vanity every disguise. "Had I a pen, and were I able to write," said the Anatomist, within half an hour of his death, "I would describe how easy and pleasant a thing it is to die."

This circumstance, which I relate on the faith of one of his relations, is not without an appearance of ostentation; it seems as if he wished to exhibit himself as free from those prejudices and fears so common, perhaps so salutary, to man, assailed by the alternate dangers of inordinate exultation, and overwhelming despair. But let us remember, that few men were qualified, like our acute and indefatigable professor, by philosophy, science, and well-directed effort,

effort, to soar above the groveling and earth born ideas of the million, who seem born only to die :

Et spectare solem, et fruges consumere nati.

To a man so highly gifted, who for more than half a century had been unremittingly engaged in diffusing useful knowledge, or diminishing human calamity, the King of Terrors must have been deprived of half his frowns, his approach considered as kind nature's signal of release; not so to the sensualist, the degrader of his species and himself, the bad minister, or the profligate prince, cut off in life's mid-day, during an unvaried course of polluted pleasure, and sent to their account with all their imperfections on their heads.

Besides, expiring in the extreme of old age, may almost literally be denominated sinking to sleep, for the seat of sensation, and the fountain of reason, are almost dried up, the nerves, those instruments of action and re-action, have well nigh lost their tone and irritability, and the candle of life is finally burnt to the socket.

IDENTITY OF STATUES.

I This short article is meant as a friendly hint for antiquarians and connoisseurs. To these gentlemen, perhaps, it may not generally be known, that the equestrian statue in Leicester-square, was originally meant for King William the Third; but, from a change of times, politics, convenience, or inclination, the unoffending figure of the great Nassau was mutilated, and the head of George the Second, as it now presents itself, added to the trunk of our great deliverer.

In such cases, it probably is not essential that there be any very accurate resemblance in bulk or stature, provided the cast of countenance and form of features resemble. Otherwise, I apprehend, there was as much difference between the emaciated form of the Friezlander, and the plump rotundity of the Hanoverian, as between the deep policy, phlegmatic coldness, and silent reserve of one, the warm feelings, honest nature, and blunt expression of the other.

IMPULSE OF THE MOMENT.

I A remarkable example of what may be called unpremeditated instinct, is said to have been exhibited at a public entertainment, given a few years since by the King of Naples. During this scene of general festivity and mirth, the sky was suddenly overcast, the lightning flashed, and a violent thunder storm succeeded, which bursting on the palace, shattered the roof, and filled with smoke the room in which were assembled a large company, of whom Prince Orloff, Cardinal Salviati, and the late Lord Tylney, formed a part. Before the alarm, naturally produced by such a circumstance, had subsided, it was observed, that the hand of the Prince was on his sword, but his countenance unchanged; that the Cardinal was on his knees, earnestly engaged in devotion; whilst the Irish Peer, with tears in his eyes, exhibited an abject spectacle of unmanly terror and dismay.

This anecdote, for the truth of which I will not pretend to be responsible, was related at the table of a gentleman, whose wit and wine are genuine and unadulterated,

rated, but, I confess, his comment, like much of his conversation after the second bottle, his comment, which I decline repeating, was not very edifying.

The unfeeling iron temperament of a Russian, whose mistress, after the massacres and exterminations of Ismael and Warsaw, could insult her Creator with the odious and abominable mockery of a Te-Deum, it is not my business to palliate or account for; but against the ridicule so indecently poured forth on Salvati's conduct, I entered, and will again repeat, an emphatic protest. In a wreck of nature, a war of elements, and a crush of worlds, whom, I would ask these lively reasoners, whom, at such an hour, should a creature like man look up to and adore? REASON AND RELIGION INSTANTLY POINT OUT THE ALMIGHTY CREATOR OF THE UNIVERSE, to whom, on every momentous occasion, we should instinctively prostrate ourselves, with humble contrition and earnest deprecation. That in the third unworthy instance, fire poured down from heaven on a wretch who had long provoked it, should produce in his mind the anticipating horrors of hell, neither excites wonder nor deserves examination.

IRISH TRADESMAN, singular Advertisement of, copied from an Hibernian journal, and inserted in this collection, because the censure it conveys is equally applicable to either side of the channel.

TO THE PUBLIC.

"As the time is now advancing, when every man may call publicly for a REDRESS OF GRIEVANCES, I take this opportunity of mention-

ing two, which I at present labour under.

The first is, **BAD PAY**; and I earnestly beg of the country gentlemen about Belfast, to be more punctual in discharging their tradesmen's bills; as it is a great loss to mechanics to send a man and horse from six to twenty miles, and that, too, three or four times, for a bill of from forty shillings to six or ten pounds, and perhaps due two or three years. I have of such bills nearly to the amount of five hundred pounds, which I hope will be paid on the first call, as I must be in England by New Year's Day.

"My second grievance is, the **ABUSES AND INDOLENCE OF OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS**, which, if I may be allowed the expression, seem calculated only for *picking the pockets of parents*. I have five children, whom I wish to educate for situations in active life; and to avoid the injury of a public school, I will give *any honest fellow*, properly qualified for that purpose, a good bed, such victuals as I eat myself, and a fair salary by the year, if he will engage to make them fit for public business.—Although I was bred a seceder, I would prefer an Irish catholic, who speaks his mother tongue, or a *French outcast*, even if he were the brother of a king.

I will be heard of by applying to James Martin, fadler, Belfast.

JARDIN, Major, a well informed traveller and judicious engineer, but apparently neither a disciple or convert to the tactics of the Duke of Richmond. He has favored the public with Letters written in Morocco, France, and Spain; his journey forms only a small

small portion of the book, but the traveller's mental excursions are highly valuable and interesting; should Spain and Morocco sink to the center of the earth, his pages contain inestimable truths, which would amply repay the loss of rulers, still determined to support the ancient reign of ignorance and superstition; and of beings, who submit to that barbarian, whom we condescend to call the Emperor of Morocco. He has been accused of giving mere outlines of thought, of stopping short with sketches, and rapid transitory ideas, when he ought to have pursued them. But if we consider the general reluctance with which mankind relinquish any long established opinions, and how much alarm and outcry usually take place on such occasions, the prudent caution of our public spirited writer may be easily accounted for.

The human mind, like the body, seems incapable of undergoing sudden and violent changes. The spirit, the understanding, the heart of a people, must be gradually raised, amended, and enlightened, before political, religious, or legislative improvement can be introduced with safety, or practised with advantage. This doctrine cannot be more strongly illustrated, than in the circumstances of the Gallic revolution. France, long depressed by despotism, nobility, and the church, prepared by Rousseau, Montesquieu, and Raynal, and stimulated by the American war, began to think, to reason, to act, and walked forth to battle against civil and religious tyranny, hoary with age, illustrious by de-

scend, and her victory has been decisive and compleat.

Government and legislation are not the only subjects which the Major has touched with a masterly pen; speaking of religion, arts, commerce, and war, he has discovered much useful *practical* knowledge, in short, "that a man who can fight is generally good for something." He stands forth an eloquent pleader in the cause of women; and wishes them, in education, dress, and manners, to make a nearer approach to the masculine habits of men. I agree that the fair sex would, in many instances, be happier, and that they might be rendered more serviceable members of society, if *some* of the Major's hints were adopted; but I doubt if we should, after all, like them so well for wives, mothers, and sisters, if they entirely shook off the bewitching weakness, and attractive softness of women. And I believe our philosophic author himself would have formerly been disgusted, if one of his fair friends in Kent had taken the air with him in breeches, and astride on the horse, a mode he approves of, and expressly mentions.

Speaking of national peculiarities, he observes, "that an Englishman may agree with a Frenchman on a problem or a picture, but he will always prefer Roast Beef and Shakespeare, to Racine and Soup Maigre. Their writers have more variety and grace, they have many *pretty* ways of *insinuating* what they mean, but they are very deficient in our forcible and manly way of *speaking out*."

"I am glad," (continues this writer,

writer, addressing himself to his correspondent) "I am glad you approve of brevity and simplicity of style, the art of spinning out a little matter into a long story, is beneath the dignity, sense, and precision of the English language; your words should be all weight and substance, full measure, pressed together, and running over in a redundancy of sense, but not of sound: we must not look for the beauties of a rough, manly, and powerful language, in the sickly fancy of modern refinement, nor in the mincing jargon of fashionable conversation. The vulgarity of great towns is insupportable, there is something romantic and antiquated, that renders rustic ignorance sufferable; but in great towns, the lower classes have either no taste, or worse than none. Your cocknies have contributed largely towards spoiling both your language and your taste. An education in France, that pernicious prejudice of English parents, can only be proper when relations or friends accompany young people. The great object in the school convents is to convert the children to their own superstition," and if they succeed, to teach them, by jesuitical arts, to evade enquiries at their return. "The most probable means of insuring safety against religious persecution, will be a gradual and humane dissolution of the monastic and regular orders, *future wars*, and a thorough improvement of education. Were toleration clearly understood, establishments and national superstitions might be banished without danger; the experience of America proves, that a just and equal

government wants not such assistance, indeed they are modes of terrifying and subduing a people, which tyranny and injustice only require.

"It is difficult to improve savage man, or to entice him even to common decency; they have very lately left off destroying the glass windows in Spain, of those who ventured to have them, and to deface statues and avenues.

"How can we improve him who will not learn, or teach those, whose taste and judgment, natural as well as moral, are vitiated and reversed? who consider some of the most useful occupations as disgraceful, but look on begging and assassination in a better light. They prefer dirt and indolence to industry, cleanliness, and the comforts of life. Disliking, in general, milk, greens, and other simple kinds of natural food, and indulging a factitious fondness for garlic, onions, and high seasoning. But man is the creature of habit, and when from want, oppression, or indulgence, he abandons the first simple feelings or instincts of nature, nothing seems able to stop him from gradually destroying his senses and himself. He may go on from stupifying himself with spirits, and eating *assafoetida*, till he does mischief for pleasure, and ultimately the whole animal is spoiled or annihilated.

"We are apt to mistake the character of the Spaniards; there is, in the very excess and abundance of their wit, joy, and good-humour, a certain steady evenness of manners, equally distant from pedantry, levity, and affectation, more mirth of the heart, than in
all

all the gaiety and noise of their neighbours, a kind of dry, grave humour, with a serene and placid firmness of countenance. But, from too much of the religious, and then of the military spirit, they have rapidly declined into enthusiasm and cruelty; and, as the human character never stops, have sunk still lower into indifference, pride, indolence, and barren devotion: the generality of the people are not to be excited to great efforts, but by superstitious terrors, love, revenge, and a fandango.

"A wish to reform is, I confess, too often a respectable error; to mend the wheels of society requires a wisdom and dexterity which fall to the lot of few. For the machine must not be stopped, its motions must be followed and watched, and it must be repaired by gentle means; yet bold and precipitate reformation is sometimes necessary, and sometimes succeeds. The revolution in 1688, was an event highly interesting to every Englishman, but all its tendency and effects do not appear to have been thoroughly understood, or proportionately followed up. As it was hurried, it is in a degree incomplete, we may hope to see it gradually improved, and being born for action, if we do not go forward we shall grow worse; it is therefore better to be aiming at perfection, even at the risk of doing wrong.

"Gibraltar, with common prudence, will scarcely ever be lost, but by corruption, or the tedious and expensive operation of a blockade, and even then the chance is against the Spaniards, who might

draw more advantages from that garrison now, than if it were in their own possession, if they could prevail on themselves to depart from their sullen, inveterate, improvident measures, and behave with common politeness and good policy. Most nations wish this fortress to be in *our* hands, rather than in those of Spain, who they know would tyrannize and destroy, but would never encourage a free trade. You remember how the Duke de C. like a little trifling Frenchman, blabbed the secret, by calling the Straights, his *master's* seas.

The importance of Gibraltar, will not be properly known, 'till after it is lost or given up in some foolish negotiation; it is the possession of this precious rock, which gives the English name a superiority in influence as well as consequence, in the countries that surround the Mediterranean; it must be kept for reasons of state, for national honor and glory, which ministers well know, cannot be estimated at pounds, shillings and pence. The Mediterranean is an important commercial sea, surrounded by more than seventy millions of people, and as our eyes may hereafter be more open to the revival of a trade nearer home, it is highly necessary to support our dignity among nations, who rejoice to see the English flag in that sea.

"Spain and Portugal fancy they can protect themselves by distance and desolation, on this principle they leave most of their roads impassable; as military science declined, timidity succeeded to discipline, and men prepared for war, by

by casing themselves in armour to be smothered, or by shutting themselves up in castles to be starved; they forgot that national strength consists in an active and moving force, and that the safest state of defence is being always ready to attack.

"The Portuguese pride has usefully changed its object, from the black cloak, spectacles, an affectation of wisdom and sanctity, and having nothing to do, they are grown fond of fine cloaths, diligence and activity. Lisbon appears a mixture of luxury and misery, at once nasty and sumptuous; the buildings, since the earthquake of 1755, are rather barbarously gigantic. The Marquis de Pombal had the misfortune of being beyond controul, no man presumed to understand even his own trade so well as the minister.

"It is astonishing and will be more so to posterity, that nations, scarcely able to support themselves, should maintain in affluence, a set of men to tyrannize, to mislead, and to devour. It is a desideratum in ecclesiastical policy to encourage learning, religion, and morality, without giving their teachers dangerous powers and influence; they have had a hand in all the important duties of society, education, marriage and inheritance.

"If the Popish system could have been completely established on its professed principles, which consider a future state and not *this* life as worthy alone of our care and attention, it must have been immovable, and would have put an end to society, or perhaps the human race; of this there was once a probability; during the

fervor of that madness, which seized mankind, for secluding themselves from the world, and being buried in monasteries. Nothing could have been better calculated than such a theory, to debilitate the human character, arrest human knowledge and improvement, destroy happiness, and render men useless, detached and indifferent to the reciprocal duties of society.

"Such almost insurmountable difficulties have been laid in the way of reformation, that the blame of all the temporary mischief it produces, is constantly laid on the reformers; yet I hope the bugbear Superstition loses ground; indeed finess, deception, and artifice, however venerable, cannot hold out for ever against truth, honesty, and perseverance.

"The monastic orders are not to be diverted from their purpose by any social or human feelings; they have long been burthens to society, and ought to have been abolished, if the rapacity of princes and governments could be trusted with the disposal of their property. Their duties, as members of society, are superseded or lost; in the habits and discipline of their order; they do not resemble Turgot, who lately said to his king, 'Sire, I was a man before I was an intendant.' Yet, after all the improvements in philosophy, in art, and in science, yet us not be lulled asleep, by supposing that knowledge and letters are so diffused and established as never to be lost: a mistaken monarch, or a bad minister, the accidental conquest of a bad general, may banish and shut them out for ever; Fez, Cam-

pania, and Greece, were once the seat of science, laws, and arts."

I hope these extracts from so interesting a work, need no apology; the facts they illustrate, as well as the sentiments, come home so immediately to the bosoms of us all, that every enlightened man, and every man who wishes to be enlightened, cannot read them too often.

On closing this article, I lament that while different parts of the world have been extricating themselves from the ignominious bonds of civil and religious oppression; Spain, by the express command, by the active and more immediate interposition of her young sovereign, is prevented from participating in these advantages. A circumstance which will surprize us still more, when we recollect the acknowledged capacity, and patriotic views of this prince. And as kings have a right to a candid interpretation of their actions, as well as other men, I will imagine, for a moment, that he considers the embargoes he has laid on literary intelligence, and political discussion, as rendering a service to his country. But a few years acquaintance with the wishes and wants of his people, will, I trust, induce him to yield with a good grace, what it will be impossible for him long to keep. I would wish him to reflect on the ruinous and often the bloody effects of intemperate zeal and hasty reform, when a people who have been injured or trifled with, take power into their own hands.

Should this trifle (as once happened to a former one I ventured to publish) prove so fortunate, as

to be occasionally read to him, by the medium of an ingenious and highly favoured friend, (a circumstance I confess, from certain late arrangements, not very probable) I earnestly and seriously entreat him to consider, that truth has pervaded or o'leaped higher and stronger barriers than Alps or Pyrenees, and that he will prove himself the best friend to his own interest, as well as that of the country where he resides, by yielding early, and from prudence and foresight, that which he may be obliged, however reluctantly, to give up from necessity at last. But while I write, a friend tells me, that this monarch, with all his political acumen, cabinet diligence, and good sense, wants strength of mind; and it is understood in the different departments of government, that he will dispute every inch of ground with those who pretend to make any inroads on what the priest or what the nurse has taught.

"When shall we see a sovereign unite the qualities of Cæsar and Alexander, with the political wisdom of Solon and Lycurgus?"

JENNINGS, SARAH, the confidential servant, or assuming favourite of Queen Anne, and afterwards Dutchess of Marlborough, but over-reached by those arts which she had herself so long practiced against the Tories, through the contrivance of Mrs. Masham, whom she had originally introduced into the palace, and by the political cunning and intrigue of Robert Harley, afterwards Earl of Oxford.

The beginning of her Majesty's kindness for me, says the Dutchess,

was of a much earlier date than my entrance into her service, we played together as children; on every occasion her preference of, and fondness for me, were conspicuous, and this mutual inclination increased with our years. Indeed the court of the princess was so oddly composed, that this partiality was no great compliment: it is also my pride that I held this place in her favour, without sacrificing to flattery or falsehood. Having often declared that a friend was what she wanted, the princess aimed at an appearance of that equality which she thought essential to procure one, and therefore insisted on our dropping, in our private intercourse, those forms and ceremonies usually required by exalted rank, and even all terms that implied distance and superiority. Morley and Freeman were the names she fixed on, but left me to chuse, by which of them I would be called: from my frank openness of temper I pitched on Freeman, and the princess took the other; from this time, on the footing of friendship and affection, we conversed as Mrs. Morley and Mrs. Freeman.

Such a compromise between pride and nature, was a proof of the good sense of both; it might be denominated a useful and agreeable drama on a splendid theatre; yet the magnificent palace which overlooks and insults the almshouse at St. James's, the vast accumulations of the family, Blenheim, and every post in the early part of the queen's reign, in army, church and state, filled by the Churchill, Godolphin, and Sunderland interests, prove that one

of the performers retained a keen remembrance of the advantages of court influence, *behind the curtain*.

This able and high spirited woman who directed the councils, while her husband commanded the victorious troops of England, and its allies, felt the lash of Pope's satirical pen, under the name of Atossa, but the malignancy of the poet was lulled by his avarice, and this master of English harmony, was mean enough to suppress the character, during her life, for the pecuniary consideration of a thousand pounds.

"Atossa," says Pope, in his epistle on the characters of women,

Shines in exposing knaves, and
painting fools,

Yet is whate'er she hates or
ridicules,

From loveless youth, to unrespected age,

No passion gratified, except her
rage,

So much the fury still outran
the wit,

The pleasure mis'd her, but
the scandal hit;

Offend her, and she knows not
to forgive,

Oblige her, and she'll hate you
while you live:

But die, and she'll adore you,
then the bust

And temple rise, and fall again
to dust:

Last night her Lord was all
that's good and great,

A knave this morning, and his
will a cheat;

Strange! by the means defeated
of the ends,

By spirit robb'd of pow'r, by
warmth of friends,

By wealth of followers, without
 one distress,
 Sick of herself through very
 selfishness;
 Atossa curs'd with every granted
 pray'r,
 Childless with all her children
 wants an heir,
 To heirs unknown, descends
 the guarded store,
 Or wanders, heaven-directed,
 to the poor."

It must be by the licence of poetry that the Dutchess could be described as childless, as she left many daughters, a descendant from one of whom now enjoys the dignity and increasing property of the first Duke: it must also, I believe, be considered rather as poetical fiction, to say that any great portion of the Marlborough accumulations, wanders, by the direction of heaven, or the steward, into the hands of the poor.

While the rent-roll of his Grace comprehends almost two counties, and his agents are unwearied in their pursuits after new purchases, for the disposal of his immense, I was going to say, his royal savings; I expect, from his own consistent propriety of conduct, and inoffensive habits, and from the decorous predominating dignity of the Dutchess, that they will disdain any longer to accept from a country impoverished by taxation, and the high price of the necessaries of life, the vast stipend of, I believe, five thousand pounds a year, for keeping Blenheim in repair, granted in the generous, but profuse spirit of a whig parliament; surely a degrading species of provision, better calculated for a turnpike road, a bridge, a county hos-

pital, or a prison, than the family residence of a peer of the realm, of illustrious descent, and unbounded wealth. A disinterested act of this kind, might avert the public eye, in the present democratic scrutinizing age, from unpopular wealth, and would be a brighter trait in his character, to hand down to posterity, than the numerous victories and well-earned honours of his great ancestor.

"Amongst the torrent of abuse poured out against your Grace," said Lady Sunderland to her mother, the subject of this article, "your worst enemies have never called you a faithless wife." "It was no great merit," replied Sarah, with much good sense, "it was no great merit, for I had the handsomest, the most accomplished, and the bravest man in Europe, for my husband." "Yet you do not pretend to say he was without fault," replied Lady Sunderland. "Certainly not, I knew his errors better than he did himself, and probably was more sensible of *his* faults than my own. I could scarce have believed, if I had not witnessed it, so complete an instance of self-delusion, as my Lord once exhibited before me: He came back from *my poor misled mistress*, Queen Anne, about the time his commission was taken from him, and said, with a very grave face, that in the course of conversation with her Majesty, he had thanked God, that, with all his faults, neither avarice or ambition could be laid to his charge. I was not then in a laughing humour," concluded the Dutchess, "but I almost bit through my tongue, to prevent my smiling in his face."

It

It perhaps would have added due to the numerous pangs entailed on immense property, had the Dutchess been informed, that during her life one of her thoughtless descendants had, on the strength of expectations from her Grace, borrowed five thousand pounds of Sir Abraham Janssen, on the condition of repaying him ten thousand, in case he survived his wealthy grandmother, but if he died first, nothing was to be paid. Mr. Spencer survived the subject of my present article, but dying soon after, his executors resisted the payment, considering the transaction as usurious and unreasonable. It laid the foundation for a long, and to professional men, a profitable chancery suit.

In a speech replete with sound law, plain language, and good sense, which I have looked for in vain in *some* of his successors, Lord Hardwicke confessed it was a business which no court of law ought to encourage, but that his duty obliged him to consider it, in effect, as a wager, depending on which lived longest, the Dutchess or Mr. Spencer; and Sir Abraham at length recovered the money. The estates inherited by Mr. Spencer's minor, at the time the bill was filed against his executors, amounted to eight and twenty thousand pounds a year. Chancery suits, or any other tranquil means of reducing such enormous rent-rolls, I consider as national benefits.

JENYNS, SOAME, an agreeable writer, and member of a certain commercial board, which suffered from the useful but merciless pruning knife of Mr. Burke,

before that gentleman considered reformation as rebellion. Yet notwithstanding the industry of Edmund's zeal, which impelling him to sap the foundations of corruption, in attacking his opponents, afterwards proved the ruin of his own party; places and sinecures, of various name and import, have since budded forth, like the quincunx, under a skilful gardener, in all the luxuriance of vigorous vegetation, unblighted by the self-forbidding, airy reveries of Mr. Pitt, and the professed disinterestedness of his political entrè.

Mr. Jenyns treats, in a pleasing and satisfactory manner, that abstruse, metaphysic subject, the origin or necessity of evil:—to the unde malum? a question which has perplexed human reason in every age, I will not pretend to say he has been able to give a final answer. He has, however, cleared this oft'-beaten road of much conjectural rubbish, fairly obviated the impious trash of many a visionary theoretic traveller, and has written like a man of taste and acuteness, in the habit of deep thinking. A species of reading often injurious, and generally unentertaining, he has rendered interesting as well as argumentative; he clearly shews, that it would be as reasonable to attack, or to wish suspended, the laws of gravity, for impelling an over-hanging rock to be precipitated on our heads, as to make any deductions unfavorable to the omnipotence or benevolence of God, on account of the existence of natural and moral evil, which, by a natural and healthy stimulus, keep up the alternate vibrations of hope and fear, and decidedly

decidedly demonstrate the free-agency of man, without which, we sink into mere puppets, acted on by strings and wire, and religion degenerates into shocking hypocrisy, or unmeaning jargon.

His religious routine is said to have been singular; from early impression, or strong conviction, he was originally a warm, a zealous believer of revelation, and suspected, on one occasion, of a tendency to certain fanatical opinions. Gradually losing ground in faith or good works, he wandered into paths obscured by doubt, and planted with the thorns of uncertainty, and became a professed deist, till, by a retrograde progress, he measured back his steps to the comforts of rational christianity.

Without minutely noticing his Disquisitions, in which, among other ingenious eccentricities, he introduces his ideas of the present life being a state of punishment; an opinion rather adapted to the croakings of an hypochondriac, than the cheering convictions of a vindicator of divine revelation. Our attention is naturally attracted by his Internal Evidence of the Christian Religion, a work, which, though he professes and appears to have written it with good design, has provoked anathemas from the churchmen, censure from the moralist, and profane sarcasm from the philosopher and sceptic. He is accused of injuring the cause he professed to defend, by diligently selecting, and elaborately displaying, the strongest objections which have been raised against the Christian religion, whilst his mode of refuting them is remarkably cold,

careless and unsatisfactory. "Notwithstanding all unfavorable appearances (says our author) Christianity *may* not be altogether artifice, and if there were a few more true Christians in the world, it would prove beneficial to themselves, and by no means detrimental to the public."

"Such," says a lively, but hot-headed defender of the doctrines of Christ, "such is the conduct of a wolf in sheep's cloathing, who after tearing open and exposing the wounds inflicted on our holy religion, officiously and presumptuously pretends to heal them with the ineffectual nostrums of a quack; and against the powerful attacks of infidel giants, Philistines and Goliaths, would persuade us he can wield with success the brittle shield, and tiny weapon, of a pigmy or a dwarf."

During a conversation, in which the subject of this article bore a part, the frequency of nuptial disagreements were lamented; he observed, that the majority of persons who marry, come together without being properly acquainted with each others humours, and dispositions; that courtship in general, was little more than a masquerade, in which deception is mutually practised and expected; if it were possible he added, for a man and woman to live together a few years, *in habits of intimacy*, without the lady's thinking or suspecting her companion would ever make her his wife, such an intercourse would be the best of all matrimonial educations, and promise the fairest for domestic peace. This theory, open to so many objections, our ingenious author, afterwards

afterwards put in practice, and is said to have derived from it, considerable comfort and satisfaction.

Speaking in one of his productions of popular infatuations; he says, "nations like armies have ever been governed by watch words, given out by their leaders, for the use of the day: CHURCH AND STATE, LIBERTY AND PROPERTY, TRADE AND NAVIGATION, have all had their turns in England, without having any precise meaning attached to them, by those who bawled the loudest." Had Mr. Jenyns lived during a late period, another watch word might have been added to his list; but I will not do the creators of such terms, the injustice to say, that they attach *no meaning* to them; the language of the school is perfectly intelligible, its effects *have been seen, heard, felt, and understood.*

JEWISH CASUISTRY, a curious instance of, worthy recording, and which, gentlemen of the law will do well to remember; observing, that nothing in the present article is intended to counteract or remove the salutary lessons of Mr. Cumberland's affecting, impressive, and well-timed drama, equally creditable to its author, and the times which encouraged it.

On a late trial at the Kingston assizes, previous to the examination of a Jewish evidence, a book was produced, for the purpose of swearing him, which the cryer called a Hebrew bible, and the witness agreed with him in opinion, evincing at the same time, a more than common hurry to be sworn. But a barrister, whose brief would have been flatly contradicted by

the deposition of our Israelite, who was not without guile, discovered in one of his rapid eccentric glances, a worthy acquaintance in the court, who was a master of languages, to whom he desired the book in question might be shewn. The learned gentleman instantly pronounced it to be no more than a Hebrew prayer book, on which, not considering it as the word of God, many Jews have not scrupled to give a false testimony. A pause ensued, 'till a real bible, in the original language of the patriarchs could be procured, on which our conscientious son of Jacob refused to take his oath.

I have seen or read of a circumstance somewhat similar, in the case of a North Briton, who was on the point of swearing on the evangelists, and in the customary way, to the truth of a declaration, which several of the bystanders positively knew was unfounded. The Caledonian was firm and undaunted, in supporting the correctness of his testimony, until a person present, proposed a solemn method of administering an oath, antiently practised in the Highlands, attended with circumstances, calculated to communicate useful awe, and religious solemnity, to a business which is too generally hurried over with indecent levity, or criminal mental reservation; but the exact particulars of which I forget, except that extending the impressive arm towards Heaven, was part of the ceremony required. When this mode of swearing was mentioned to the evidence, he instantly lowered his brow, evidently lost his firmness, and hesitated. Being again pressed to comply,

comply, he suddenly rushed forth, muttering with a singular mixture of Jesuitic duplicity, and belief of revelation, but in phrase and dialect, which I find myself unable to imitate; "I have no objection to help a friend, by repeating a few words, with the book in my hand; but I will not damn my soul for the best man in the land."

JONES, SIR WILLIAM, a constitutional lawyer, a man of taste, an East India judge, an antiquarian, a linguist, and a poet. Certain peculiarities in the attachments, studies, pursuits, and destination of this eminent character, induced me to grace my collection with his name: he was, at the same time, a member and warm supporter of a society, which has had the honour to be abused by Mr. Edmund Burke, and is supposed to be inimical to the present parliamentary, and other public systems of carrying on the business of government, the melioration of which it professed to pursue by legal means; yet this did not prevent his being the personal favorite of his sovereign. He was author of the famous dialogue between a gentleman and a farmer, the dispersing of which in Wales, involved a Reverend Dean in obloquy and persecution; while the writer of the obnoxious production, was appointed to a post of honour and confidence in Benegal, and sent to administer justice in a kingdom more populous and extensive than Great Britain.

The proceedings in this cause, which excited general warmth, and expectation, were marked in the first instance, by the prosecution being refused to be undertaken by

the Attorney and Solicitor-General; by the spirit and tendency of the publication in question; by its not being written by the defendant, but an eminent judge; and by its exciting a degree of altercation between Mr. Erskine, and the present Chief Justice of the King's Bench, and afterwards with Mr. Justice Buller, who felt himself obliged to tell the Honourable Barrister, that if he would not sit down, while the jury were delivering their verdict, (in which the advocate thought the Judge broke in on their function) he should be obliged to interpose in some other way. Though I cannot in every instance concur with Mr. Erskine, whose imagination sometimes riots, at the expence of his judgment, I cannot, in this case help thinking he was clearly right. Whatever may be his, or our opinion, of Sir William Jones's Dialogue, the distribution of which in Wales, was certainly (to give it no worse a name) inexpedient; I cannot think any Judge, however distinguished for rapid acuteness, authorized in telling a jury, who brought in a verdict, guilty of publishing only, that it was not correct. It was exactly in the words of that given in the case of the King against Woodfall, and clearly expressed, that their oaths would not permit them to deny the fact of the Dean's having published, but that they wholly acquitted him of any evil design, or seditious purpose.

A short perusal of this trial must convince any unprejudiced man, of the propriety and necessity of Mr. Fox's harraffed Bill, which in spite of its opponents, survives the

the fiery ordeal; a Bill, which so far from subverting the power of courts of justice, or at all altering the law, can only be considered as a declaratory act, for explaining those judicial powers, wisely placed by our constitution in the breast of a jury, and for a long time exercised. But from certain late decisions, it was become necessary to guard so invaluable a right, by new fences, and to warn men of plain sense and common understanding, against the bewildering mazes and subtle obliquities of deep refinements.

I see no reason why our Judges should feel angry on this occasion, I hope and believe, that the majority of us, are not disposed to cast unhallowed looks, on the wives and property of our neighbours, yet I am of opinion, that an occasional repetition of the decalogue, will rather tend to strengthen us in well-doing; and the purest man among us, has no right to be scandalized at the rector's once a week, proclaiming in an audible voice, and intelligible language, Thou shalt not steal: Thou shalt not commit adultery.

Sacrificing in the present edition, my own opinion, to the well meant persuasions of friendship and affection, I have not inserted Sir William Jones's Dialogue; but I take this opportunity of expressing my firm conviction of the utility of a doctrine, scientifically and successfully opposed by this excellent lawyer, a doctrine on which a superstructure of fraud and oppression has been built; "that the East India Company are absolutely and bona fide, Lords of the soil, in the Asiatic territories of Great

Britain; a right which insolently seized, by a society of merchants in Leadenhall-street, was never pretended to, or assumed by the stern fanaticism of Omar, the temperate firmness of Ali, or the avaricious cruelty of Aurang Zib.

Had these aspiring traders been content, with silently enjoying the fruits of violence, their proceedings would have passed unnoticed, as the common effect of military despotism. But not satisfied with violating the rights, and possessing the repts, they attempt a gross imposition on the understandings of the miserable natives, by endeavouring to justify their conduct from immemorial usage, and the law of the land. That such assertions are perfectly consonant to the wishes and the interest of their abettors, I will not deny, but that a theory so opposite to truth, and so flatly contradicted by the history of the country, should be strenuously supported by able, and in other cases honest men, I can only account for, by referring the paradox, to the overwhelming influence of *BENGAL ARGUMENTS*, which in so many late instances have proved equally fatal, to the exertions of intellect, and the firmness of integrity.

The discussion of a question, which can only be determined by a minute examination of the religion, customs, and laws of the ancient Hindus, or the code of their Mogul conquerors, has fallen into proper hands, and it is honorable to the discriminating spirit of the age, which placed him in a post for which he was so admirably calculated, that this subject has exercised the acute investigation of

Sir William Jones, who to an extensive acquaintance with oriental antiquities and language, added unwearied industry and a lively imagination.—Alas! too early for his friends and his country, arrested by the hand of death! “Vixit satis famæ suæ, sed non patriæ et amicis” may be applied to this excellent and highly endowed man, without flattery.

It would neither be consistent with the design of this work, nor very entertaining to my readers, were I to enter into a long and fatiguing enumeration of the petty and subordinate tyrannies, which under various titles, have for ages been the scourge of the East; it is sufficient for my purpose, and decisive in favor of the much injured landholders of a devoted country, which has alternately been the prey, and ultimately proved the ruin of its conquerors, it is sufficient to observe, what Sir William clearly proves, that at all times previous to, and after every revolution which has taken place on the continent of India, lands, rents and goods, have been regularly and invariably considered as alienable and inheritable property. Indeed so properly and so humanely do their laws depart from the customs of Europe, that escheats do not fall to the crown, but are applied to a fund for the relief of the poor. Another singular and remarkably illustrative particular, also proves the strong and indivisible connection between the landholder and his ground. If a man dig a well in his own field, and any person perish by falling into it, the owner incurs neither guilt or punishment; but if the same

accident takes place, by his digging a well in the field of another, it is provided by a particular law, that he shall pay the price of blood.

“Freedom,” says Sharif, who was a patriot as well as a legislator, and a particular favorite with that conqueror, from whom the imperial house of Delhi is descended, “Freedom, is the civil existence and life of man; it firmly establishes the rights of property, and enables him to give, to sell, or bequeath it to his heirs, with an absolute right of ownership, and free power of alienation.” The Koran also, that religious code so scrupulously observed, and so rigidly enforced by Omar, comprehends real and personal effects under the term property, which it directs after a man’s death, shall be divided in specific shares, between his kindred. Is it possible to suppose that doctrines broached by the present mercantile sovereigns, would have been suffered for a moment to be preached or put in practice, in direct violation of the express words of Mahomet. If however, under the stale pretence of state policy, the entire rents of these countries continue to be seized, no possibility remains of palliating robbery by interested mis-statement, no subterfuge or pretence is left, but the despotism of avowed violence, and the impudence of barefaced fraud. “Stet pro ratione voluntas.”

“It is to be hoped,” says a sensible and animated writer, whose warm feelings sometimes tempt him to the borders of exaggeration, “it is to be hoped, that if it is only for our own sakes, we shall pay some attention to the feelings

feelings of twenty-four millions of men. A European, who has not visited them, cannot form an adequate idea of the cadaverous aspect of regions, where salt and rice are the chief support of animal life, and two-pence halfpenny a day the pay of a workman. Talk not for God's sake, of a further tax on them, mention not the luxuries of a naked Hindoo. He will shew you his rice bag, his pepper, and a scanty morsel of his ghee, a sort of butter, made from Buffalo's milk, which an English beggar would not come within the smell of; these with a little salt, are all he gets, for undergoing the punishment of existence in a country, where *his* happiness is perfectly out of the question, when it comes at all in competition with the interest of his masters, ten thousand miles off, or the silken slumbers of their representative; a country where the purposes of revenue are omnipotent and paramount to all others, where the sword is the sceptre, and government only an excise office."

My representations of the extreme wretchedness of the majority of the natives in our Asiatic dominions, have been remarked and censured by a late writer. The following observations of an impartial eye-witness and a sensible traveller, in some measure corroborate my assertions. "In the course of my journey, I spoke, by means of my interpreter, to several of the Riuts who were reposing themselves, in the heat of the day, under a shady grove, where I halted. They recounted their fatigues and their misfortunes; they pointed to the soles of their feet, co-

vered with blisters, in consequence of being alternately and almost constantly in the water, or exposed to the scorching ground; holding forth in their hands some coarse rice and a little pepper, they exclaimed, this is all we have in return."

JOSEPH BENEDICT AUGUSTUS, Archduke of Austria, and Emperor of Germany, one of the few sovereigns who appears to have made his duty his chief pleasure, and the welfare of his people the great object of his life; adapting his conduct to the calls of an enlightened and improving age, reformation of abuse was the laudable purpose he ever had in view; yet it is to be lamented, that, in the execution of some of his favorite measures, he at times defeated the end, by adhering too rigorously to certain means, that he was occasionally irritated into malignancy, by ill-timed opposition, and that, in other instances, he did not sufficiently consult the local attachments and religious opinions of his subjects. But good intentions, if they cannot, like charity, conceal, may in some degree excuse a multitude of faults, and the man who quitted, for a time, the pomp and splendor of a throne, and the seducing mask of royalty, to converse with his fellow creatures on a footing of equality, to feel and experience the elbow and bustle of common life, to hear the unbiassed clashing opinions of mankind, must have been different from most monarchs, and many men.

Time is precious, abstain from compliment, let me know the truth, 'tis that only I seek; speak

with freedom, I love it; disguise nothing, my wish is to gather information; was the common language of the subject of this article, who, while he thus submitted to correction, and in a manner invited reproof, though he might occasionally err, could never be egregiously and perversely mistaken. A proof of the moderation with which he bore what would have been denominated a severe repartee from an equal, may be seen in the article allotted to the late Mr. Howard.

Joseph the Second was the son of that Maria Teresa, in whose praises modern historians have been profusely lavish, though, after minutely surveying her actions, and allowing her the merit of a warm attachment to her children, and an excessive fondness for her husband, not unfrequent in devout females; religious bigotry, and political ingratitude, appear to have been the most prominent features of her character. In the year 1741, a year to Maria of difficulty, danger, and distress, her son Joseph, only three months old, was displayed in the arms of his mother to the States of Hungary; and it may, perhaps, be thought not unworthy of remark, that the same royal infant, whose silent eloquence pleaded so effectually in behalf of his mother with the German Palatines, should, in a few years, rouse a spirit of discontent, almost amounting to rebellion, in the same subjects; nor is it less extraordinary, that the child of a zealous and rigid catholic, a strict observer and enforcer of the most minute ceremony, fast, or genuflexion, should attempt to subvert

the pillars of the holy see, and prove a severe scourge to the church.

During the whole of his reign, this Emperor appears to have been at war with the prejudices, in favour of the real interests of his subjects: whilst his keen eye was minutely exploring national grievances, in every department of government; and whilst he was endeavouring, amidst a thousand difficulties, to render the Austrian Netherlands a great commercial mart, and giving audience to the meanest individual of his realm; the affections of a considerable number of his subjects were estranged, by a hasty, but healthy regulation in the mode of interring their dead, in which, with too much of the philosopher, but too little of the man, he betrayed a total disregard to the finer feelings, and minute decorum of polished life: "Too fond of the right to pursue the expedient," seems to have been his failing.

By dissolving the monastic orders, and destroying the papal jurisdiction in his dominions, he proved himself a practical statesman; removing so cumbersome a weight, which suppressed or turned into unnatural channels, the first law of nature, buried worth, energy, and talents, in barren ground, and drained his people of an immense annual sum, rank him with the best friends of his country and mankind; but in bringing back, or forcing into society numbers of individuals, incapacitated by the indolent habits of contemplative devotion, by disease of body or of mind, from supporting themselves abroad in the world, it is to be feared,

fear'd, that respect was not paid to age, rank, or education, or sufficient distinction made between the sturdy mendicant, who preferred ease to labour, imposing on others to exerting himself; and the pious matron, or debilitated veteran, who, broken down by sorrow or misfortune, were humbly seeking their God, in the sequestered shades of repentance and contrition.

During a former campaign, some of his best concerted plans had been counteracted, by the enemy procuring intelligence; an edict, almost inquisitorial, was afterwards issued, in which it was declared, that no letter should pass from any individual in his army, without minute official inspection, a proceeding which disgusted his best officers, and alienated the affections of an army enthusiastically attached to his family. An Englishman need not look from home for proofs of speculation in agents and contractors; the evil has been often and seriously felt; but our Imperial Reformer forgot for a moment, that to these merciless defaulters an army looks up for its very existence; till in consequence of some disgust, produced by his rigorously enforcing a new regulation in the articles of forage, bread and bacon, an important expedition was frustrated by impending famine, artificially increased by irritated selfishness.

Such, after a reign commencing with so much promise, was the fate of a reforming sovereign, who appears to have had the aggrandizement, population, and welfare of his subjects next his heart; yet, though he so often failed, and at

last is said to have died of a broken heart, let us not forget the power, magnitude, and influence of the enemies he had to contend with; a worthless herd of court sycophants, the bane of princes and their subjects; a nest of ecclesiastic hornets, armed with stings, noisy, loud, and vigilant in defence of their invaded privileges, income, and immunities, deeply intrenched in the strong holds of religious bigotry and antient prejudice; with about one in a thousand of his own subjects on his side, I mean the rational and disinterested portion of mankind.

To those who are attached to long and complicated testamentary compositions, I recommend a perusal of the following laconic will of Joseph the Second.

"I recommend my soul to God, my money to the States, my dominions to Leopold my successor; and as to masses and alms, to be said or done after my decease, I will endeavour to acquit myself of that duty while I am alive."

Certain late historical traits may seem inconsistent with the favorable picture I have drawn of this monarch; they only prove, that like you and I, and all of us, he was a mortal, that singular compound of virtue and imperfection, strength and weakness. When we consider the situation and times in which he ascended the throne, we may make some allowance for the enthusiasm of a young, but well-designing theorist, chagrined at being disappointed by the inveterate prejudices of his subjects; it is not often we shall have to lament, in kings, *this species of zeal*.

I cannot think ill of a sovereign,
who

who, on being applied to by the inhabitants of a city (I think Buda) for leave to erect a statue to his memory, during his life, answered them in the following words.

"When I shall have eradicated those prejudices, which oppose the progress of reason; when my courts of justice are conducted with equity and good order; when instruction has pervaded the great body of my people; *when the manners of the Clergy, as well as their doctrines, are more conformable to the precepts of Christ*; when population, agriculture, industry, and manufactures, shall have produced a ready, safe, and free circulation of real wealth, through the Provinces of this vast Empire; as an humble, but only a partial instrument, of such desirable events, perhaps, I may deserve a statue; but gentlemen, such an honour, is by no means due to me; because you imagine, I have been the cause of your advancing the price of your wines, and raising the rents of your houses."

KIPPIS, ANDREW, an eminent dissenting minister, and principal conductor of a new edition of the *Biographia Britannica*, who after a long and exemplary discharge of Christian duty, academic instruction, and important literary labour, has been called, since my former publication, to enjoy the rewards of a well-spent life.

I have been accused of vanity, in assuming the merit of having retained the doctor at the biographic helm, which he meditated quitting; yet my supposition was well founded, and if I was vain,

the vanity of an anonymous writer is confined to *rather a narrow circle*. I suggested to him, that his proposed secession, was hastened by the criticisms and strictures, to which that ostensible situation exposed him; I added, that "censure was a tax which every man paid to the public for being eminent. Whatever were his inducements, he was happily prevailed on, still, to superintend this great national work; a sacred deposit of the piety, the patriotism, and abilities of past ages; which I hope, and indeed believe will fall into able and honest hands. If I may be permitted to hint a caution on the subject, it should be against diffuseness, amplification, and too indiscriminate admission of names, not entitled to such distinction; a circumstance, which without adding interest or entertainment to the work, will unmercifully augment its bulk and expence.

I have remarked the tendency of Dr. Kippis, as well as Dr. Campbell, to panegyric; and insisted, that the bestowing censure was an important branch of the biographic department; "for, however delightful it may be to hand down to posterity, the names of good men, as ornaments of human nature, and public blessings; yet there should be some provision for *notoriously bad men*, the plagues and curses of their species. This though a less pleasing, is a necessary task; it may be some restraint on a haughty, ecclesiastic, or bad minister, in the fullness of power, to recollect, that a time would come, when their oppressions and enormities might be delineated

lineated without fear, and rendered objects of everlasting detestation."

The wreath of fame, which with other good motives, impels the martyr to suffer, the hero to fight, and the patriot to die, cannot be distributed with too cautious a hand; it is equally tarnished and misplaced by endeavouring to deck the trappings of dignified villany, or by lavishing it on the idols of splendid imbecility, however remarkable for goodness of heart, or attached to us by friendship, and agreement in religious opinions.

If we bestow on the undeserving or depraved, those rewards which genius and virtue only ought to enjoy, we destroy one great incitement to the energies of virtue, and the exertions of intellect.

Under whatever auspices, or by whatever hands the *Biographia* shall be hereafter conducted, I cannot agree that the editors are under any obligation, exactly to tread in the steps of their predecessors. The natural tendency of Dr. Campbell, was to think well of mankind; good himself, he saw not, or excused the obliquities of others; if he had a fault as a writer, it was prolixity. In the future volumes, but more particularly in future editions, the pruning knife should be exercised with liberal discretion; obsolete and uninteresting articles should be rejected, the luxuriancy of unmerited panegyric moderated, and a due proportion of censure infused.

In justice to the literary integrity of a worthy and venerable man, whose good wishes and advice, on the subject of this collection, compensate my humble labours, far

beyond the guineas or bank notes of a bookseller; I think it my duty to say, that I have investigated minutely, a charge of venality, raised against Dr. Kippis, with respect to Lord Clive's article in the *Biographia*, and mentioned (*without at all giving it credit*) in my last volume; I have discovered the propagator of this unfounded aspersions, to be a worthless character, stupified by intemperance, and blasted by dishonesty, and that the whole originated from a union of misconception, falsehood and malignity. The hundred pound bank note, proves to have been a correction sent to the doctor whilst the article was in the press. The circumstance may however teach a useful lesson to those writers, who, tender of a friend's reputation, industriously suppress without notice, every vague report to his disadvantage; which starting up at some future period, unpropitious to detection, and unanswered, because never investigated, too often obtains belief. How much wiser to pursue calumny to its dark recesses, drag it forth to public investigation, and defy obloquy, by proving it unfounded.

KNEVET, SIR EDMUND, a Norfolk Knight, in the reign of Henry the Eighth, who, for striking a servant of the Earl of Surrey, in the tennis-court, within the king's house at Greenwich, was tried in the great hall of the palace, before the comptroller and other officers of the household, found guilty, and sentenced to lose his right hand; the preparations for which, as related by an old English writer, were calculated, I suspect, rather for the purpose

purpose of inspiring terror, than with any real design of inflicting punishment, as Henry, when lust and avarice were out of the question, was sometimes surprized into greatness of mind.

"The serjeant chirurgion was called, with the instrument appertaining to his office; the serjeant of the wood-yard, with the mallet and block whereon the hand should lie; the king's master cook with the knife; the serjeant of the larder to set the knife right on the joint; the serjeant farrier with his searing yrons, to seare the veines; the serjeant of the poultry with a cocke, which cocke should have his head smitten off with the same knife; the yemen of the chantry, with the seare clothes; the yeomen of the scullery, with a pan of fire to heat the yrons, a chaler of water to cool the ends of them, and two fourmes for officers to set their stuff on; the serjeant of the seller with wine, ale, and beer; the yeoman of the ewry, with bason, ewre, and towels. Thus every man in his office ready, there was called forth Sir William Pickering, Knight Marshal, to bring in the said Knevet, who humbly submitted himself to the king's mercy, but desired that the king, of his benigne grace wou'd pardon him of his right hand, and take the left; for, (quoth he) "if my right hand be spared, I may hereafter do good service to his grace."

Of this request the king was informed, who, considering the gentle heart of Sir Edmund, and his good report, granted him a free pardon.

KNOX, JOHN, a zealous and persecuting reformer of Scotland, a man of violence, spoken of by Dr. Johnson in terms peculiarly bitter and coarse, perhaps not worse than he deserved, for however salutary reform may be, or however inveterate and corrupt the ecclesiastical establishments of that day, nothing can excuse the exasperated and barbarous spirit by which Knox and his associates were inspired.

The doctor is pathetic, and almost eloquent, in lamenting the downfall of Caledonian episcopacy, and the excesses with which it was attended; yet it would be difficult for minute enquiry, or anxious zeal, to find out, in those days of calamity, a more shocking instance of cruelty, than was exhibited in the year 1558, near the very spot which excited the orthodox sympathy of our great moralist.

The Archbishop of St. Andrews, being informed that one Walter Mills, had discontinued his attendance at mass, ordered the unfortunate man into his presence, and demanded, if what had been alleged against him was true: Walter answered, in a respectful but undaunted manner, "That it was an ordonance which he had long considered as incompatible with pure Christianity; that many passages and ceremonies in it, were not only unsupported by Holy Writ, but nearly approaching to actual idolatry, and mere human invention; that he was sorry to resist the authority of his superiors, but in a matter where his everlasting salvation was at stake, scripture and conscience must be his guides

guides, and that he was fully prepared to abide the consequences, under which he trusted God Almighty would support him." "Your zeal," replied the enraged archbishop, "shall quickly be put to the test," and he instantly ordered him to be *burnt alive*. Not satisfied with being a spectator of the execution, this unfeeling prelate did not cease reviling the protestant martyr with opprobrious language, as long as sense and feeling remained, and concluded the merciless tragedy, by threatening an attendant, who evinced symptoms of compassion, with a similar fate.

KYRLL, JOHN, the celebrated Man of Rofs, a humane and public spirited character, well worthy the imitation of his superiors in rank and fortune; for it was not in his power, with an income of five hundred pounds a year, to compass the various benevolent undertakings ascribed to him; it must therefore be understood, that, by the influence of example and solicitation, as well as his own contribution, he effected these charitable purposes.

He gave two public dinners in a week, where personal worth, and humble merit, were more attended to, than dignity or fortune, and, after the servants had dined, what remained was always distributed to the poor. Neither made dishes or wine ever appeared at table; his expences for gratifying himself were trifling, which enabled him to lay by for the needy a greater proportion of his income than most men have the inclination or self-denial to give up: and during the winter, while the majority of rich

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people crowd to London, from dreary prospects and clouded skies, he fulfilled, what is rare in the present day, the useful and honorable duties of a country gentleman, diffusing food, fuel, raiment, and medical attendance, among the sick, the indigent, and the old.

One part of his conduct deserves to be noticed by those who have ability and inclination to dispense the gifts of mercy. He expected every one who applied for relief *to do something*, as far as was consistent with age and health, for he rightly considered it as a discouragement to, and a tax upon, diligence and industry, to support any but the aged and infirm, in indolence and inactivity. A constant resource of elemosynary employment was therefore regularly provided, such as gathering stones, way-mending, cleaving wood, transplanting young trees into hedge-rows, and other tasks, adapted to the strength and abilities of his various supplicants. Never to give *money* would, I think be a good rule, as it is too often spent in spirituous liquors, which intoxicate and inflame, without affording either strength or nourishment to the drinker.

It is to be lamented, that managing the parochial poor is not in general conducted with more attention to oeconomy, good policy, and comfort. The poor-rate, that heavy and increasing tax, is often misapplied by the artful and selfish cabals of overseers and churchwardens, who convert the furnishing work-houses with necessaries, into a lucrative and fraudulent traffic. Gentlemen think attending to this subject beneath their notice, as it would sometimes

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break in on the fox-chace, or the pleasures of the table, till they are alarmed by finding their tenants impoverished, and the poor oppressed. I know two parishes where the people of property could not be stimulated to exert themselves in this business, till they had suffered heavily; but they already find the advantage.

Those who mean to be active in this business must expect the fate of all reformers, the malignancy of disappointed selfishness and the defamatory abuse of low people; but besides doing their duty, they will reap benefits sufficient to compensate for these evils; in the two instances I have mentioned, the poor-rates in three years have fallen one third, and the poor are maintained in cleanliness and comfort, to which they had long been strangers.

The principal points attended to by these correctors of petty fraud are, that every article for the use of the poor, shall be furnished by that person who sends in the cheapest offer, in whatever place or parish he resides, in a sealed letter, on a particular day, subject to the inspection of proper persons, who are to see that the commodity be good and wholesome; a large poor-house must also be erected, or their present one enlarged, so as to be capable of containing all that become chargeable; for though much may be said in favour of occasionally relieving meritorious indigence, which, with a little assistance, is sometimes able to support itself; yet it has been found absolutely necessary, in a commercial country, to encourage, and by all possible methods, to stimulate the

lower orders to industrious and frugal habits; while we soothe and assist age and misfortune, we must not pretend to shelter thoughtlessness, vicious extravagance, and profligacy from the punishment they deserve. On this harsh, but necessary principle, no parish relief must be given *out* of the house; and a uniform must also be worn.

Lastly, a manufactory should be established, in which the master is allowed some proportionate interest, and the poor some trifling reward. Ten per cent. should also be offered to those who furnish raw materials for the manufactory; the different occupations of baking, brewing, washing, and making cloaths, must be carried on under the same roof. In all public work on roads, or in harvest-time, the parishioners, or, if they neglect it, others are to be authorized to agree with the parish officers for the labour of such as they may chuse, at a reduced price.

By these, and other methods, a growing evil, though it cannot be entirely removed, has been diminished; and parish-houses, instead of proving what they too often are, loathsome seminaries of indolence, prostitution, and theft, are converted into schools of sobriety, industry, and ingenuity, in which a rising generation of useful well-educated domestics, and industrious handicraftsmen are reared.

I hear with pleasure, that a plan for universally establishing parish-clubs, and for rendering that a general obligation which at present is done voluntarily in many towns, has occupied the serious attention of government.

I take this opportunity of mentioning,

tioning, with disapprobation, a mode of supplying the poor with medical attendance, now generally adopted in most country parishes of the kingdom. The candidate who will undertake it at the cheapest rate is, in every instance, preferred, without at all adverting to age, ability, or experience. And as it is now become the custom on most great estates, for tenants to pay the poor-rate; our artificers, labourers, peasants, and mechanics, are left in sickness and old age, to the unfeeling tempers of stewards, bailiffs, and farmers.

In the course of my pedestrian excursions in the country, I have often narrowly escaped being rode over by young men, who surprized me, by the eagerness of their enquiries, and the fury of their pace; yet, through the dirt of the road, and the foam of the horse, I could discover a fashionable dress, and polished manners. On asking at the next cottage, I was told that it was now Easter, that the persons I met were young doctors riding after parishes, racing and galloping across the country in various directions, to secure support from different vestries. Thus the work house, that last retreat of age and infirmity, too often becomes a scene of experiment to young men, ardent for practice, and brimfull of theories from the lecturer, and dissecting-room. It is natural to expect, that their behaviour will too often exhibit much of hurry, and little of feeling, which is generally the case, where a man is tempted, by poverty or by avarice, to undertake a great deal of *work* for very little money.

From what has been said of Mr.

Kyrll (whom I have been tempted by my subject to wander from,) few will suppose that dress and amusement consumed much of his time, attention, or money. His appearance was remarkably plain and homely; and on a journey he once made into Oxfordshire, without a servant, he was apprehended at Benson, in that county, on suspicion of being a highwayman. The justice, better acquainted with the penal statutes than with Pope's writings, would certainly have committed our Man of Rofs to prison, had he not sent to some of the neighbouring gentry who bailed him.

He was for many years a blessing to the town of Rofs and its neighbourhood, an assister of young tradesmen on their first commencing business, an assiduous healer of discord and contention, a friend to the fatherless and widow, and died at the age of ninety, with that calm confidence and serene hope such a life ensures, a death which we all wish for, but few of us have a right to expect.

Though respected while living, and perhaps immortalized in the strains of Pope, he was deficient in most of the requisites of modern fame. He had broken no parent's heart, he did not dissipate his substance in the brothel, the club, or at Newmarket; he neither composed or sung obscene songs, nor was it the grand occupation of his life to ride horses to death, and exterminate foxes, hares and partridges; in a word, he felt no ambition to shine in pursuits, at which buffoons, gamblers, whippers-in, and thaeppers, can at any time excel us.

LAMBURNE, MARGARET, a native of North Britain, and an affectionate servant of Mary, Queen of Scotland.

This intrepid woman, in the keenness of resentment, the warmth of zealous attachment, or a conviction that she was performing an act of justice, a decision, which we are so apt to leave to our feelings rather than our reason, thought it her duty, by murdering Elizabeth, to revenge the death of her mistress, as well as that of her husband, an attendant on the unhappy Mary, whose untimely end broke this faithful domestick's heart, which appears to have been formed of more delicate materials than that of his stern helpmate. In order to execute her purpose, she furnished herself with men's cloaths, and instruments of destruction, became a frequenter of the court, and assumed the name of Anthony Sparks, pretending to have urgent business, on which to petition her Majesty. Having made herself acquainted with the usual place and time of the queen's in and out goings, she at last imagined that a fit opportunity presented, and in the ardor of zeal, or the trepidation of guilt, pressed through the croud, but in her efforts to make way, dropped a pistol on the ground, which raising an alarm, she was seized, and committed to prison.

After the surprize and terror, which such a circumstance would naturally excite had subsided, Elizabeth ordered the offender into her presence, hoping to gather some knowledge of the motives and advisers of so daring an attempt.

The queen demanded her name, country, and quality. "Though in this dress," replied the prisoner, without one symptom of fear, "I am a woman, my name is Margaret Lamburne; I was several years in the service of Queen Mary, whom you unjustly put to death, and by that iniquitous proceeding, you also occasioned the loss of my husband, who never knew a cheerful moment after the sacrifice of his innocent mistress, who is now a saint in heaven; and I felt myself obliged, by the most sacred of duties, to avenge their deaths on you." Elizabeth heard her with coolness and attention, and calmly replied, "Since you are satisfied, that in this hazardous undertaking you have done no more than your duty to your deceased mistress and your husband, what think you is *my* duty towards you?" "I will tell your Majesty, provided you will only say, whether you put the question as a judge, or a queen?" "I put the question as a queen." "Then you ought instantly to pardon me," replied this undaunted woman. "But what security," said Elizabeth, "can you give me, that you will not at some future time endeavour to effect your purpose?" A favour, madam, given under such terms, would cease to be a favour, by insisting on conditions, you act towards me as a judge." "By the Rood," exclaimed the queen, turning to the council then present, "for the thirty years I have been a queen, I have not been thus spoken to."

Margaret, who from her own sagacity, or the advice of friends, was fully aware of the romantic heroism

heroism and magnanimity of the personage before whom she pleaded, had touched the right string. Her behaviour, which with most sovereigns, would inevitably have conducted her to the gallows, secured a pardon, contrary to the advice and remonstrances of the president of the council. A safe conduct was granted her out of the kingdom; she shipped herself for France, and to use the words of an exasperated enemy of Elizabeth, landed in health and spirits, notwithstanding she had failed in this *glorious* enterprize.

LA MAUPIN, a French singer, in the seventeenth century, one of the numerous instances, in which a stage heroine, fortified by public favor, and presuming on the magic of a melodious voice, defied the laws and institutions of a country by which she was supported, and committed, with impunity, crimes, which would have doomed a common unaccomplished desperado to ignominious death.

This romantic and indecorous adventurer, for I hesitate in calling *her* a female, who dressed, fought, made love, and conquered, like a man, having been married at an early age, fortunately for her husband, Mons. Maupin, quitted him a few months after their nuptials, for the superior attractions of a fencing-master, who taught her the use of the small sword, a weapon which she afterwards handled with destructive dexterity against many antagonists.

In an excursion from Paris to Marseilles, her performance in a favorite piece was received with admiration and the most extravagant applause, and, strange to tell,

she won the affections of a *beautiful young woman*, the only child of a wealthy merchant in that city, prevailed on the infatuated girl to elope with her in the night from her father's house, and being pursued, took refuge in a convent. The rigid discipline and correct intercourse of such a society, did not suit the views and temper of La Maupin, she was also alarmed by certain religious doubts and scruples, suggested by the fair fugitive, who began to repent of her rash and unwarrantable conduct, in quitting her father's house, with all that was decent or respectable in society, for a female bravo, whom she dreaded and submitted to, rather than loved.

Interrupted in her designs, and irritated by opposition, this theatrical miscreant set fire at midnight to the building which had so hospitably sheltered her, and in the general confusion, securing by force her unhappy victim, fled to a sequestered village, where they were concealed for several weeks; but the country being alarmed by such flagrant enormity, a diligent search took place, the offender was traced to her retreat, and seized, after a stout resistance, in which she killed one of the officers of justice, and dangerously wounded two others.

The fair but frail Marseillaise was restored to her afflicted parents, and La Maupin, a notorious murderer, a seducer of innocence, and an incendiary, was condemned to be burnt alive; but this syren, whose tones enchanted every hearer, while the poison of asps was within her lips, had secured such powerful interceders, that the execution

execution of her sentence was delayed; and I relate, with regret, that an abominable and profligate woman escaped the punishment she deserved.

From infamy and fetters she hurried to Paris, was received with raptures at the opera, but could not shake off the characteristic audacity of her former deportment. In a crowded theatre, conceiving herself affronted by Duménil, a favorite actor, remarkable for mild temper and inoffensive manners, she rushed on the stage, poured forth a torrent of abuse on the poor man, interrupted the entertainment, and caned him in the face of the audience. This indignity was submitted to without a murmur, and basking in the warm sun-shine of public patronage, she exercised, for several years, a capricious and insulting tyranny over princes, magistrates, managers, and people.

At a ball given by a prince of the blood, in the reign of Louis the Fourteenth, La Maupin insolently paraded the rooms in men's cloaths, and treating a lady of distinction with indecency, was called out, at different times, by three gentlemen, each of whom she ran through the body; yet, such was the public infatuation, or so polluted at that period the fountain of justice, that this hell-hound, whose existence was a libel on the laws of nature and humanity, again was pardoned!!

Under the impulse of prevalent fashion, peculiar taste, vicious caprice, or a combination of appetite and curiosity, the Elector of Bavaria made her proposals, which she accepted, and for a short time

insulted the inhabitants of Brussels, as an appendage to the loose pleasures of their sovereign. But the reign of a prostitute, which can only be prolonged by discreet management and gentle conduct, was rapidly shortened by the eccentricities of a ferocious virago, who stripping from infamy the thin veil of exterior decency, soon disgusted her lover.

Though callous to crime, the German Prince shrunk from absurdity, and after the violence of passion had subsided, resolved to dismiss a woman so grossly deficient in those indispensable female requisites, delicacy, decorum, and softness, which I hear so many young men, reeling from the stews, lament the want of *in those select circles*.

After debauching the principles, imposing on the understandings, and defiling the persons of their wretched dupes, ought gentlemen to be disappointed in finding them bereft of these endearing qualities? When a midnight ruffian has violated the nocturnal security of their houses, they might, with equal propriety, expect to find in their plundered cabinets, a gold repeater or a brilliant diamond.

The satiated Elector, with a mixture of cruelty and kindness, sent La Maupin a purse of forty thousand livres, by the husband of a new mistress, who informed her, that a carriage was at the door, in which she must immediately quit Brussels. The enraged courtesan threw the purse at the messenger's head, abused him as a cuckold and a scoundrel, told him his insignificance protected him, that she would not disgrace her sword with

with the blood of such a contemptible rascal, and kicked him down stairs.

The applause of a Parisian circle again soothed her chagrin; as old age and infirmity came on, she quitted the stage and associated with her forsaken husband, who, in her accumulation of wealth, overlooked his domestic disgrace. After a life of impudence, licentiousness, and flagitious enormity, this extraordinary character was comforted in her last moments by an indulgent priest, who, from gratitude or conviction, thus replied to certain doubts and questions, naturally arising in the breast of so great a sinner: "Your peace is made with God; and although you have been a late labourer in the vineyard, you shall sleep in Abraham's bosom."

LATIMER, a native of Thurstaston, in Leicestershire, and Bishop of Worcester, in the reign of Henry the Eighth, remarkable for plainness of manners, incorruptible integrity of heart, and interesting simplicity in his sermons.

In these affecting discourses, admirably calculated for the times in which he lived, he attacked, without ceremony, the most exalted sinners; and is said to have possessed so powerful a faculty of making his way directly to the heart, that a judge, notoriously corrupt, once retired, in confusion and dismay, from a church in which Latimer was preaching; and at another time, a public defaulter, of high rank, moved by one of his discourses, made instant restitution to the public. His unbending character, which scorned

to make any compromise between pure Christianity and Popish idolatry, did not escape the persecutions of the bloody Mary, and he was burnt alive at Oxford, in the eightieth year of his age, with Bishop Ridley, exhibiting, in corrupt times, and a cruel superstitious reign, a model for a Christian Bishop.

A short article is assigned to this venerable ecclesiastic, for the purpose of repeating his address to Ridley, while the consuming flames, lighted, or ordered to be lighted, by the emissaries of hell, were curling round their bodies and their *half-burnt* limbs: "Be of good comfort, Ridley, our persecutors will be disappointed; our sufferings will lead all men to enquire into the merits of that cause for which we suffered; and this fire will light such a candle in England, as I trust, in God's grace, will never be extinguished."

If ever a moment should arrive, in which all regard for the forms of our constitution shall be spirited off by a fever of toryism, *under another name*; if ever the insidious pupils of Belzebub, Loyola, or Rome, with toleration in their mouths, but rancour in their hearts, shall be blazoning forth the bloody deeds of anarchists, sophisters, alembics, cauldrons, and all the wild trash of poetry, without the inspiration; let them be told, that if the extravagant and erring spirit of modern philosophy has destroyed its thousands, religious bigotry and blind superstition have murdered, cruelly and unfeelingly murdered, tens and hundreds of thousands; that the fell monsters, in an age so enlightened as the present,

sent, are not subdued; that they stalked forth and desolated the capital, during the protestant association fires of 1780, and inspired with a similar spirit the Birmingham bigots.

A passage from one of Latimer's sermons has been aptly quoted by a diligent, a learned, but a coarse and indecorous assailant of the doctrine of a general redemption; it proves the pains our honest Bishop took, to bring himself down to common comprehension, on a subject, the discussion of which has been the subject of much unedifying controversy.

And he must needs go to Samaria, John iv. 4. is the text considered by the sensible sceptic. And why, he asks, must Christ of necessity go that way? Because there was an *elect* sinner to be saved, replies the triumphant advocate for predestination. That there was a sinner, continues this shrewd writer, is true, and that she might be of the elect, I will not deny, but that she could not be saved without Christ's going purposely through Samaria, I cannot believe. The true reason why he *must needs* go through Samaria, I will venture to explain. That

country, if we consult the map, was the readiest and nearest road from Galilee to Jerusalem. The Papists may as rationally prove the Pope's supremacy, from the circumstance of Christ's getting into Peter's boat, as the Calvinists their doctrine of election from our Saviour's going through Samaria.

This puts me in mind of Bishop Latimer's sermon, preached before Edward the Sixth. "Christ came to Simon's boat. And why rather to Simon's, than any other boat? I will answer by my own experience. I came hither to day from Lambeth in a wherry, and when I was at the water side, the watermen, as the manner is, came about me, and one would have me, and another would have me. Now, will ye ask me, why I came in the boat which I entered, in preference to the rest? it was because it lay next, and more commodious for me: and so did Simon's boat by Christ, it was nearer to him, or had a better seat in it; a good and a sufficient natural reason; but the Papists come and make a mystery of it, and pick the supremacy of the Bishop of Rome out of Peter's boat."



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